THE TRUTH ABOUT MY LIFE
BY CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY

MAR. 25,
1933

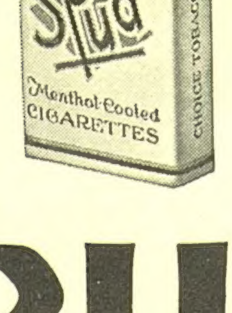
Liberty

5¢

BALDY
McCOWEN

Do BIG NIGHTS worry you?

When everybody's happy and the fun's at its height, do you feel out of the picture? Do you start wondering about the next morning? And holding back on the cigarettes? . . . You should hear them call for Spuds at New York night clubs! Enjoyment doesn't ebb, no matter how many you smoke . . . and there's no smoke-hangover on the day after.



FIRST-IN-THE-MORNING AND LAST-AT-NIGHT . . . Many Spud fans "discovered" Spud at parties. A heavy smoking session . . . yet Spud's cool, clean taste never failed them. No wonder they said, "Good for parties, good for always," and switched to Spud altogether! Have *you* discovered Spud yet? Enjoy your fragrant tobacco to the full . . . and cool, clean taste along with it. *Mouth-happiness!* The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED CIGARETTES · 20 FOR 20c

(25c IN CANADA)

Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

MARCH 25, 1933 VOL. 10, No. 12

> *"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
> —*Abraham Lincoln.*

IN THIS ISSUE

- Beginning The Truth About My Life CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY 6
  First of a series of outstanding articles by which the Kaiser's son hopes to dissipate the wartime prejudices that made him one of the most hated men in history
- Call It a Racket—*A story* FRANK O. HOUGH 12
- Reno—Then What? MRS. MARY DORAN RINEHART 20
  A young mother takes stock after the shipwreck of her marriage and wonders whether "the cure" was worth while
- The Ghost of the San Mareno Hotel—*Conclusion* BEN HECHT 22
- Detectogram Mystery XII H. A. RIPLEY 24
- Twenty Questions 29
- Satire, Song, and Shooting *Movie reviews* ROB WAGNER 30
- Pa Potter Takes a Sock at the Depression J. P. MCEVOY 32
  And now the family has something new to worry about
- Detectogram Answer 34
- Kismet—*A short short story* LEIGHTON H. BLOOD 35
- Not for a Hundred Thousand *A story* TIAH DEVITT 36
- Bright Sayings of Children 43
- No Parachutes—*Part V* ALAN WINSLOW 44
- $10,000 First Serial Offer 50
- To the Ladies! PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN 51
- Five Days—*Part VII* ERIC HATCH 52
- Cross Word Puzzle 59
- Vox Pop 60
- $250 Weekly Cover Title Contest 62

Cover by B. MCCOWEN

ONLY DICTATORIAL POWERS CAN SAVE US

In wartime no one questions the imperative necessity of dictatorial powers.

And this is wartime. We are now facing conditions that are far worse than those with which we had to contend during the World War. We are at war with ourselves.

And we talk so much about revolution. What is revolution? It is resistance on the part of masses of people to the law of the land.

As Senator Borah recently said in the United States Senate, there has been and still is revolution in various parts of this country at this time.

It has been considered desirable to extend to our new President powers extraordinary, and let us hope that this decision will be carried out to the last degree.

The citizens of this country want revolutionary changes. They are not looking for compromising, halfway measures; they want action—definite, dependable action—to remedy the appalling evils, the unparalleled injustices, that are everywhere in evidence.

They want grafting and racketeering restricted in and out of governmental circles as nearly as possible. They want the unparalleled governmental waste stopped, or at least restrained.

And the Presidential responsibility is not confined entirely to affairs at home. There are the foreign debts that have been discussed so much recently. And if the debts cannot be paid, why bother about collecting them? Let them remain as is until the countries can pay them.

And then there is the threat of war with Japan. We have officially indorsed what we call the "Stimson policy" in the Far East.

Many of our citizens maintain that Stimson did not represent the majority in this country when he badgered the Japanese. Our ex-Secretary of State formerly represented the Morgan interests as an attorney, and some of his activities did much to make our people believe that foreign policies were largely dictated by a desire to protect private banking interests rather than the welfare of the country.

We do not want war with Japan or any other country. But Japan is a proud nation. The military party dominates its people. They want to control the Pacific; it has been stated that they have worked with that end in view for many years.

There are said to be about one hundred and forty thousand Japanese in Hawaii, and every one of them, male and female, is a potential soldier. It is stated that they have arms and ammunition safely hidden ready for the Great Event—war with this country.

And then there are approximately ninety-eight thousand Japanese in California, and it has been stated that they, too, are fully prepared; that they have arms and ammunition safely hidden away for use whenever they are needed. And every Japanese citizen is said to have definite orders as to just what is to be done when war is about to be declared. It has been reported that they have been instructed to poison their employers whenever possible, and that they have been told just how to do it.

Perhaps all this is nothing more than silly rumor, but whether or not there are definite facts to back up these statements can be easily determined by the proper officials. And there should be no time lost in making the necessary investigation.

Therefore our President has before him some terrific problems, and preparation for a possible war is not the least of them.

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.
Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Fulton Oursler, Editor; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Managing Editor. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1933, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved.

Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

In the United States and possessions, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, $2.50 a year in U. S. funds (including tax).
In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year.
In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.
Mail subscriptions to 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Should you change your address, notify us promptly.

Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

AGAINST
AGAI
SEN
HONORÉ DE BALZ
THE GIRL W
THE GOLDEN
THE GIRL WITH THE GO
THA
THAÏS
ANATOLE FRANCE
SALOMÉ
OSCAR WILDE
SALOMÉ
ILLUSTRATED BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY

$1.00 BARGAINS

Exquisite ILLUSTRATED EDITIONS

{ EACH BOOK A $5 VALUE

ANY FIVE POSTPAID FOR $4.50

These beautiful, illustrated editions are well-known and well-loved classics, each one complete, each containing every word the authors set down. These works deserve a place beside your deluxe books costing five and ten times as much, for they will not suffer by comparison. Each book is exquisitely illustrated in free and daring mood by a well known artist. Printed from new plates, clear legible type, richly bound, large library size, each book is a good $5.00 value as book prices usually run. *Our Bargain Price, each $1. Any 5 books for $4.50 postpaid.*

82—**SALOME** *by Oscar Wilde.* Illus. by Aubrey Beardsley—the old Bible story vivified by Wilde's fantastic genius—all the sensuousness of paganism beating against the ascetic heart of early Christianity—a vast and moving drama of almost animal passion, as Salome of the seven veils, a woman scorned, demands from Herod, the head of the prophet John that she might kiss in death the lips which in life had heaped calumny upon her with accusations of the practice of unutterable things. Few more fascinating women in history—or more evil, than the ruthless, ravishing Salome. (A $5 Book Value.) **Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.**

83—**THAIS** *by Anatole France.* Illus. by Arthur Zaidenberg. To Thais the supreme courtesan came a hermit monk out of the desert, intent upon the salvation of her soul. Thais the charmer with all the allure of exquisite flesh—the monk emotionally starved! What happens? Only Anatole France can tell you properly. Only these specially designed pictures can carry the tale to you in its appropriate setting. (A $5 Book Value.) **Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.**

84—**THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES** *by Honore de Balzac.* Illus. by F. J. Buttera—a tale which would have immortalized Balzac had he written nothing else—a tale of love, bizarre and haunting, utterly fascinating, of a beautiful exotic creature born on the borderline, a slave to a woman, in love with a man—of strong evasions, mad abandon, eventual fulfillment—the faithful translation of a story only Balzac could write. (A $5.00 Book Value.) **Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.**

85—**AGAINST THE GRAIN** *by J. K. Huysmans.* Introduction by Havelock Ellis. Illus. by Arthur Zaidenberg. Here is a strange story of decay—of strange new passions and nervous exhaustions never before set down on paper. This is a startling book that will entrance the jaded reader of mediocre literature—an organized pandemonium of sensations, sounds and ideas. (A $5 Book Value.) **Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.**

86—**A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY** *by Laurence Sterne.* Illus. by Mahlon Blaine. A rich literary gift out of the past in which a clergyman chooses to write of love and its pleasures despite the strictness of his calling. The favorite book of scores of the world's scholars, loved for its matchless style which presents all the weaknesses of human nature and the joys of forgivable pleasure with a strength and slyness peculiar to the writer. (A $5 Book Value.) **Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.**

65—**APHRODITE** *by Pierre Louys.* Profusely illustrated. The one modern classic which eclipses in exotic beauty and simplicity the works of the ancients who wrote of love. (Value $5.00.) **Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.**

66—**CANDIDE** *by Voltaire.* Profusely illustrated. Amazing adventures—more than a satire—unblushing realism—Rabelaisian humor. (Value $5.00.) **Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.**

67—**RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM,** *translated by Edward Fitzgerald.* Profusely illustrated. Needs no introduction. Perhaps the most quoted book next to the Bible. Should be in the library of every educated person. (Value $5.00.) **Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.**

68—**GREEN MANSIONS** *by W. H. Hudson.* Profusely illustrated. Undiscovered secrets in the ways of love. No other man has shown us the fascination of sex blended with the awesome power of the jungle. (Value $5.00.) **Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.**

69—**BARON MUNCHAUSEN.** Complete. More than a great liar. Not even modern science can embellish facts so artistically nor fly so high in the field of nightmarish speculation. (Value $5.00.) **Our Bargain Price, postpaid $1.00.**

Any 5 Books for $4.50—all ten for $8.50.

Together these comprise an elegant library of unusual entertainment that every booklover will want to possess at our special price—any five, delivered, for $4.50—all ten for $8.50. Fill in coupon—mail today!

Economy Educational League Dept. L 3-25
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

I enclose $.................. for which please send me books checked below; my money to be refunded on any unsatisfactory purchase.

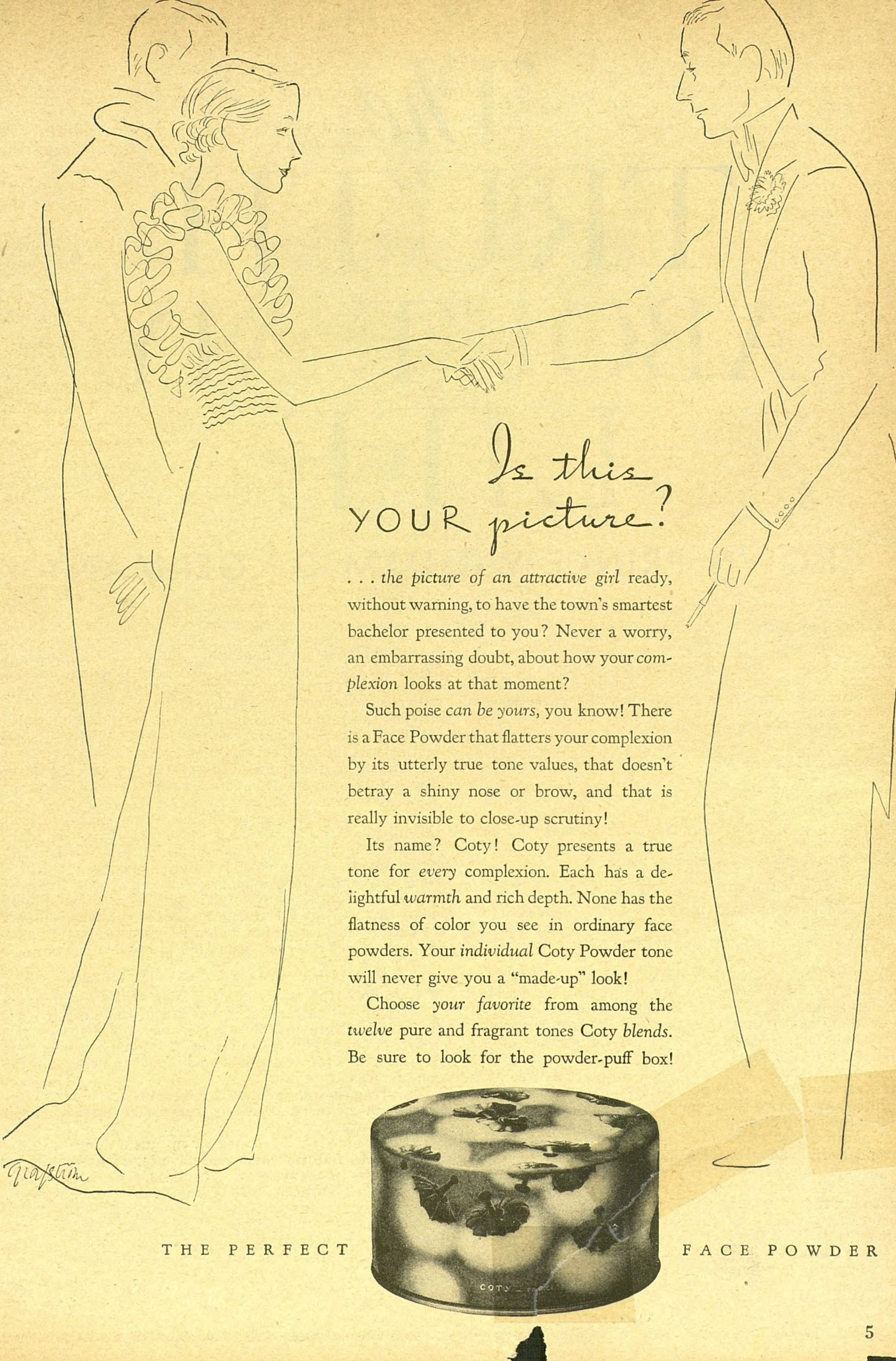
☐ Any 5 books for $4.50 postpaid. ☐ All ten for $8.50.

65 66 67 68 69 82 83 84 85 86

Name..................

Street..................

City.................. State..................



Is this YOUR picture?

. . . *the picture of an attractive girl* ready, without warning, to have the town's smartest bachelor presented to you? Never a worry, an embarrassing doubt, about how your *complexion* looks at that moment?

Such poise *can be yours,* you know! There is a Face Powder that flatters your complexion by its utterly true tone values, that doesn't betray a shiny nose or brow, and that is really invisible to close-up scrutiny!

Its name? Coty! Coty presents a true tone for *every* complexion. Each has a delightful *warmth* and rich depth. None has the flatness of color you see in ordinary face powders. Your *individual* Coty Powder tone will never give you a "made-up" look!

Choose *your favorite* from among the *twelve* pure and fragrant tones Coty *blends.* Be sure to look for the powder-puff box!

THE PERFECT FACE POWDER

• BEGINNING •

The TRUTH ABOUT MY LIFE

By CROWN PRINCE WILHELM OF GERMANY

(Reading time: 24 minutes 30 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Recent political developments in Germany have focused world attention upon the position and prospects of the Hohenzollern dynasty, and especially upon those of the Crown Prince.

In the days of the World War he was a symbolic figure, and was possibly the most hated man in Christendom. Today he is being regarded in a new light, and is once more an important factor in world affairs.

At Liberty's invitation he has written a series of exclusive and candid personal reminiscences, of which this is the first. In a letter accompanying the manuscript he says: "I hope their publication will find interest among Americans and will help to clear up many a misunderstanding."

INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN I gaze into the mirror I cannot conceal from myself that my hair is gray. I cannot impeach the veracity of the calendar which tells me that I shall never see fifty again.

My great grandfather, William I, founder of the German Empire, lived to be over ninety. I may have a long life before me. But even if I should live to be a century I know that half of my race is run. It is perhaps not unnatural for a man having reached the solstice of his existence to take stock of himself and to contemplate present and past. Mine has been a colorful life, with startling contrasts and precipitate drops from dizzy heights. As I write this a long vista opens before me.

I see the pomp of empire. I hear the trumpets of war. I eat again the salty bread of exile. The chess game of European diplomacy unfolds before me. I can discern the players, most of whom I knew personally, and I can penetrate the strategy of their moves, which ended in checkmate to my Imperial father and ruin to my country.

There are some things which I can discuss today. Others which I must postpone. A Crown Prince is hemmed in by many limitations—even in a republic. Political, social, and personal considerations compel me to leave some things unsaid for the present. But there are many events and personalities which I may discuss. I can attempt to trace my own development and some of the things which moved me most deeply. I can talk freely of sports, travels, hunts, of adventures in the sphere of art and encounters with celebrated contemporaries. Fate so willed it that two crowns, the Imperial German crown and the royal crown of Prussia, were embossed on my cradle. Willy-nilly my destiny was interwoven with the destiny of nations.

It cannot be the purpose of the present writing to recite in detail the external course of my life. Most of the facts are known. Some are history.

Nor is it my purpose to psychoanalyze myself. It is difficult to write the life of another man. It is even more difficult to interpret one's own experiences. We can only string together some episodes and experiences which in some way stand in a symbolic relation to our lives. I shall not recount the story of official functions thrust upon me by my position. I prefer to discuss contacts which I sought myself and events which I helped to shape. I jot down these notes largely as an aid to my own memory.

PART ONE—HE DECLINES THE THRONE

IT is doubtful if the World War will ever find its Homer. The canvas is too large, the task too gigantic. Here and there a poet or a novelist has succeeded in portraying a fragment of the most momentous upheaval that the world has seen since the transmigration of races.

The struggle was so titanic, the factors involved so immense, that no one man at any time clearly envisaged the entire picture.

If either side had developed a supreme military genius, it is possible that the war would have terminated quickly. But, in spite of many great capacities, there was no one outstanding figure that dwarfed the rest as Napoleon did his contemporaries.

I sometimes wonder if the World War, with its far-flung fronts and its political implications, would not have tasked the combined genius of Napoleon, Wellington, and Blücher, of Moltke and Bismarck.

The ultimate causes of the great struggle are still obscure. Economic, political, military, racial, and personal

First of a Series of Outstanding Articles by Which the Kaiser's Son Hopes to Dissipate the Wartime Prejudices that Made Him One of the Most Hated Men in History

The Crown Prince as he looks today, from one of his most recent portrait photographs.

antagonisms and motives are curiously and inextricably mixed. Intrigue and misunderstanding, deliberation and accident, shrewdness and blunder, mistaken generosity and malevolence under the mask of patriotism, stalk hand in hand through the musty archives of nations and rulers.

There was a time every nation painted its enemies in the blackest colors while preserving a halo for itself. Of all nations tarred by the brush of war hatred, Germany was blackened most atrociously. Today a juster interpretation of the events is beginning to gain ground everywhere. Even America no longer accepts the thesis of Germany's guilt. Harry Elmer Barnes, Professor Fay, and other distinguished Anglo-Saxon students of history, ransacking the secret records of foreign offices as well as the official black books, yellow books, blue books, and white books, have demolished the edifice of propaganda based on malice, misinformation, and falsehood.

To us Germans Woodrow Wilson has always seemed a sinister figure. We know that it was he who was primarily responsible for the collapse of our fatherland. But we are beginning to see that Mr. Wilson's intentions which paved the way of Europe to hell, while still incomprehensible in part, were not dishonest. We cannot forgive our betrayal at Versailles; but the memoirs of his co-workers seem to show that Mr. Wilson, in spite of vacillations and contradictions, originally put forth his Fourteen Points in good faith.

We are beginning to realize that the intervention of the United States, which almost destroyed Europe and paralyzed Western civilization itself, was not without a basis of idealism, although that idealism formulated its conclusions upon mistaken premises.

Granting the idealistic factor which helped to shape American policy, no American can deny that purely materialistic forces used every device imaginable to embroil the United States in the war.

Both elements appear in the correspondence of the State Department with the belligerent states. Something of this duality was reflected, however crudely, in the mind of the American soldier.

My experiences with the American Expeditionary Forces were few. My own battle group was far away from the lines where the doughboys went, merrily and heroically, over the tops. However, I had two experiences with American prisoners of war which illustrate graphically the twofold point of view prevailing in the United States.

I well remember the first American prisoner who was brought to my headquarters. Clean-cut, well equipped, well nourished, and fearless, he faced his captors. He was a highly intelligent fellow. The merry twinkle which habitually lit up his features was not clouded by the melancholy conclusion that his martial career was ended. He had, no doubt, been subjected to the customary examination by which every army pieces together intelligence of the movements and formations of opposing forces.

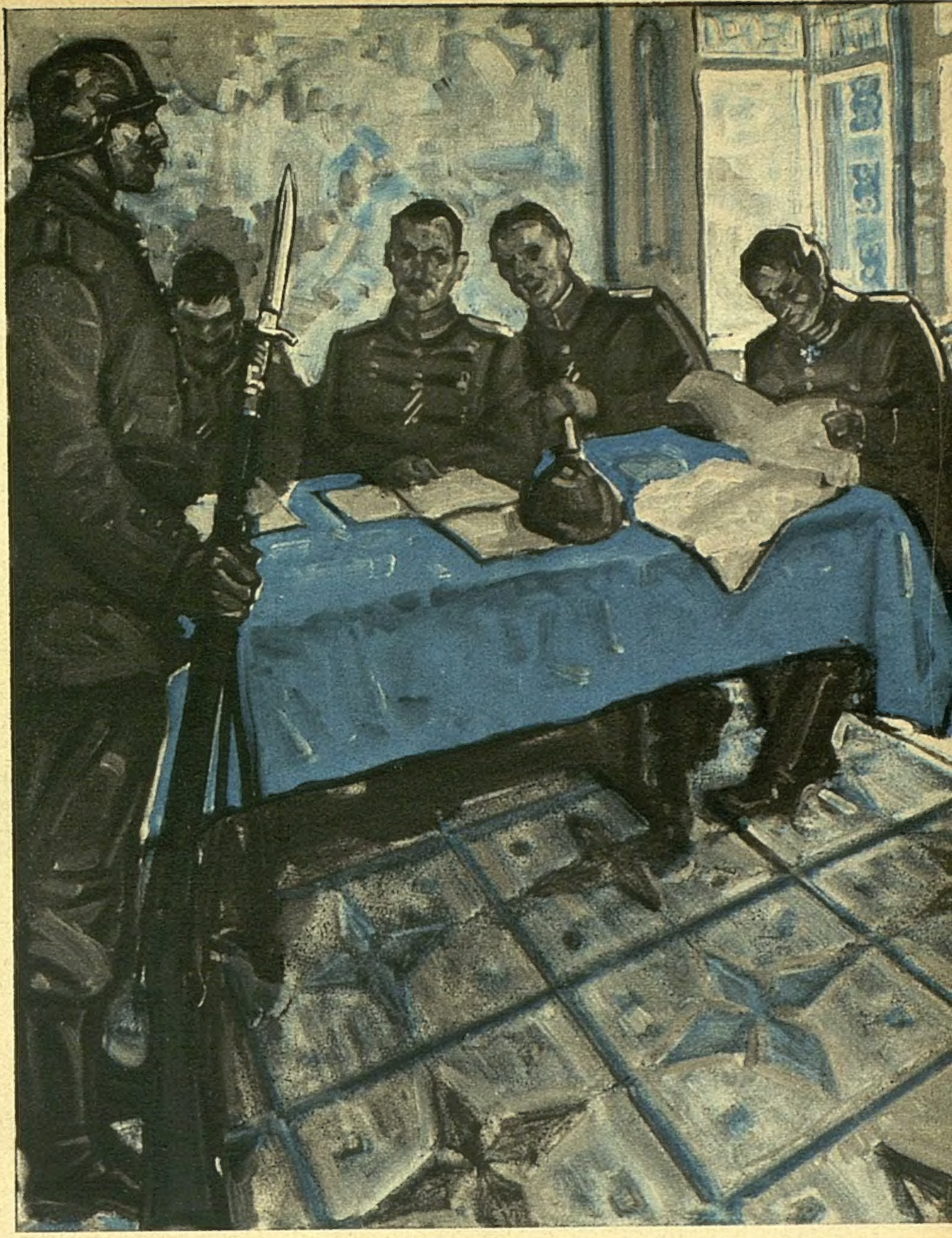
I did not ask him the routine questions, but I was profoundly interested in unearthing the motives which had brought the United States into the conflict without regard for the treaty made between my renowned ancestor Frederick the Great and George Washington.

The prisoner, whatever his original fears might have been, no longer expected to be either scalped or crucified by the Germans. But he was nevertheless surprised when I offered him a cigarette, which he eagerly accepted.

Walking up and down with him, I engaged him in an informal conversation.

“ And why,” I inquired, “ did America join the war? ”

The young man replied without hesitation: “ We had invested so much money in the fortunes of the Allies that we were compelled to save them from destruction. If Germany defeats the Allies we can kiss our money good-by.”



He was surprised when I offered him a cigarette. Walking u

The Crown Prince and his Chief of Staff absorbed in study of a war map in 1915.

This boy stated bluntly one powerful motive which explained America's participation in the war. Events have shown that the men who shrewdly calculated to save their own investments had made their reckoning without realizing that in a war of these dimensions victor and vanquished alike suffer irreparable losses. Today it seems as if America threw good money after bad when it assured the defeat of the Central Powers.

To date America the victor and Germany the vanquished have borne the lion's share of the financial burden imposed upon the world as result of the proceedings of the mad hatters who wrote the Peace Treaty of Versailles.

THE next prisoner I examined repudiated the materialistic conception of his buddy. When I regaled him with a smoke and discussed world politics with him, he opened his heart to me.

“ Tell me,” I asked as in the first case, “ what made you people enter the war? ”

“ That is a very deep matter, your Imperial Highness,” he countered.

“ Well, tell me what it is.”

“ You see,” he said, scratching himself behind the ears, “ it is all on account of Alsace-Lorraine.”

“ I don't quite understand why America should go to war over Alsace-Lorraine.”

First the prisoner hesitated. Then he decided to take me more fully into his confidence.

“ Alsace-Lorraine is a lake between Germany and France, and both nations have the right to fish in that lake. But those damned Dutchmen—” He suddenly

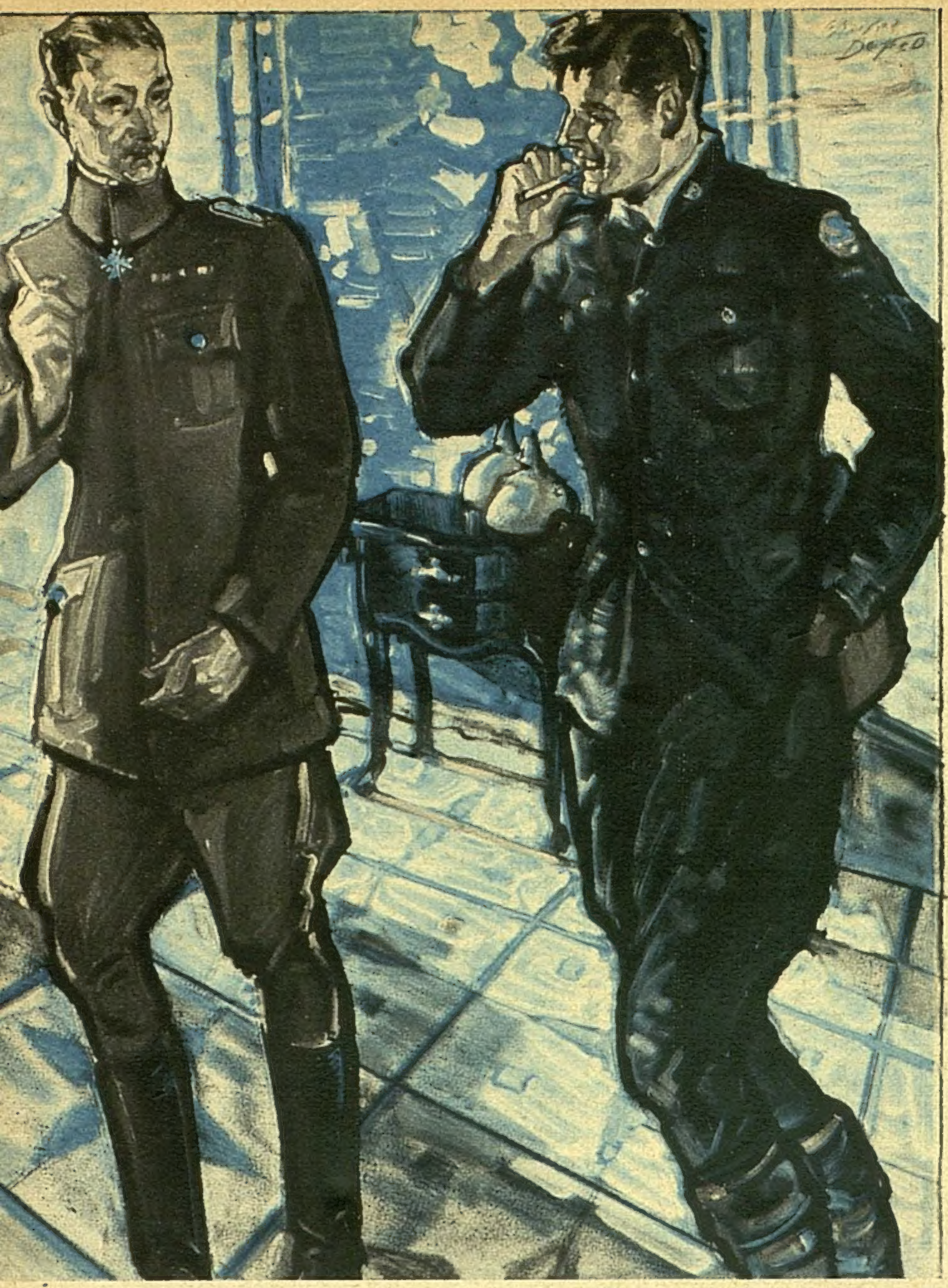


Illustration by CHARLES DE FEO

d down with him, I engaged him in an informal conversation.

halted and apologized, recollecting to whom he was speaking.

Correcting himself, he continued: "The Germans, your people, don't permit the French to fish in that lake. Now that ain't fair. It is not just. And we can't stand for it."

This explanation dumfounded me. But, in spite of its preposterous premise, it expressed the altruistic as opposed to the materialistic point of view of the first prisoner.

Some of my American friends maintain that the second prisoner was merely spoofing me. Perhaps he was—perhaps he wasn't. In any case his argument reflected the fine idealism, based upon complete ignorance of European conditions, which activated many of those who joined the crusade against Germany.

I often sought release from the strain of battle in art. I do not look upon myself as an artist. In art as well as in sport I am an amateur. But I have a certain knack for drawing. Artists of repute, including my old comrade, the painter Schultze-Goerlitz of Dresden, and Professor Max Rabes of Berlin, have encouraged my work and helped to train my crayon and my pencil. The printing plant of the Fifth Army, of which I was the commander in chief, published a portfolio of my war sketches in 1918. I dedicated this work "to my dear and courageous field-gray comrades in gratitude and love."

Unfortunately, in the debacle that followed the war and the revolution, the plates of the sketches were destroyed. Even I have today only one copy of the little work in my library.

I sketched soldiers and officers of my army at rest and at work. I also sketched an American prisoner. I do not at this moment recollect which of the two prisoners engaged my pictorial fancy—the one who thought that Alsace-Lorraine was a lake or the one who ascribed America's entrance in the war to financial considerations. If he reads this he will no doubt remember the incident and recognize himself in the sketch.

It is not surprising that American sentiment was turned against Germany. In the very first days of the war my father and his chivalrous ally Emperor Francis Joseph were portrayed in American cartoons as wading gleefully through a pool of blood. I was usually pictured wearing the uniform of my Death's-Head Hussars with a sword from which a speared baby dangled, while stolen silver spoons bulged from my pockets.

I HAVE been accused of sacrificing needlessly hundreds and thousands of my men at Verdun. As a matter of fact the siege of Verdun was part of a general plan, which I was compelled to carry out like every other army leader. I received my orders from General Headquarters.

I regret bloodshed in war. But it is a price which must sometimes be paid. It could not have been paid if our soldiers had not been willing to make the supreme sacrifice. It is preposterous to picture an army leader as a butcher. No commander, not even Napoleon, could drive his men to battle if they were not willing to lay down their lives for their country.

In medieval warfare the individual soldier remained under the observation of his officers. The evolution of modern warfare removes him from this scrutiny. He must rely on himself and prove his own mettle.

Verdun inflicted heavy losses upon us. An immense enterprise, calculated to bring the war to a speedy conclusion, ended in failure. We could never refill our serried ranks. However, I have always maintained that Verdun was not the turning point of the war, although it was looked upon in this light by the Allies.

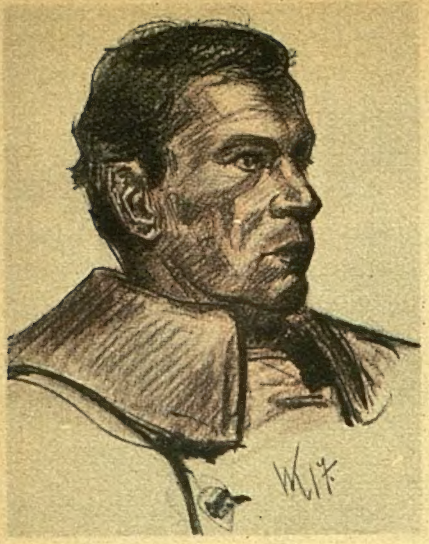
Victory was still in our reach.

We almost seized it on several occasions.

If America had not entered the war, we might not have won an overwhelming victory. But we could never have passed under the yoke of Versailles.

Verdun took much from us. But it also gave us much. Victory is not, after all, the decisive factor of history. It is the spirit that counts. No defeat and no disaster can take from Germany the knowledge of having measured up to every high standard of heroic self-sacrifice recorded in the songs and traditions of all great peoples considered worthy by the spirit of history of a place in the sun.

In the field-gray uniform of his hussar regiment, with one of his favorite horses.



This portrait sketch by the Crown Prince shows one of the two American prisoners whom he questioned about our motives.

The heroic battle for Verdun remains a noble page in the history of the German people, just as the no less heroic defense of the French will be enshrined forever in the memory of the Gallic race.

Brave men everywhere recognize heroism, even in the ranks of the enemy. Even now there appears a heroic fellowship which unites brave fighters on every front and in every land. This fellowship may prove more powerful than political and commercial divisions and alterations. It teaches mutual respect and mutual understanding. I, for one, expect more for international reconciliation from the men who have gone through the inferno of war than from the men who, seated behind mahogany desks, direct or misdirect the fate of nations.

Having known the stark reality of war, I can visualize its horrors as well as its sublimities. No pen, no brush has ever depicted a battle adequately. No book, no picture that I have seen, conveys the terror and the grandeur of the battlefield.

The skillful men who direct moving pictures have transfixed scenes of battle on the screen with every aid of modern technique and with extraordinary cunning. Joy, hope, fear, victory, and the slow funeral march for the dead have inspired our greatest composers. But somehow the awesome spirit that pervades the battlefields has escaped moving-picture directors, musicians, poets, and painters alike.

Neither concert hall nor cinema, neither painter's brush nor poet's pen, can even remotely suggest the awful figure of Him who faces us on fields of carnage and spreads the mantle of His majesty over the multitudes which He blesses even as He robs them of life.

War may sever the conventional ties of religion. But the experience of the battlefield somehow brings man face to face with his destiny and his Maker.

I know that all this sounds somewhat obscure and incomprehensible, but it nevertheless expresses a lofty spiritual experience. I am not sufficiently skilled in words to voice the great adventure adequately. But it is something that every soldier who has faced death has felt.

God manifests Himself not only in sunshine and in peace. He manifests Himself in storm and in battle.

I am not a mystic. I do not play with occult forces. But I do not deny their existence. My own experience has confirmed my conviction that sometimes fate gives us warnings of impending disaster.

BEFORE I went to war, my wife gave me a little medal of St. Cecilia conjuring music from the organ. I wore the little medal as a sacred talisman. It followed me from battle to battle, from campaign to campaign.

On November 7, 1918, the little keepsake disappeared. I vainly searched my own effects. I could not find the precious talisman. My orderlies combed my headquarters with a fine-tooth comb. We looked for the medal in every possible and impossible place.

The search became infectious. My officers joined in the pursuit. We turned the entire High Command topsy-turvy. But the medal eluded us.

I never saw it again. It is apparently lost forever.

Two days later the revolution began.

There is, of course, no connection between the two events. The loss was an accident. Yet every man knows of some such event in his life to which he somehow attaches a deeper meaning. For me, at any rate, the loss of the medal became a portent of the disaster.

I had not gone into the war with blind optimism. I realized that it was a life-and-death struggle after England joined the ranks of our enemies. We could have defeated Russia and France. But the moment the British Empire was involved the hazard became terrific.

I was not a light-hearted youth courting war. A letter of mine to the General Staff is still on record, in which I pointed out the menace that confronted us. But, in spite of my apprehensions, the German people successfully defended themselves for four long years against twenty-odd nations.

It is difficult not to believe in miracles when one considers against what forces Germany battled on every front. It is impossible not to believe in miracles when one realizes that, even after the disaster on the Marne, there were two or three occasions when victory was in our grasp.

It is impossible not to believe in miracles when one realizes that, even after America, with her mighty hosts on water and on land and in the air, joined hands with those who were determined upon our destruction, it would still have been possible to achieve an honorable peace but for the stab in the back of the revolution and the treacherous will-o'-the-wisp of the Fourteen Points.

It was something of a miracle to see how unitedly the German people responded to my father's appeal when, at the little window where my great-grandfather, Emperor William I, had always stood, he addressed these historic words to the German people: "I know no parties. I know only Germans."

It was a miracle that our embattled nation withstood so long every enemy from without and from within.

It was a miracle that, in spite of treason, in spite of folly, in spite of famine, and in spite of unparalleled sacrifices, our armies never relaxed their grip on enemy soil until those fateful November days.

But the final miracle, the miracle of victory, was not vouchsafed us!

THERE are those, even among our own ranks, who assert that the victory of the German arms would not have been a blessing for the world or ourselves. No one can expect me to sympathize with crazed pacifists, traitors, vague internationalists, and disgruntled idealists of every description. Sweeping aside any claim on our part to superior virtue, I hold that a German victory would have been preferable, from the point of view of mankind at large, to an overwhelming victory of the Allies.

It is possible that we too would have demanded guaranties beyond reason. Greed would perhaps have raised its voice in our councils. But we could never have imposed upon our enemies the crushing peace terms which they forced upon us, because we could never have won so staggering, I may say so disastrous, a victory.

When we went to war, we desired neither the trade of our enemies nor their land. We did not lust for a single inch of territory in Europe. We might have straightened out a line here and there. But if we had dictated peace at Paris or Versailles we would not have behaved like twenty bulls in a china shop.

Let us recollect in this connection the moderation shown by Bismarck and my great-grandfather in 1871. We imposed no onerous financial conditions. We treated the vanquished enemy with respect and we took from France no French territory. We merely took back our own—the two provinces, incontestably German, which Louis XIV had seized from us.

Our sober judgment would have told us in 1918 that we could not hope for much more than the *status quo ante* in Europe, nor were we eager to overtax our strength by grasping for more colonies than we could legitimately digest.

There is no nation that would not have profited if the world had accepted our peace offers in 1916 and 1917. Intelligent Englishmen like Lord Lansdowne saw eye to eye with intelligent Germans.

Peace without victory, the phrase so eloquently enunciated by President Wilson, would have stopped the red plague of bolshevism. It would have left the "iron ration" of the world untouched. Capitalism would not now be compelled to guard its last trenches against communism. The sanctity of private property would have been preserved, and the middle classes would not have been deprived of their hope as well as of their substance. When the Allies failed to respect our private property and even laid hands upon the private property of neutrals, they delivered what may be its deathblow to capitalism. America sinned with the others. But after the war the United States honorably attempted to undo, in a measure, the damage done. Nevertheless the precedent will plague mankind for generations to come. It is a folly as well as a crime, from the consequences of which the world may never fully recover.

But, as the Americans say, there's no use crying over spilled milk! Instead of wailing over might-have-beens, one must resolutely set one's face toward realities.

Weighty might-have-beens play an important part in my own life.

Once for every man opportunity knocks.

The opportunity to take a decisive part in historic events came to me twice—once before, once toward the end of the World War.

Six years before the war my father, the Emperor, found himself suddenly flung from the steep height of popularity to its nadir. No nation can pass through the metamorphosis which changed Germany from a continental state into a world power without social and political repercussions. In spite of the unparalleled prosperity which the German people enjoyed under his régime, there was much inflammable matter and discontent under the surface. A comparatively trifling event might precipitate an emergence of it.

Some such event was the publication of an interview which my father had given, with the full knowledge and consent of the Foreign Office and the Chancellor, Prince Buelow, to a British journalist.

Accustomed to popular approval and praise, the Emperor found himself suddenly the target of a campaign of vilification in the press and in the Reichstag which shattered many of his illusions and almost broke his heart.

In spite of the fact that he had acted strictly within the limitation imposed upon the German Emperor by the constitution, his Chancellor, Prince Buelow, evaded the popular storm by deserting his monarch.

Either Buelow had carelessly approved of the interview without adequate examination or he grossly neglected his duty. But when the storm burst he pleaded ignorance before the Reichstag instead of protecting his sovereign.

The full force of the tempest spent itself upon the person of the monarch. Even a democrat, Gerhart Hauptmann, has said that under the circumstances he would have interposed his person between popular abuse and his liege lord.

But when the emergency confronted him the Chancellor thought only of his own political fortune. His memoirs have shown upon how frail a reed the Emperor leaned when he relied upon the loyalty of Prince Buelow. But in those days Buelow still wore the mask of faithful service.

THE Emperor's nerves were severely tasked. In a darkest hour, wrestling with himself and the dark angel of despair, he summoned me to his bedside and asked me: "My son, do you wish to take my place? Do you want to become Emperor?"

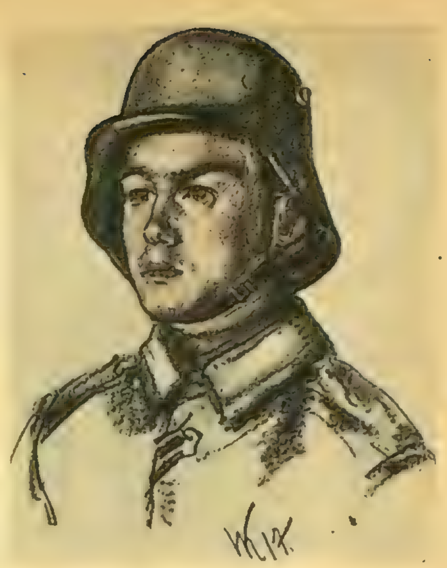
I realized that my father's stern sense of duty, which governs all his actions, would reassert itself on the morrow—that, on due reflection, he would prefer to bear manfully the burden which destiny had placed upon his head. An emperor's crown is sometimes spiked with thorns.

I also realized that under my father's reign Germany had reached the acme of power and wealth, and that the storm which threatened now would subside. It was not sportsmanlike to accept an offer born of temporary discouragement and despair.

I refused the offer.

A second time destiny clamored loudly at my gate in the fateful November days at Spa in 1918. I had hastened to General Headquarters to be present at the discussions between the Emperor and his advisers, upon which hinged the fate of the Empire itself.

Rarely has any monarch found himself in a more frightful predicament.



A typical young German private, as sketched at the front by the Crown Prince. From the portfolio of his war sketches.

Prince Max von Baden, my father's cousin and Chancellor, demanded his abdication as the price of an honorable peace with the Allied and Associated Powers.

My father found himself in a dilemma from which there seemed no escape.

A council of officers, hastily convoked, had declared that the army was no longer a reliable instrument. Exaggerated reports of mutiny and revolutionary activity spluttered forth from the telegraph instrument at General Headquarters. Von Groener told my father that the army would return home under its own officers, but not under their Emperor. Field Marshal von Hindenburg advised my father to sacrifice himself in order to save the country.

"Either," my father was told, "you stay and the war will continue on every front, while civil strife will rend the fatherland, or you go, and we shall have tranquillity at home and an honorable peace, based upon the Fourteen Points and Mr. Wilson's speeches, abroad."

I was present at some but not all of these discussions. Before the final decision was made I returned to my army group to carry on my duties.

The Emperor hesitated.

AT last he decided to yield the Imperial crown but to remain King of Prussia. However, the government in Berlin in a panic announced that my father had abdicated both as Emperor and as King, and added the fraudulent statement that I, too, had surrendered my claim to the Imperial crown and to the crown of Frederick the Great. Once this news was broadcast there was no way to undo the mischief. Urged again and again by the Supreme Command, unwilling to shed for his own person or ambition a single drop of German blood, my father chose the bitter road of exile.

I did not accept the opinion that the army as a whole had forsaken its Emperor. I knew that the fighters at the front, though emaciated by hunger and fatigued by four years in the trenches, battling as no people ever did against overwhelming odds, were still sound at heart. But I was not present when the final and most fateful decision was made, and my entire training, resting upon obedience to authority, made it impossible for me at that time to challenge the measures taken.

Hindenburg placed himself at the disposal of the German Republic. I, too, offered to lead my army back home. Hindenburg's offer was accepted. Mine was rejected. The Commander in Chief solemnly absolved me from my responsibilities and discharged me from duty. Thus I, too, had no choice except exile. The events in Spa mark my complete maturity, my emancipation from the thralldom of unquestioning obedience. Since that time, for better or for worse, I have been the captain of my soul.

The so-called liberal press of Berlin had urged the Emperor for weeks to abdicate. When at last, under the force of circumstances over which he had no control, the Emperor acted in accordance with their clamor, the same newspapers denounced him as a deserter.

They hurled the same denunciation at me.

For five years I was compelled to remain in exile. To this day my father is still banished from the realm which his forefathers united and over which he ruled almost thirty years.

In the next installment Crown Prince Wilhelm will describe his sensations when he was compelled to accept banishment. He will describe his life in the little Dutch island of Wieringen, his visits to his father in Doorn, and his return to Germany.

Call It a Racket

He Wasn't a Regular Chauffeur, But She Was a Regular Girl

By

FRANK O. HOUGH

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

(Reading time: 25 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE girl in blue paused—some might say posed—in the shop entry and smiled with just the right amount of aloof friendliness upon the obsequious proprietor who was bowing her out. Passers-by turned to look. Inside the shop there was an abrupt cessation of business activity which endured for many seconds.

A large and rather bejeweled dowager clutched the arm of a very superior saleslady.

" Who," she demanded in a hoarse whisper—" who is that? "

The proprietor's voice answered the spoken question.

" We are honored to serve you, Miss Van Ardsley," he said quite loudly.

The girl inclined her head with an air of graciousness. " I always find your things quite irresistible."

Her voice was low-pitched, yet vibrant and distinct, carrying to every ear in the shop. For an instant longer she stood there: a slim blonde in an ensemble of hyacinth blue that implied somehow, subtly, Fifty-seventh Street. Smart. Yet about her there was something more than mere smartness. You sensed it, not quite tangibly, in her whole bearing; you glimpsed it more clearly in her lovely, not too regular features, in the brightness of her clear gray eyes.

The dowager still clutched the arm of the very superior saleslady.

" The—*the* Van Ardsleys, of course? " she murmured.

The very superior saleslady smiled faintly. She was looking out through the shop window. A car was drawing up to the curb, and the door man was moving toward it. It was a Paxton town car, vintage of 1920 or thereabouts, high and lumbering, carrying its age with great dignity under new black paint; a car whose inherent distinction made tawdry the most shining sixteen-cylinder limousine. On the driver's seat, in perfect keeping with the rest of the picture, was the old-school family retainer, complete with large mustache and severe livery.

The girl in blue stepped inside.

" The Colony Club, Smythe," she was heard to say to the chauffeur as the door was closed behind her.

Watching, the bejeweled customer felt her question a little foolish. But the superior saleslady was very nice about it.

" One of our best customers, madame," she remarked. Then she became confidential for an instant. " Perhaps you would care to see the gowns she has just selected. Her taste is really superb."

" Oh, could I really? " cried the lady. " I have a daughter just her age."

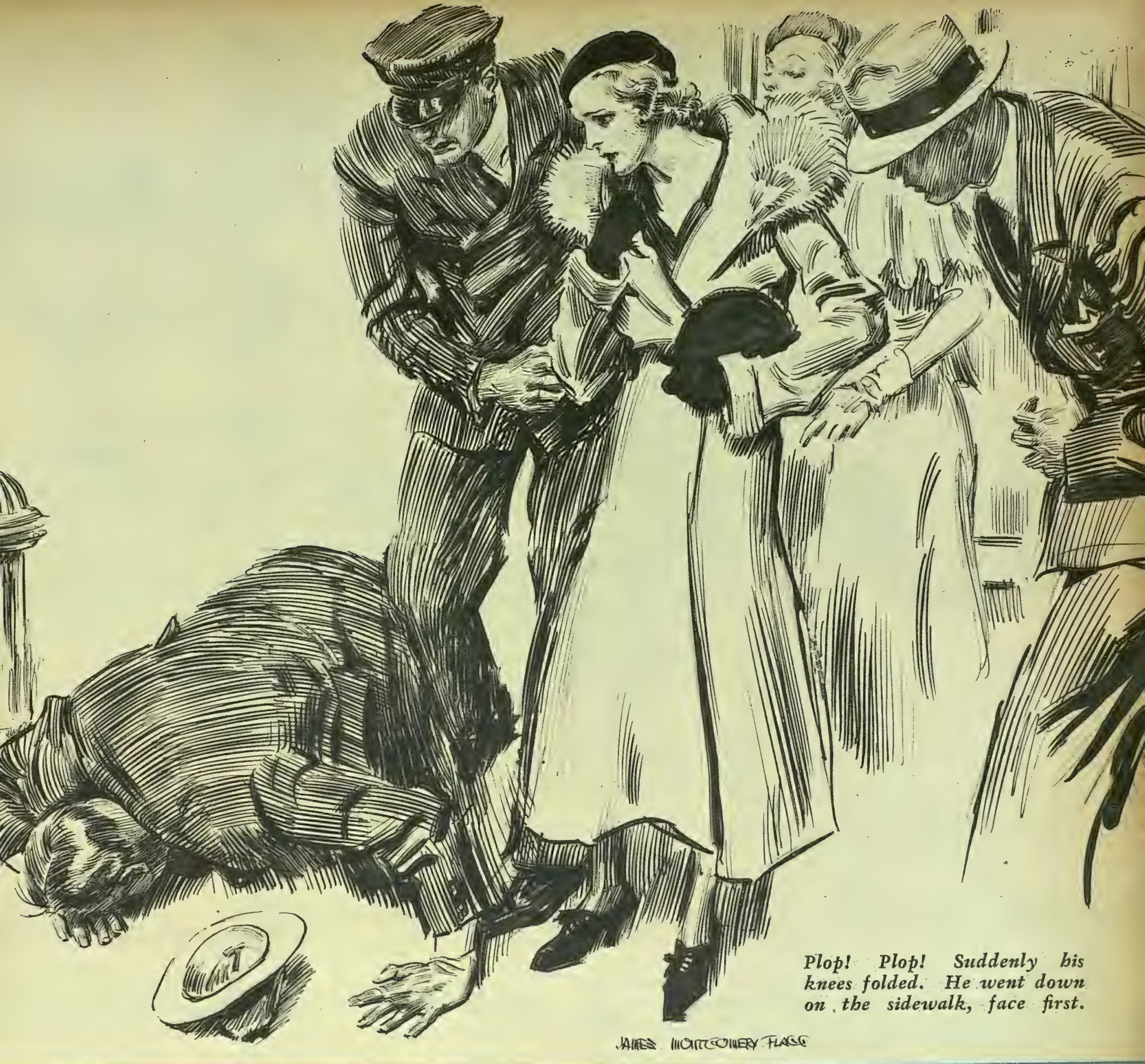
The saleslady regarded her for an instant speculatively. " She reserved one for her mother, too," she observed. " Mrs. Van Ardsley is rather your type, madame."

The ancient car lumbered around the corner and came to a stop beside the curb on a side street. The driver slid back the glass panel that separated him from his passenger.

" Where did you say? " he inquired.

" Leon's," said Miss Van Ardsley. " The one just over on Madison Avenue."

" Oke," said the chauffeur. He shivered slightly and emitted a convincing cough. " Say, you mind if I run up to Jake's for a shot of Scotch while you're eating? I don't feel so good today."



Plop! Plop! Suddenly his knees folded. He went down on the sidewalk, face first.

"Go ahead," Miss Van Ardsley said. "But, Pat, for heaven's sake, use discretion. The last time you got boiled as an owl."

"Never again!" declared the driver devoutly. "I'll be at the regular place at two o'clock sharp."

"Please, Pat. I—I may need your help."

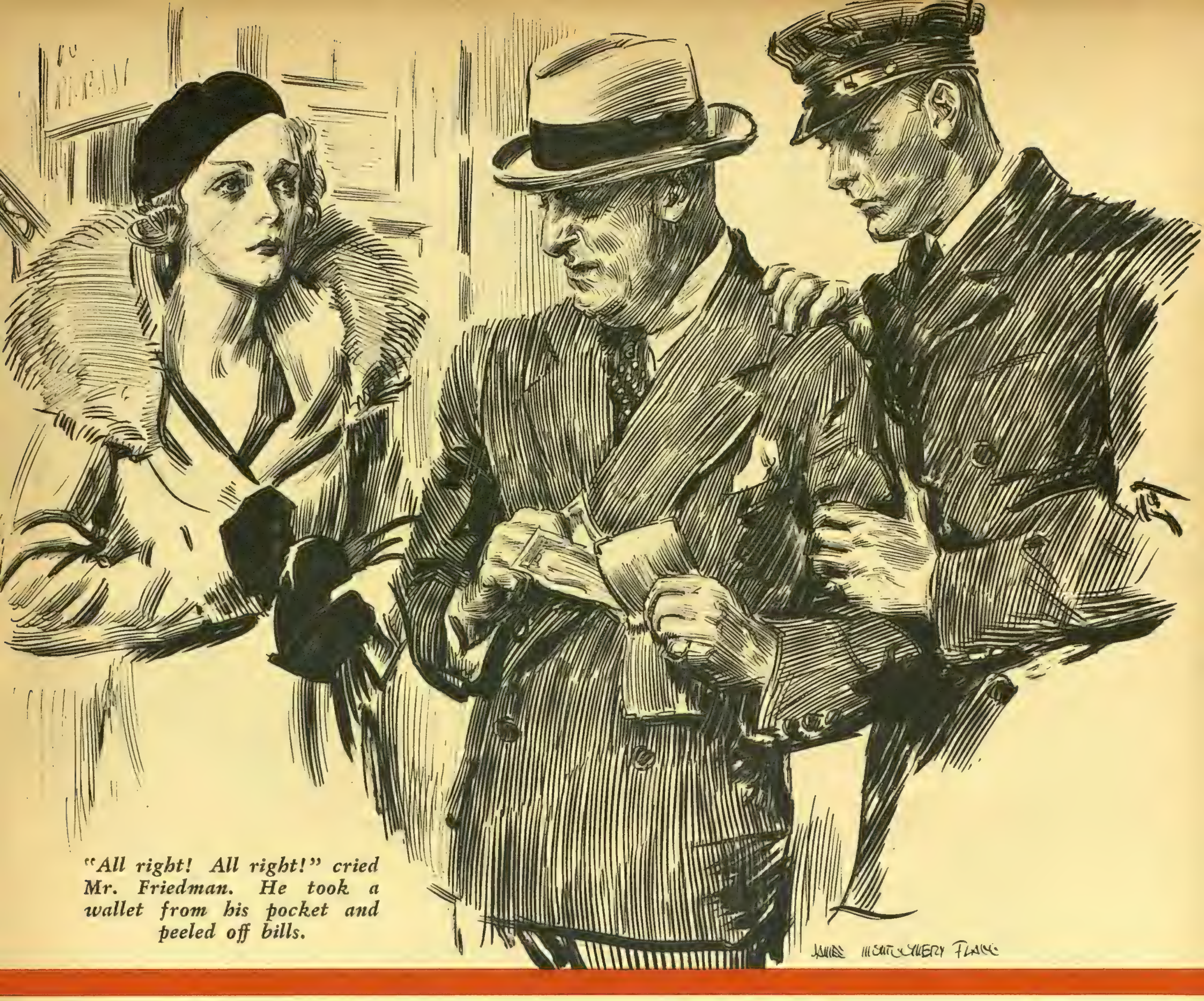
The chauffeur bristled belligerently. "That fat slob Friedman, huh? Some day I'm going to knock that guy loose—"

"And knock me loose from a job," the girl cut in. "No, Pat. I can handle this, but I want you around —well—just in case."

At Leon's, that gathering place of smartly dressed women, people looked at Miss Van Ardsley. They turned away; but inevitably they looked again. Not that there were no other attractive blondes in New York; but, decidedly, she was magnetic. From the tips of her sleek bench-made shoes to the crown of her custom-made slanted béret, she epitomized what those who claim to be *au courant* like to think of as Park Avenue.

Miss Van Ardsley selected a small table strategically placed so that it might be observed clearly from all sides.

She read an order to the waitress. Then, with almost deliberate ease, she drew off her soft antelope gauntlets. Her coat, gorgeously blue, with a platinum-fox collar, she draped casually across the back of her chair. Reaching in a long antelope purse, she withdrew an onyx compact with a silver monogram and proceeded with an adroit job on her small and very charming nose. Then, gracefully and with an air of supreme indifference to her surroundings, she settled back to permit herself to be stared at.



"All right! All right!" cried Mr. Friedman. He took a wallet from his pocket and peeled off bills.

Feminine eyes were appraising; curious, perhaps envious. They moved up and down, taking in details, and inevitably came to rest on the rich gray lining of the coat. They focused on a black-and-red label. The name of the shop stood out with surprising distinctness: " Maison Louis." Miss Van Ardsley overheard the name murmured *sotto voce;* observed a surreptitious pencil or two jotting down a note.

Sometimes she wondered with mild amusement how many such persons noticed that the label was sewed in upside down to facilitate making precisely such notes.

Presently Miss Van Ardsley realized that she was no longer alone. Someone was standing beside her: a man. It was the proprietor who had bowed her out of the dress shop a few moments earlier.

" Hello," he said. " I thought you'd be here today."

Miss Van Ardsley looked up. Her gray eyes commenced to darken, but in an instant they had become expressionless.

" Mr. Friedman," she said.

" You don't have to be so formal outside the shop," he said. " My friends call me Louie."

She made no reply. This affected Mr. Friedman not at all. He was a shortish man with a big flat face that seemed loose in places. His clothes were expensive and immaculate, but even fine tailoring failed quite to hide the fleshiness under them.

He drew out a chair on the opposite side of the table and sat down with a faint sigh.

" Mind if I join you? " he inquired rhetorically.

" Yes, I do mind," Miss Van Ardsley said.

" Aw, what have I done you should be like that? " he asked, aggrieved. " You ain't going to make a scene, Adèle? "

" Of course not," she said.

" There's a good girl." Mr. Friedman beamed. " I know this high-hat stuff is just a pose. I always said underneath you was regular." He leaned across the table toward her. " Look, Adèle. Why can't you and me be good friends—outside the shop, I mean? I can show you a real good time. No kidding."

Miss Van Ardsley favored him with a smile which to those at near-by tables appeared charming and very personal.

" COULD you really, you contemptible bounder? " she inquired in her low, thrilling voice.

Mr. Friedman's jaw dropped. " Huh? "

She smiled again. " Surely you won't make a scene, Mr. Friedman."

The waitress brought a menu before he could reply. With some effort he was able to order. By the time the girl had gone away again he had himself in hand.

" Now you listen to me, Miss Van High-hat," he said. " I don't like for you to be calling dirty names just when I try to be friendly, see? You ain't thought about your contract ending next week, huh? "

" Yes, I've thought of it once or twice."

" And nobody's said nothing about renewing it. Well, I'm a reasonable man. Maybe I might renew that contract for you. Maybe, even, I might double the salary figure. That would be nice, huh? "

"That would be simply lovely," said Miss Van Ardsley.

Mr. Friedman looked pleased. "I said maybe—get that. Now suppose we talk it over at dinner tonight—at the Ritz, huh?"

"Oh, splendid!" cried Miss Van Ardsley in a voice that carried pleasantly to near-by lunchers. Then, in a confidential tone that carried barely across the table, she added with her charming smile, "The fact is, Mr. Friedman, I'd rather eat at the Automat with one of the bus boys than dine with you at the Ritz. But thanks just the same."

Mr. Friedman leaped to his feet, his face purpling.

"Did I come here that you should insult me?" he demanded.

"I really couldn't say why you came," Miss Van Ardsley said quietly. "I'm sure you weren't invited."

He turned without another word and strode out.

After her luncheon, Miss Van Ardsley strolled westward toward Fifth Avenue. A long line of cars was parked against the curb. Halfway down the block loomed the ancient Paxton. She set out toward it.

"JUST a minute," a voice said. It was Mr. Friedman again.

"Take your hand off my arm," Miss Van Ardsley said. She glanced about hastily. The traffic officer on the avenue seemed a long way off. At the moment scarcely anyone was visible in the nearer section of Fifty-eighth Street.

"I got plenty to say to you," Mr. Friedman declared, still gripping her arm and edging her toward a doorway. "You thought you was smart in the restaurant when I couldn't answer you back. But I'm not taking that sort of talk from anybody."

"I—I'll call my chauffeur."

"That doddering old dodo!" Mr. Friedman said with contempt. "Now listen. Things with us are going to be different—or else. Get me? I'll let bygones be bygones if—"

He broke off abruptly. A heavy hand had descended on his shoulder. He blinked at a large fist poised a few inches from his broad nose.

"Scram!" said the owner of the fist.

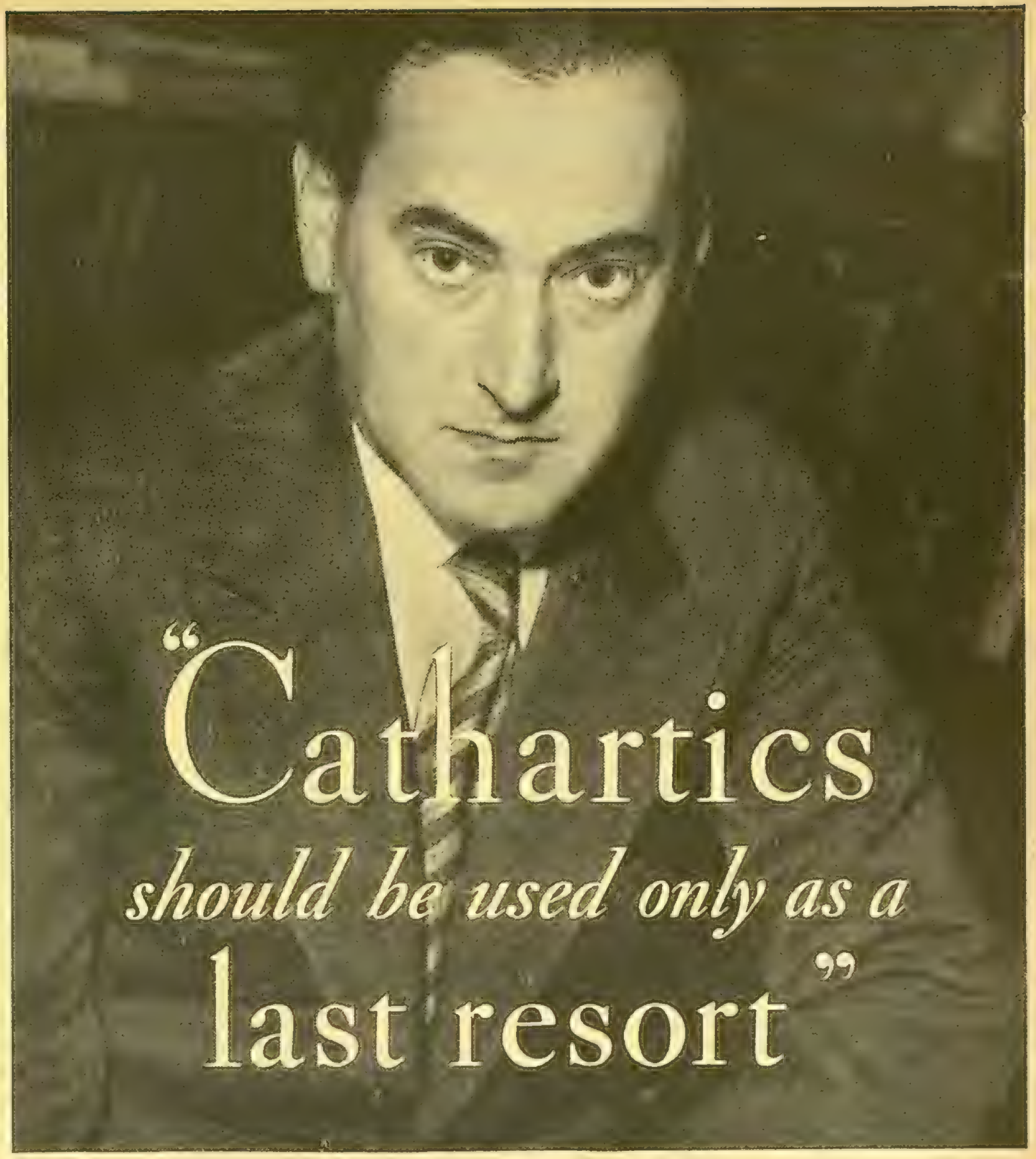
"Hey!" squealed Mr. Friedman. He wriggled in the grip of the heavy hand. It belonged, he saw, to a man in chauffeur's livery, who was neither old nor doddering.

Miss Van Ardsley's thrilling laugh sounded. "Do as the young man says, Mr. Friedman," she said. "Scram was the word!"

For an instant Mr. Friedman forgot the heavy hand. "You're fired!" he screamed. "Here—your contract!" He grabbed the paper from his pocket and tore it frantically into bits. "Fired!"

"Thanks," said Miss Van Ardsley. "And now, just to conclude, there's a little matter of next week's salary."

"Try and get it!" cried Mr. Friedman.



"Cathartics should be used only as a last resort"

says Berlin's noted intestinal expert, DR. BOENHEIM

WHAT do doctors really think about cathartics?

We put that question to Dr. Felix Boenheim, head of the great Hufeland Hospital No. 2 for Internal Diseases, in Berlin. *He replied:—*

"Cathartics and laxatives give temporary relief from constipation. But they ultimately make a chronic condition worse. They are harsh, habit-forming . . . and should be used only as a last resort."

And he added:—

"To keep intestines 'regular' without irritation, nothing surpasses fresh yeast."

Have *you* ever wondered why doctors recommend fresh yeast so widely?

The reason is, fresh yeast is a *food*. It is harmless. Yet it has a greater effect on the intestines than any other food known. It "tones." Stimulates. Actually strengthens the internal muscles. At the same time it moistens and softens the clogging bowel residues so they can be easily cleared away.

Then, as fresh yeast restores gentle, natural evacuations, poisons cease to circulate through your system. Secretions revive—your food "digests" better. Your skin clears. You feel well!

Won't you take the advice of doctors and add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet? Just eat 3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime —plain, or in water (a third of a glass). You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

"I hadn't felt so well for years"

"I had had stomach trouble for years," *writes* **Mrs. Mary Miller** *of Washington, D. C.* **(at left in photo). "I had tried all sorts of laxatives, but they didn't do much good . . . My sister got me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. My sluggishness, headaches and indigestion disappeared."**

IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health—in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label—is yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors advise.

Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

The hand on his shoulder was shaking him, causing his teeth to rattle.

"We'll try and get next week's salary right now," the young man said. He shook more vigorously.

"All right! All right!" cried Mr. Friedman. He took a wallet from his pocket and peeled off bills. He thrust a handful at Miss Van Ardsley. "Gimme a receipt."

"Here it is," said the chauffeur. He hurled Mr. Friedman against the wall of a near-by building. Mr. Friedman caromed, staggered an instant, then lit out in haste toward the avenue.

Miss Van Ardsley controlled her laughter after a moment.

"Oh, thank you so much," she said to the young man.

"Quite all right, quite all right. That's one of the things I'm being paid for. At least, I suppose it is."

She looked at him with some surprise. He was tall and husky and quite good-looking. But what struck her was the livery. There was something familiar about it. And it did not appear to fit him very well. She caught her breath and glanced at the old Paxton. The driver's seat was empty.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You see, Pat was taken suddenly ill. He has known me for a long time and asked me to pinch-hit for him. Said you simply had to have the car."

"But—why, Pat did say this morning that he wasn't feeling well."

"Pneumonia," said the young man; "one of those walking cases that hits you all at once. I had barely time to rush him to the hospital and then get over here to meet you."

"That's terrible!" cried Miss Van Ardsley. "Can I see him?"

"Not for a few days, I'm afraid. I'll keep in touch with the hospital and let you know when he's had his crisis."

"Poor old Pat!" Miss Van Ardsley paused and looked at the young man more closely. He was very light, she saw; the clean-cut type suggestive of northern countries.

"You don't talk much like a chauffeur," she said, suddenly skeptical.

"But I'm a good driver, really. Pat wouldn't have called me in if he weren't sure."

Miss Van Ardsley did not reply at once. This young man's smile, she discovered, was peculiarly engaging. She found herself smiling back.

"You'll have to do, I guess," she said. "What's your name?"

"Hjalemar Gumbruundersson," replied the young man promptly.

"Good heavens!" cried Miss Van Ardsley.

THE young man grinned. "It's a real name, honest. Old Minnesota family. But, of course, you're the boss. Call me anything you like. Except Elmer. Or maybe Herman."

"It will have to be something simple and rather tony, you know," Miss Van Ardsley said. "I think I shall call you Watkins. And now—"

She paused. And now what?

The young man held open the door for her. He stood stiffly beside it and touched his cap. But when she looked at his eyes she could not resist smiling back.

"Well," she said, "it looks as though I were out one job. If I'm to support you and Pat in the style to which you are accustomed, I'd better start hunting another. Drive slowly down the avenue, Watkins."

As her prey Miss Van Ardsley selected a fairly large dress shop in the lower Fifties. It was obviously new and a trifle garish.

She went inside and looked over the merchandise and talked with some of the salespeople. Then she asked for the proprietor.

This proved to be a Mr. Girstein. He took her into his private office and listened attentively while she told her story. His eyes appraised her frankly and with appreciation. Mr. Girstein was a good merchant. Presently he interrupted her.

"I get it like this," he said. "What you do is give class to stores that ain't got it themselves—or ain't had time to get it. You want I should pay you to patronize my store, huh?"

"You put it crudely, Mr. Girstein, but you've caught the general idea." She leaned forward and spoke rapidly. "You see, my service is a sort of combination of advertising and modeling. But it's a great deal more than either. It works this way: I am seen driving up to your shop in my car, with my liveried chauffeur. I am seen entering and leaving—seen not only by customers in the shop but by everyone who is passing outside. Do many of your customers arrive that way, Mr. Girstein?"

"Go on, young lady."

"Of course I am wearing your clothes when I arrive," Miss Van Ardsley continued. "I try on other things, comment on them, appear with them on the floor where people can see them—not as a paid model but ostensibly as a customer. I place orders for your most expensive gowns. Why, I've known as many as five people to demand reproductions of something I've supposedly ordered before I'd been out of the shop ten minutes."

"Hmm," said Mr. Girstein.

"YOU have good merchandise, Mr. Girstein. Once you get the reputation of dealing with people of a certain type—" She paused and gestured expressively. "Of course I pose as your star customer. Your salespeople all know me. I talk with them, tell them how pleased I am with what you are showing and with all the things I've bought from you before—in front of everyone in the shop. They—and you—call me by name, making sure that people can hear."

"What did you say the name was?" Mr. Girstein inquired.

"Van Ardsley."

"Hmm. Seems like I heard that before."

Miss Van Ardsley smiled. "Many people have."

"Is it your real name?"

"I'll be responsible for it, Mr. Girstein."

"Park Avenue, huh?"

"Or perhaps the East Seventies."

"We don't go after that trade, Miss—Miss Ardsburg. Too hard to get. Mostly we cater to West End Avenue, Riverside Drive—the upper West Side generally, you understand. New-rich trade—made a lotta dough quick and just learning how to spend it."

"Exactly," said Miss Van Ardsley. "And whom do they learn from? They look to Park Avenue—or what they think of as Park Avenue."

"Hmm," Mr. Girstein said thoughtfully. "Ain't it the truth."

"Of course," she continued, "I work outside the shop too. I lunch in places where women gather—women who might be your customers, Mr. Girstein. I go to tea, sit in hotel lobbies sometimes. When people are looking at me, examining what I am wearing, I manage to slip my coat casually over the back of the chair. Like this."

She let the coat down from her shoulders and turned her back toward him. The shop label stood out like a billboard.

"Hmm," said Mr. Girstein. He grinned. His quick eye saw how the label was inverted for easy reading. He chuckled.

"Say, Miss—Miss Ardsmann. It looks like you got a—a—"

Miss Van Ardsley smiled brightly. "Call it a racket."

"I was going to call it a racket—in a nice way, understand."

"It's a highly profitable racket," Miss Van Ardsley said. "And you can believe me when I say that my clients find it even more profitable than I do."

"Clients, huh? Then you wouldn't be working for me exclusive?"

She shook her head. "Too easy to overdo it. I divide my time among half a dozen shops, all noncompetitive—shoes, hats, jewelry, and so forth. Yours would be the only dress shop. I should wear your models exclusively, and a specified number of them would be included as part of my salary in our contract. It's cheaper for you that way, as well as safer."

"Hmm," said Mr. Girstein. "It looks like maybe you and me could talk business, Miss—Miss Ardheimer."

Miss Van Ardsley found the new chauffeur reasonably satisfactory on the whole. He was a good driver and had a way with traffic policemen. But he was much too young and good-looking to be quite in character with the venerable town car. The livery, designed for the more flowing lines of Pat, continued to look just a little peculiar. It was all right so long as he remained seated at the wheel, but whenever he was obliged to alight and hold the door for her, Miss Van Ardsley's artistic soul shuddered.

Also, there was the expression of his face as he waited on her. His bearing was dignified and respectful enough, but there was suppressed amusement in his eyes. She was afraid people might see it there. She was even more afraid that almost any time she might be unable to resist the impulse to burst out laughing with him.

She became so accustomed to resisting this impulse that she was distinctly startled when, on the morning of the fourth day, she noticed suddenly that the expression was changed.

She was leaving a shoe shop, one of her clients. She had made her public parting with the manager. Watkins, as she insisted on calling him, had helped her into the car. As he bent to spread a robe across her knees, he said in a very low voice:

" Glance up casually. Two shops ahead—man with brown coat, looking in the window. Ever see him before? "

" No," Miss Van Ardsley said after a brief, tense second.

WATKINS straightened and stood awaiting orders.

" Thomas & Beecham's, on Fifty-seventh Street, Watkins," she directed.

The chauffeur touched his cap and closed the door. The man in the brown coat had finished his scrutiny of the shop window and now he sauntered past. He had a large, beefy face.

When she emerged from the Fifty-seventh Street shop an hour later, Watkins bent again to spread the robe.

" He's across the street," he said. " Beside that green cab."

" Take me to the nearest tea room," Miss Van Ardsley said.

Instead Watkins drove to Park Avenue, turned north, and set out toward Harlem as fast as traffic and the old car would permit. After Ninety-sixth Street traffic turned west to avoid bad road and the elevated tracks of the New York Central; but the old Paxton held its course, bounding down the sharp incline. There was only one car in sight now, some distance behind.

At a cross street the chauffeur cut sharply between two pillars, turned left again, and headed swiftly south, still on Park Avenue. Almost at once the lone car which had been behind them shot past on the opposite side of the elevated structure. It was a green taxicab. The passenger was a man in a brown coat.

Fight winter colds!
Make $1 equal $3

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

PLEASE stop a minute and ask yourself a question. The right answer saves you $2 out of every $3. What kind of antiseptic do you use when fighting sore throat colds—infection?

Two kinds of antiseptics

There are only two—no more, no less. In one group you have the mouth antiseptic that kills germs *only* when it is used *full strength*. In the other group you have Pepsodent Antiseptic—utterly *safe* when it is used full strength, yet powerful enough even when it is diluted with 2 *parts of water* to kill germs in 10 seconds. Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least 3 times as powerful as other leading antiseptics. Hence, it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you greater protection against sore throat colds.

Instead of paying $3 for three bottles of old-fashioned antiseptics, you pay $1 for one bottle of Pepsodent Antiseptic—and make it go as far as three.

For years 3 people in 4 diluted the old-style mouth antiseptics. But they weren't killing germs. So when choosing your antiseptic, choose the one that kills the germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic and be safe.

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis).

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds
Head Colds
Smoker's Throat
Bad Breath
Mouth Irritations
Irritations of the Gums
After Extractions
After Shaving
Cuts and Abrasions
Chapped Hands
Dandruff
Skin Irritations
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
"Athlete's Foot"
Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

Watkins pulled over to the curb and opened the glass partition.

"We're being followed," he said.

Miss Van Ardsley was really alarmed. "But why?"

The driver's face was expressionless. "I wouldn't know."

Miss Van Ardsley clutched her throat and stared at him from wide eyes.

"I spotted him twice yesterday," said the man called Watkins. "This morning I recognized him in a second, even though he was dressed differently."

"What—what shall we do?"

The chauffeur got down from his seat and came around to the side of the car.

"Here!" he cried quickly. "Get hold of yourself."

A hint of moisture was forming in her clear gray eyes. The effect on the man called Watkins was most extraordinary. His face became red. He started to lean through the window toward her. Miss Van Ardsley had a breathless instant. She thought that he was going to reach in and take her hand. Suddenly she wished that he would.

But instead he became entirely matter-of-fact again.

"That bird must realize now that we've spotted him," he said. "Probably we'll be rid of him until he is able to put on false whiskers or something; so we might as well go about our business."

"Of course," returned Miss Van Ardsley stiffly, her face now redder than his. "Drive downtown at once."

It was nearly five when Miss Van Ardsley emerged from Mr. Girstein's shop. It had been a hectic day, all in all, but its conclusion was most satisfactory. She had managed to come to terms with Mr. Girstein, terms even better than those with his predecessor, Mr. Friedman. She paused at the door for a final word under the appraising eyes of Mr. Girstein's customers.

"All right, now. Better come along quiet," said a gruff voice at her elbow.

Miss Van Ardsley jumped. She stared with amazement into the beefy face of the man in the brown coat.

"Here! What's that?" demanded Mr. Girstein.

"This dame's going away—for a long time," said the man. "We got the goods on her—see?"

He drew back his lapel to show a nickel-plated badge.

Miss Van Ardsley tried frantically to collect herself. Inside the shop people were staring. On the sidewalk a crowd was beginning to gather. With dismay she saw that the car, instead of being in front of the shop, was parked several doors away, almost at the corner.

"Just a minute," cried Mr. Girstein. "There's some mistake. This is Miss Van Ardsley."

THE detective laughed loudly. "Van Ardsley, huh? That's rich! We got her picture in the rogues' gallery, labeled 'Light-Fingered Minnie.' Here." He seized the collar of her coat and turned it back with a practiced gesture, revealing the shop label. "See that? 'Maison Louis.' Shoplifting, that's what it is!"

Miss Van Ardsley's indignation briefly overcame her panic. "Friedman!" she cried. "So he's behind this outrage!"

Mr. Girstein was staring at her with horror. "So it's a crook she is! And her so nice-looking!"

"Crook?" said the detective loudly, glancing about at the gaping crowd. "Why, she's got a record long as your arm. It's smooth dames like this that gets away with—"

Plop! The man in the brown coat released Miss Van Ardsley and reeled back.

Plop-plop! Plop! He reeled back farther. He reeled back still farther. Suddenly his knees folded. He went down on the sidewalk, face first.

"Come on!"

Miss Van Ardsley felt something grip her arm. It gripped so hard that she carried black-and-blue marks for a week after. She was dragged through the crowd at incredible speed. The crowd gave way in amazement. She was pushed unceremoniously into the car. She tried to sit up, but was immediately thrown to the floor by the lurch as the car shot around the corner.

Traffic was running north and south at the moment; so, in spite of rush-hour congestion, the street was clear halfway through the block. Almost at once, it seemed, they were dodging among the pillars of the elevated.

A red traffic light brought the car to a sudden halt. The man called Watkins slid back the glass panel. His face was flushed and his eyes sparkled with excitement.

"I spotted him while you were inside," he explained. "Parked at the corner—for a quick get-away. Then, when I saw you come out— Why, you're crying!"

"L-leave me alone," sobbed Miss Van Ardsley.

Darkness was coming on, and a cold March rain had commenced to fall. Lights flashed past dizzily. Vague corners were turned, some of them on two wheels. Then the car came to a stop. The door opened and the chauffeur stood there respectfully, waiting to help her out. They were before her own apartment house.

She stepped out slowly. Her knees were trembling so that she might have fallen had he not caught her. His arm, she noticed, was very strong. And very comforting, too.

"There, there," he said. He put his other arm around her too, perhaps to steady her.

"Perhaps I'd better go up with you," he said.

SHE threw herself on the divan in her little apartment. Through the last of her tears she looked up at him.

"I'm afraid you'll have to find a new job, Watkins."

"I'm sorry," he said seriously. "I've enjoyed this more than any job I've ever had."

"Of course, Friedman can't really have me put in jail," she said thoughtfully. "I'm just beginning to see through all this. He wanted to make a scene that would lose me my best client—perhaps ruin my whole business." She broke off abruptly and her eyes widened. "But you, Watkins! It's a terrible offense to strike a policeman!"

He laughed. "That wasn't a policeman—just a low-grade private detective. Police don't work that way."

"You seem to know a lot about it," she said.

"It's my business to." His tone changed abruptly. "What's your name?" he demanded.

"Why—why—Van Ardsley."

"I mean your real name."

"Adèle Van Ardsley," she repeated more steadily.

"Not the New York Van Ardsleys?"

She shook her head. "From a little town upstate. Why?"

"Then you haven't a thing to worry about," he said. He looked distinctly relieved and became more animated. "Look. We'll sue him—Friedman, I mean. Beautiful case. Malicious persecution."

"But—but I can't sue Friedman. If I ever went into court it would spoil any chance of ever building up my—er—my business again."

"What of it?" demanded the chauffeur. "Why, with the right handling, you can get more in damages than you could make in five years ordinarily." His engaging smile flashed over her. "Can I take the case?"

"You?"

"I'm a lawyer, you see."

He came over quickly and sat beside her on the divan.

"Please listen, Adèle—I mean Miss—"

"I'm listening," she said.

"I feel like an awful bounder, honestly. You see, the Van Ardsleys—the New York family; they're clients of the firm I'm with—found out about your little—er—"

"Call it a racket," said Miss Van Ardsley wearily.

"Well, anyway, they wanted to stop their name being used that way. So they—"

"I know," she said. "You came to spy on me."

"We had to discover what was what. So we abducted your regular chauffeur—"

"Pat! You abducted him? Then he isn't sick?"

He shook his head. "We couldn't buy him off. He was too loyal. Well, anyway, all we have to think about now is bringing suit against Friedman."

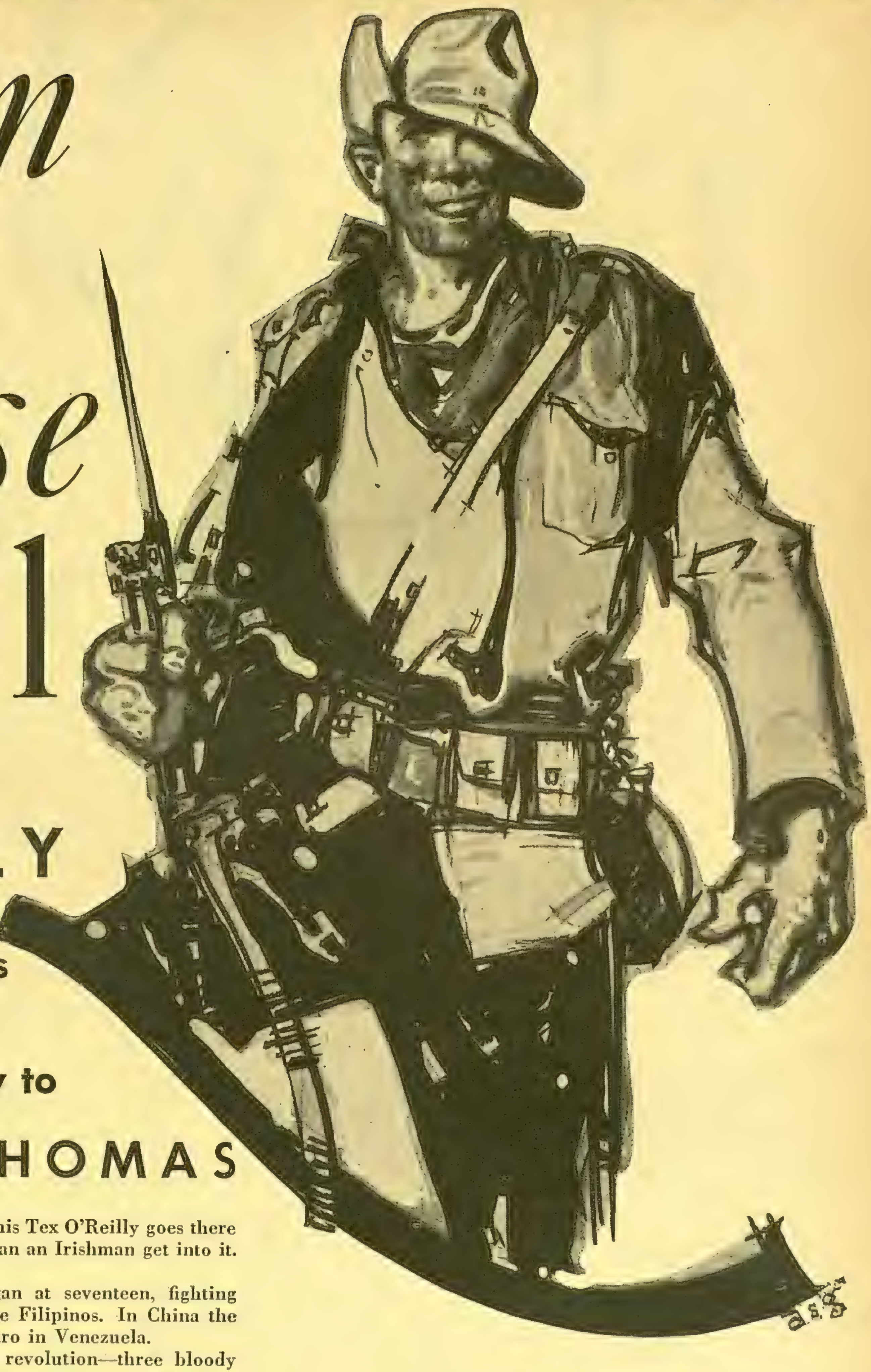
"But my name," said Miss Van Ardsley. "Surely nobody can stop me from using my own name."

Her ex-chauffeur smiled at her and his expression was something less than servile. "Well," he said, "I was hoping that you might be persuaded to change it. Lots of girls do, you know. How about Gumbruundersson? It's a good name, once you learn how to pronounce it."

THE END

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

Born to Raise Hell



TEX O'REILLY

Most Famous of Real-Life Soldiers of Fortune

Tells His Own Story to

LOWELL THOMAS

WHENEVER a war starts anywhere, this Tex O'Reilly goes there and asks if it is a private war or can an Irishman get into it. And he generally gets in.

His record shames fiction. He began at seventeen, fighting Spaniards in Cuba. Next he fought the Filipinos. In China the Boxers nearly got him. He fought Castro in Venezuela.

He fought all through the Mexican revolution—three bloody wars in one. His latest, so far, is fighting Abd-el-Krim in Morocco with the Spanish Foreign Legion.

Between wartimes he's been a member of the Korean emperor's bodyguard, bouncer in a Chinese theater, a Shanghai policeman, a captain in the Chinese army, a Buffalo Bill cowboy, a Texas Ranger.

The great, gripping story he tells to Lowell Thomas, famed explorer, adventurer, and author, is one long machine-gun burst of thrills—and laughs, as his Irish humor flashes irresistibly. He tells about:

Bayonet vs. Bolo—The Dynamite's Short Fuse—Life or Death at a Dance—Shot from Ambush.

A Defi to Two Empires—Bouncing Chinamen by the Pigtail—A Child-killing Bandit—The Fake "Son of Heaven" Who Fooled the Kaiser.

Hunted Through a Jungle—Forty-five Proposals of Marriage—One Man Against a Lynching Bee.

The McGinty Cannon—Pancho Villa, Bad Hombre—Tin Cans as Hand Grenades—Bluffing a Duelist—A Trainload of Lightning—Wild Horses in Battle.

Death Valley Slim Dies Fighting—Traffic Cop Tim McGuire Halts a War.

The Call of Blood to Blood—Berber Fiendishness—The Flag of the Mahdi—Tim's Last Laugh at Death.

You can't afford to miss reading this amazing story!

RENO -Then What?

By
MRS. MARY DORAN RINEHART

(Reading time: 8 minutes 35 seconds.)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Before her divorce, Mrs. Mary Doran Rinehart, the author of Reno—Then What? was the wife of Stanley Rinehart, publisher, who is the eldest son of the famous author, Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, and the late Dr. Stanley M. Rinehart. Mrs. Mary Doran Rinehart is the daughter of George H. Doran, publisher and editor.

TO begin at the beginning: I am an only child, daughter of an exacting and disciplining father and an indulgent mother. Between the two I am afraid I grew up to be what is known as a spoiled child. Yes, I knew I was spoiled and, childlike, realizing my power, I used every strategy to achieve my own will.

Before my school days were quite over there came the war. My husband-to-be burst in upon me one evening when I was dining at the Ritz with my mother-in-law-to-be and my father. He was resplendent in the uniform of an officer in the United States army. He was and is one of the handsomest men I know. The attraction one to the other was instantaneous and after a very brief courtship we became engaged. He left almost at once for France and I spent my days dreaming of my soldier man.

He returned with his general in 1919 and on the twenty-fourth day of that year we were married.

For some years I had not been very strong, and I fear I capitalized this weakness into what was at once too great an introspection and a sense of tyranny, for everyone about me seemed overcautious lest I break down.

Our very happy honeymoon was spent in the West. My husband was tenderness and consideration itself. He indulged my every whim and defended my every weakness.

In April of the year following our daughter was born, and we seemed to be even more closely united.

Mary Roberts Rinehart Says:

I have read "Dodo's" article with great interest. She has been eminently fair, and I feel that it may make a number of young women think rather hard before they take the road—to Reno.

Then there set in upon me a period of neurosis. I am never quite sure whether or not, by the exertion of will power, I could have conquered this malady.

Gradually—at least, so it now seems to me—I became critical and fault-finding and permitted my health and energy to be so sapped that I spent many days in my room and in my bed—of little or no real help to anyone. This reacted upon my husband, and he in turn ceased to be the patient, thoughtful man of my dreams and my earliest married years.

So life went on, and—to state the situation in bluntness and clarity—we got on one another's nerves.

Eight years following the birth of our daughter a son was born to us. There was a great rally of love, affection, and enthusiasm, but alas! soon the old condition reasserted itself and we drifted further and further apart, until one day in December, 1928, my husband left me. The spoiled girl in me could not believe it possible.

In every way compatible with the saving of my own identity I sought to heal the breach, but to no avail.

Then there presented itself to me the dilemma of choosing between the attempt at the maintenance of an outward show of union and bringing up my children in an atmosphere of unhappiness, and taking the plunge—and Reno. I chose the latter. Was my decision justified? The answer is, "Not yet," for I am still working out the great problem of readjustment after the rebound from Reno, three years ago.

I set out alone upon my journey to that city of lost hopes. No use being a coward! A decision had been made, and forward I must go. But I did not sense the bitterness or the stubbornness of the fight, or the duration of the struggle—for it still persists.

When I entered upon the great adventure of Reno I was thirty-two years old—not old; not young. But I found for the first time in my life that I had to come out of the shelter and face the world as it is, and, from the point of view of Reno, what a sad and disillusioning world! Of course there were and are those who only too willingly seek separation, and quite justifiably, for in many instances it is the only road to any semblance of happiness. Possibly I make a mistake in not putting myself into this classification and boldly making the best of life. But somehow or other I could not completely survive and forget the earlier happier years of married life nor even the rather tougher and less satisfactory later years.

In a spiritual sense I succumbed to the constant drip-

A Young Mother Takes Stock After the Shipwreck of Her Marriage and Wonders Whether "the Cure" Was Worth While

ping pressure of Reno. My mind became a chaos, my soul the home of a mental anguish which to this day haunts me as a specter.

There loomed large upon my horizon the responsibility of the day-to-day and every-day happiness of my children. The son was not old enough to be conscious of estrangement, but the sight of my daughter's glorious brown eyes filled with unconscious tears—to see her exercising almost unbelievable tact and consideration in the balancing of her affection between her mother and her father—those things were almost more than I could bear.

While the world went merrily along in 1929 and 1930 there were no financial difficulties, for with my alimony and support from my parents no real crisis occurred. But we all of us suffered in the great slump and my income shrank to the point where a balanced budget seemed no longer possible. But that is almost by the way.

THE real tragedy came and forever will come when there is no man about the house, no one to turn to and lean upon in emergencies, no one to trim the topmost branches of the Christmas tree. But chiefly my great loss has been that there is no one to prepare for at that zero hour, that hour between feminine domesticity and the activities of the evening, the minute when the latchkey is heard in the door and a familiar face or even a familiar frown appears and the affairs of the outside world are brought to my ken.

Things of this sort bore in upon me so heavily that my spirit broke and I suffered a nervous breakdown, this time the real, tragic thing. I felt a sense of utter defeat and, but for my children, longed for release.

Then one fortunate, happy day my will reasserted itself. The utter folly of permitting a life to be wrecked or even partially spoiled by any one person or set of circumstances came upon me with terrific force. I was on my road to Damascus. I, too, saw a great light.

Then came the days of infinite patience and real readjustment. What though I might spend the rest of my days in sublimated spinsterhood? I had lived. I am living. Somewhere ahead of me may be another man to whom I may be able to minister with greater intelligence than to my first. And so may come remarriage; but I must reckon with two great forces. First, my jealous love of my children, whose care I could share with no one stranger to them; and, second, the jealous love of my children for me, my daughter in particular, who resents bitterly any attachment which takes me from her.

And here I am today. How may I strike a fair balance with respect to Reno?

On many counts it must be reckoned a success. Many foolish and ill-considered marriages are dissolved to the great gain of all concerned. Even in my own case, difficult as was the process and long and anxious the return to peace and contentment.

I have discovered my failures and my weaknesses and can be a better mother to my children by reason of the travail of the experience.

Reno is a great terminal station. It is the end of one road, but it is also the beginning of another, and if one so wills it, a finer and better ballasted road.

As a grass widow I must deport myself with such grace and dignity as I possess. I must dress well if not extravagantly, not from any sense of attraction but that I may hold my head high and face the world chin on.

Underwood & Underwood Studio photo

Mrs. Mary Doran Rinehart with her children, Mary Roberts Rinehart, 2d, and George Doran Rinehart.

In the Reno days and for a time afterward I was disposed to resent bitterly what I felt was the injustice of my husband, and perhaps here I might include some of my in-laws. But time has proved a great healer. My former husband and I are good friends. So also are my in-laws and myself.

The problem of the children has been very largely solved by this reëstablishing of a friendly relationship, and they see freely and frequently their father and the members of his family.

I have reduced my living to the lowest possible unit compatible with all reasonable comfort for my children and myself. I live within my means and balance my budget and have a little emergency surplus each month.

As a matter of choice and self-discipline I do much of my own housekeeping and cooking. Where once I gladly found any excuse for lying abed, now the days cannot arrive too soon that I may be up and doing and alive to the many attractions of this grand world of ours.

I have rather studiously avoided the question of sex. Of course it does find its way into practically all Reno situations. But in time even this hurdle can be carried successfully, and after my days of happy activity I find I can seek my pillow and my sleep, happy and content with life and the love of my children.

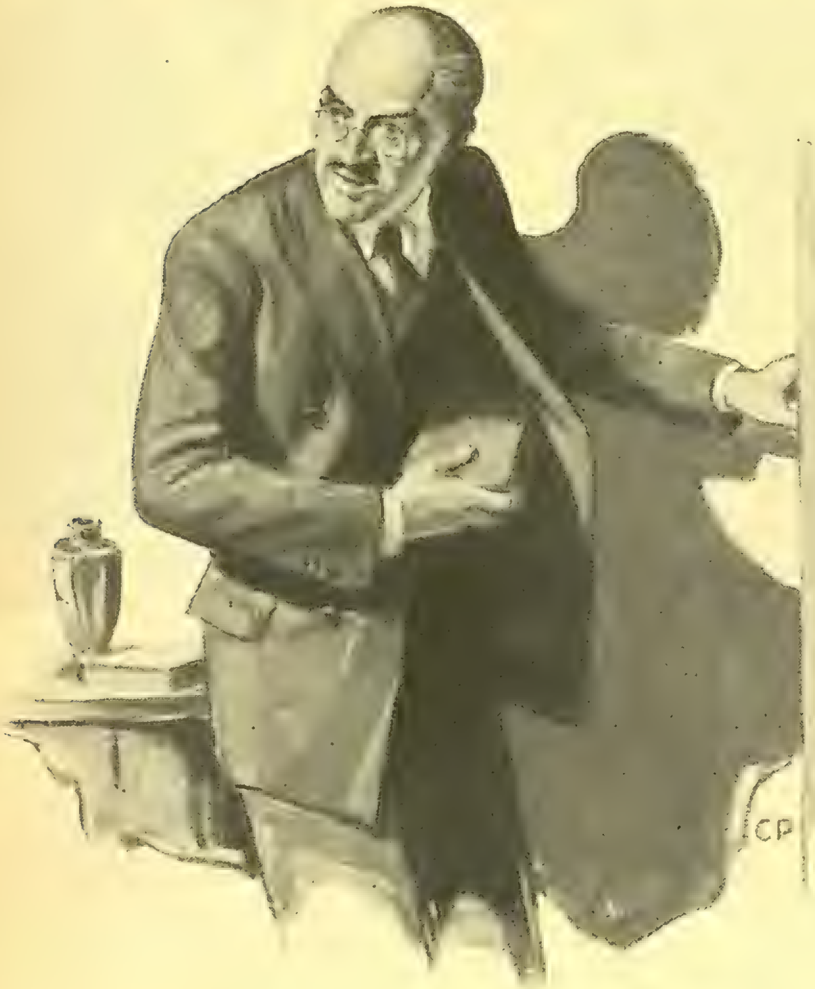
I cannot commend Reno as an experience to be invoked except in cases of real necessity. Yet I would choose and choose again this avenue of freedom rather than live a life of discord with the metaphorical hobnailed shoe of an unhappy husband pressing down upon my soul—torturing him and me alike.

There may be no real cure for Reno. Perhaps it should not be cured, but at least I have found a comforting palliative.

THE END

The Ghost of the San Mareno Hotel

In Which Mrs. Fenimore Keeps a Vow and a Box of Letters Solves a Fifty-Year-Old Mystery



He closed the panel and with his find under his arm slipped into the corridor.

(Reading time: 24 minutes 7 seconds.)

STANDING like a disabled beau with one foot in the grave, the San Mareno Hotel, once the home of nineteenth-century elegance, stands now with little claim to distinction save for the mystery—and that known only to Mr. Daley the manager and a few of the "permanents"—of the occupant of 701.

Fifty years before, young, beautiful, wealthy, she had arrived at the hotel and for fifty years she had kept her room, seeing nobody except Effie, dean of San Mareno chambermaids. Into this aura of dust and decayed magnificence comes young Everett Fenimore, suave, too suave—a "sort of nephew."

Daley leaves the two together, and from then on young Fenimore becomes a daily visitor, engaged, he sociably informs Daley, in painting a portrait. A month later Daley, reading his morning paper, sees that young Fenimore has asked the law to appoint a conservator for his aunt's wealth, estimated by him at a million in currency and hidden, he affirms, in her hotel room.

Daley rushes to the lobby to find Fenimore, three retainers, and a crowd of curious. Fenimore, Daley, and the three men ascend to the seventh floor, where, under protest, Daley finally opens the door of 701 with his pass key.

Part Two—Conclusion

THE group entered the dim and empty room and stood waiting. This time Mr. Daley, less romantic in his mood, noticed the patina of decay that overlay the room. Walls, furniture, carpets were faded and seemed to be exuding a film of odorous dust, bitter and active. And in the presence of so much burly reality this oasis out of the past appeared to him to shrink and grow threadbare, as if the figures standing in it were stripping it of enchantment.

The bedroom drapes parted and the old woman again stood between them, looking up at the invaders. Even Mr. Fenimore was a bit impressed by her novel appearance, for though it was a blistering July morning, the shrunken old woman was covered in a chinchilla coat that engulfed her to her heels and hung from her shoulders in a ludicrous oversized amplitude. Her hands were in a round muff and a fur hat of preposterous design perched on her head. There was so crazy a look to her that Mr. Daley winced. He noticed at the same moment that her face, which he had thought like a child's, was full of an aquiline, vixenish excitement. The almost fleshless lips were chattering silently, the cheeks fluttering, the withered body, hidden by its idiotic-looking pelisse, trembling. The white blank eyes grew milkier, and Mr. Daley realized with a pain in his heart that this absurd little figure was snarling at the five invaders looking down at her.

Mr. Fenimore began to speak in his gentlest tones. He was sorry not to have been the one to have broken the news to her, but she must realize he was acting out of purely tender motives, and also out of respect for the family name which he no less than she bore.

At this the old woman's shaking increased. She stood gurgling something unintelligible and started gasping for breath. Mr. Fenimore continued soothingly. He had found her some charming quarters where the kindest care would be shown her. As for the statements in the press, they were gross exaggerations and he begged her to dis-miss them. To all of this and more the old woman, so incongruously dressed in furs, stood listening, her waxen face contorted, her milky eyes popping. At length this pearl among nephews came to an end of his speech, and Seven-O-One turned her frenzied blind look on each of the figures in the room as if it were a being of the utmost terror. Slowly, as they waited, the gasping ceased. Her hands came fluttering out of the round muff. Her face appeared to disintegrate. She was smiling now and shuddering as if half frozen in her furs. Closing her eyes, she spoke.

"Must I go?" she asked.

By
BEN HECHT

This started Everett off again on the luxury and tenderness she was going henceforth to find in his care; and Mr. Daley, embarrassed by the transparent falseness of his words, turned his attention desperately elsewhere, and noticed the painting Mr. Fenimore had made. It stood on an easel, a life-sized bust, and was, to his surprise, the portrait of a man, almost of Mr. Fenimore himself—in reality of his twin in the photograph that hung over the mantel. The gold braid and gold buttons belonged to the navy. Then Mr. Daley saw that the old woman, no longer listening to Mr. Fenimore, was staring also at this portrait, as if she had fallen asleep on her feet.

Everett Fenimore finished. There was a pause and again Seven-O-One spoke.

"Will you give me a few minutes more?" she asked meekly, her face dissolving into a smirk so senile, so cajoling, that Mr. Daley turned his eyes once more away. Nephew Everett beamed back tenderly, but insisted she must for her own sake not delay them too long. He added tolerantly that it was a summer day outside and that she would hardly need her furs. To this Seven-O-One replied with unexpected firmness.

"It's winter," she said, "and very cold."

She paused for another moment before the strangers who filled the room. Then her eyes turned again to the portrait—and Mr. Daley never forgot the light that flooded them. She seemed, despite her silence, to be speaking in this moment to the figure on the canvas. Then the drapes closed abruptly behind her, and the invaders, with a sigh of relief at a difficult task done, sat down gingerly on the ancient furniture, stirring clouds of dust around them and growing dim as if they were disappearing into the past. Mr. Daley and Effie alone remained standing, the latter glaring at the drapes. No one spoke, and after minutes Mr. Fenimore stood up. He walked back and forth, paused to look at his painting, smiled pleasantly, and then turned to Effie.

"Will you go in and see what she's doing, please?" he asked.

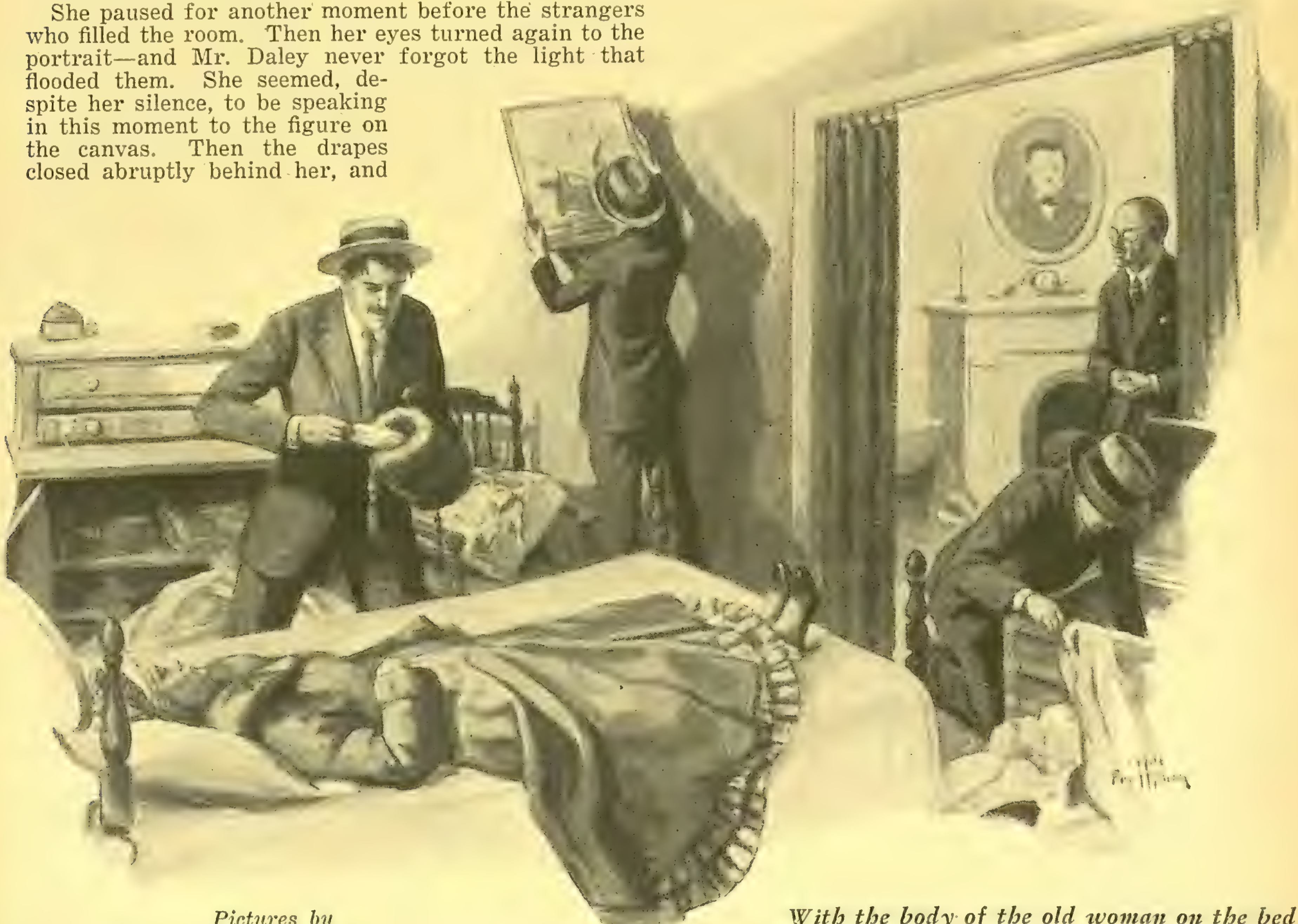
THE old chambermaid shook her head angrily. Again the group waited, this time all of them listening. There was no sound from the bedroom. At length Mr. Fenimore said, "Well, I'll have to go myself, then."

He stepped forward. The drapes closed behind him. He was gone less than a minute. When he reappeared his face was white.

"She's dead!" he said. "She's hanged herself in the closet."

Mr. Daley nodded. He felt no surprise. But he was the only calm figure in the room. The doctor had hurried forward. The two attendants had followed, and Effie was already wailing in the bedroom. Mr. Daley remained behind. He saw them carry Seven-O-One to the bed, heard the doctor say, "Yes, dead. Neck broken," and then stood grimly watching the scene that ensued—a scene in which Everett Fenimore lost a great deal of his grace and romantic bearing.

With the body of the old woman on the bed, the four men, led by the nephew, plunged without a word into what seemed to Mr. Daley a dreadful search. He watched



Pictures by
CLYDE PRETTYMAN

With the body of the old woman on the bed, the men plunged into a dreadful search.

them drag a trunk out of the closet and break it open. Old gowns, shoes, and a litter of musty objects were pulled out, shaken, and thrown to the floor. Pillows began to fly apart, drawers banged out of the chiffonier. Mr. Fenimore fell to ripping up the carpet with a knife, and the heavy drapes came down.

The searchers said nothing to each other, but, grunting and perspiring, continued to hunt for treasure, filling the room with great clouds of dust, and giving Mr. Daley the impression that he was witnessing some hideous silent orgy.

The vandalism increased, the fever of the treasure hunters appeared to mount with failure rather than subside. The two burly gentlemen began cursing and attacking objects with a personal rage. On hands and knees the four men, like demented children in some ugly game, hunted for a million dollars. Watching all this destruction, Mr. Daley felt too ineffectual and confused to raise his voice. He looked furtively at the fur-incased body on the bed. He saw Mr. Fenimore, begrimed and disheveled, suddenly rise from the floor and approach the bed and snatch the muff from Seven-O-One, and Mr. Daley turned away.

Voices were coming up the stairs, and recognizing the newspaper people he started to leave. But at that moment an odd memory came to Mr. Daley. He remembered someone saying when he was a young man that there was a secret closet in 701 near the door. He pulled cautiously at some panel molding. It opened and revealed an aperture. A wooden box rested on a shelf. He took it quickly, closed the panel, and with his find under his arm slipped unseen into the corridor.

The newspaper people were almost at the landing, and Mr. Daley hid himself in a broom closet as they hurried by him. Then he skipped nimbly down the stairs to his apartment, where he arrived out of breath. Here he opened the wooden box. He saw what he had expected—not a million dollars, but a bundle of letters and an old-fashioned diary with all its pages filled.

Mr. Daley hid the box under his bed and returned to 701. He found chaos. Two policemen had arrived, and Mr. Fenimore greeted him with the announcement that his aunt's body would be removed in a few minutes and the suite would have to be dismantled. He had, said Mr. Fenimore, a search warrant, and added magnanimously that whatever damage was done would be paid for out of his aunt's estate. Seeing Mr. Fenimore was now abetted not only by the courts but by the police, Mr. Daley said nothing. He went downstairs. Here a number of the permanents had accumulated, standing about bewildered at all this modern excitement which had descended on the San Mareno. For an hour Mr. Daley answered questions from the newspaper people and received reports from them of the futile treasure hunt upstairs.

Then, slyly excusing himself, Mr. Daley returned to his own apartment. He locked the doors and removed the wooden box from under the bed.

He opened first the Diary, so labeled in gilt on the dried leather cover. Its pages were brittle and yellowed. The ink was faded. For a while, as he read the opening entries, the image of Seven-O-One remained before his eyes, shrunken, quavering, and milky-eyed, standing between the drapes in her ludicrous furs. But this grotesque and vixenish figure began to fade, and in its place Mr. Daley, staring now at a photograph that had fallen from between the pages, saw a young woman glowing with life, dark-haired, a bang over her forehead, with large eyes—one of those undulent Victorian houris who, with all their modesties and naïvetés, seem today the last of the boldly Female.

Mr. Daley studied the photograph, and knew he was looking at Seven-O-One as she had been the winter's night she had arrived at the San Mareno. He read an inscription—"To Max, eternally, Inez"—and it seemed to him he had never seen so fascinating a woman. He returned the picture to where it had lain so long, fearful of dislodging the lovely Inez by a page, and read on.

She was married, he learned, and bore the curious name of Tantarous. Mrs. Tantarous, Inez Tantarous, was writing gayly and glibly of the world that had once existed for her. She had been a social belle, and the faded ink told of kermises and cotillions, of orchestras that played in the ballroom of the Tantarous mansion, of summer and winter doings, all part of a naïve and gilded age long vanished. Mr. Daley read of visiting dukes and counts who had danced with Mrs. Tantarous and left a record of their compliments on these pages over which he pored.

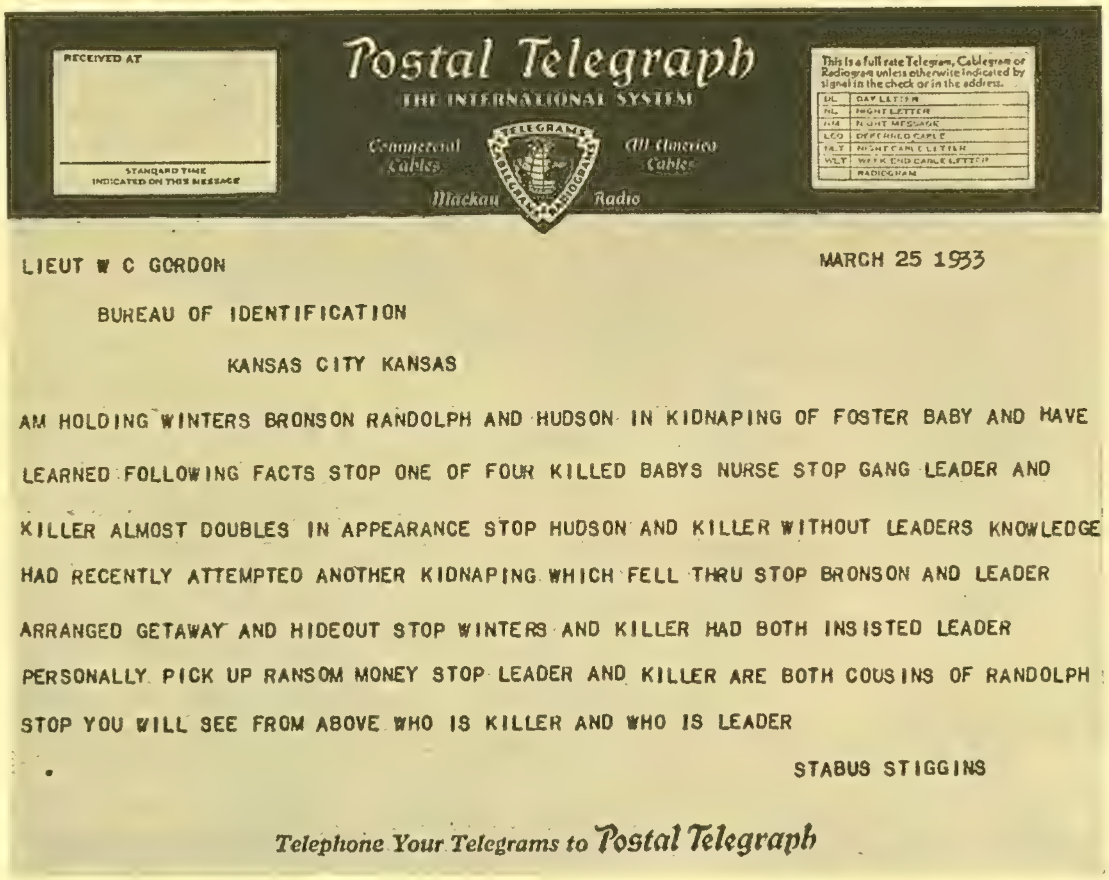
Then an incident occurred which brought an eager light into Mr. Daley's eyes—almost as eager as it had into the eyes of that beauty who had written it down so long ago.

A young gentleman named Everett Fenimore, dark, lean, handsome, with a fascinating mustache and "could it be his eyes were cruel?"—so said the faded writing—had come to visit at the Tantarous mansion. Mrs. Tantarous was thrilled by so presentable a house guest and certain he would cause great havoc among the hearts of her younger friends. She was proud also of her

DETECTOGRAM

Professor Stiggins, world-renowned criminologist, has assisted the police of many cities in the solution of baffling crimes. One of his eccentricities is his flat refusal to write reports. He even conducts his social correspondence by telegraph. Sometimes this is a bit trying on his associates, as he delights in making them somewhat baffling, although perfectly clear. Below is one of his telegraphic reports. In it is every fact and clue necessary to solution—and it has only one possible answer. How long will it take *you* to solve it?

By H. A. Ripley


Postal Telegraph
THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM
RECEIVED AT
STANDARD TIME INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE
Commercial Cables
All America Cables
Mackay Radio
TELEGRAMS
Telephone Your Telegrams to Postal Telegraph

LIEUT W C GORDON MARCH 25 1933

BUREAU OF IDENTIFICATION

KANSAS CITY KANSAS

AM HOLDING WINTERS BRONSON RANDOLPH AND HUDSON IN KIDNAPING OF FOSTER BABY AND HAVE LEARNED FOLLOWING FACTS STOP ONE OF FOUR KILLED BABYS NURSE STOP GANG LEADER AND KILLER ALMOST DOUBLES IN APPEARANCE STOP HUDSON AND KILLER WITHOUT LEADERS KNOWLEDGE HAD RECENTLY ATTEMPTED ANOTHER KIDNAPING WHICH FELL THRU STOP BRONSON AND LEADER ARRANGED GETAWAY AND HIDEOUT STOP WINTERS AND KILLER HAD BOTH INSISTED LEADER PERSONALLY PICK UP RANSOM MONEY STOP LEADER AND KILLER ARE BOTH COUSINS OF RANDOLPH STOP YOU WILL SEE FROM ABOVE WHO IS KILLER AND WHO IS LEADER

STABUS STIGGINS

Who Is Killer and Who Leader of Gang? The solution will appear next week.

relationship to this remarkable fellow, which was that of a second cousin. To add to his many high qualifications, Cousin Everett was a naval officer and, at the formal events which were so frequent in the Tantarous domain that far-away winter, was able to appear " in the guise of a hero "—so Cousin Inez happily described him in his uniform.

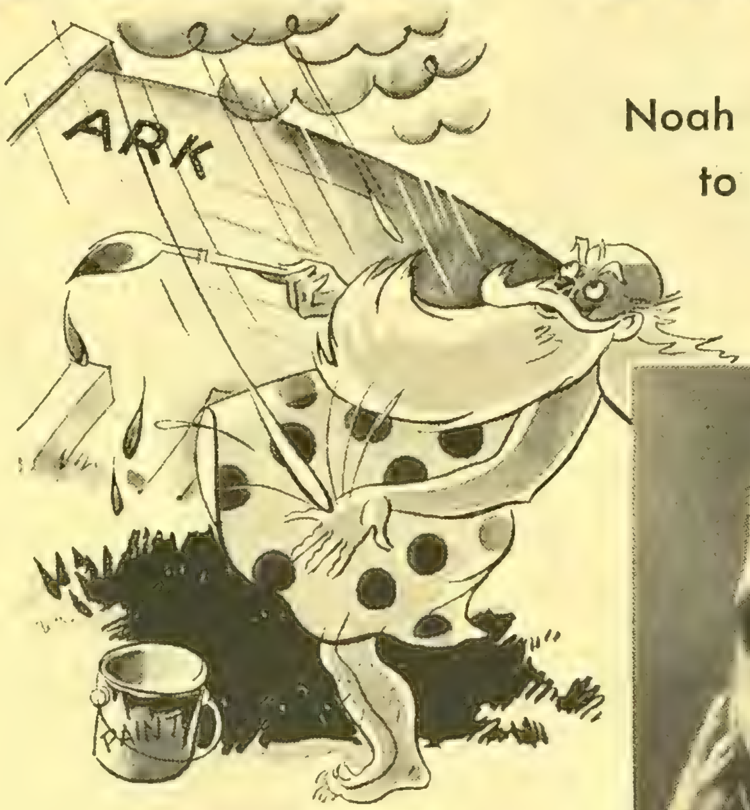
There were pages of such matters, a chatty and innocent prelude which Mr. Daley read carefully, turning each of them with expectant fingers until finally what he was waiting for happened. Mrs. Tantarous reported headaches and a general malaise for which the doctors inconsiderately recommended foreign travel. Stupid prescription, complained Mrs. Tantarous. She was weary, so said the yellowed pages, of people and dances, of sleigh rides and dinners, shopping and theatergoing; weary of the Tantarous mansion, all her giddy, shallow friends, of reading books, of listening to Mr. Tantarous's financial coups—alas, of life itself. But this dreadful malaise came to a sudden and marvelous end. Everett had kissed her. Sinful though it was, she had listened to his declaration of love. He too, it developed, had wearied of all things and desired nothing of life but the beautiful Inez.

READING this gallant gentleman's protestations preserved by Cousin Inez in her diary, Mr. Daley fidgeted uncomfortably. For it seemed to him he could also hear them; that they had been uttered in the gentle, amiable voice of that pearl among nephews now engaged in dismantling the rooms upstairs. Because of this notion, the tender phrases Mr. Daley read lacked conviction. The intonations with which they came to his mind robbed them of significance. He knew that Stevensonian mustache, now or fifty years ago, for a villain's, and not even the lovely Inez's raptures could deceive him.

But Cousin Inez was gifted with no such clairvoyance. She loved, so said the yellowed pages, and was loved, and the world in which she lived underwent remarkable changes. It became a world of passion and intrigue, of rendezvous in little gas-lit hotels, of lovers' vows, tears, conscience-stricken renunciations and ecstatic reunions. It was all written out in lush Victorian style, which Mr. Daley, never a lover of modern things, found deeply to his taste. He followed the lovers breathlessly, fearful now of the dénouement, as if he were watching a stage drama whose unhappy ending, alas, he knew. But the acts continued with no hint of this.

A year passed, and Mrs. Tantarous no longer danced or listened to the compliments of visiting royalty. She lived only for the embraces of this dashing cousin, which fact finally (the faded writing disdained crude details) was brought to the attention of Mr. Tantarous, who must have carried on considerably and spoken many tall and tragic words—but if so, of

Famous
CLOSE SHAVES



Noah had to "step on it" to save his skin

Here's the famous close shave that saves your skin

The one shave cream most men use for a close . . quick . . cool . . smooth shave

CLOSE SHAVES . . . quick shaves . . . smooth shaves . . . cool shaves. Some shave preparations claim one thing—some claim another. But in only one shave cream have an overwhelming majority of the nation's shavers found all these shaving comforts combined. Palmolive is the great international favorite for quick . . . smooth . . . cool shaves. That means *close* shaves . . . the bane of all shaving. With Palmolive you shave as *close* as you like . . . once-over . . . twice-over. Because the olive-oil principle applied to shaving cream gives a comforting . . . burnless . . . stingless . . . lotion-like effect!

If you have never tried Palmolive do so now! Send for a 10-day supply. 86 out of every 100 men who make this test of Palmolive remain our steady customers. So let's have your name and address today.

"When something better than soap lather is made for shaving the barbers will use it!"

PALMOLIVE
shave
cream

FOR 10 SHAVES
and a can of Palmolive After-Shaving Talc

Insert your name and address and mail with 4c in stamps or coin to Palmolive, Dept. 221, P. O. Box 81, Hudson Terminal Station, New York City. (Residents of Canada, address: Dept. 221, 64 Natalie Street, Toronto.)

(Please print your name and address)

Don't let their fun ROB you of money

IT'S great to be young, and scramble and scamper all day long. Makes rosy cheeks and bounding health too. But isn't it tough on the family shoe bill?

Not if you shoe those young rascals with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles! Longer-wearing—*waterproof* — they make the whole shoe last longer. Join the millions of parents who have found the Wingfoot way to children's (and grownups') shoe economy.

Have Goodyear Wingfoot Soles put on the new shoes you buy; get them when having shoes repaired. They cost no more than ordinary soles.

Put new spring in your step. Wear Goodyear Wingfoot Heels!

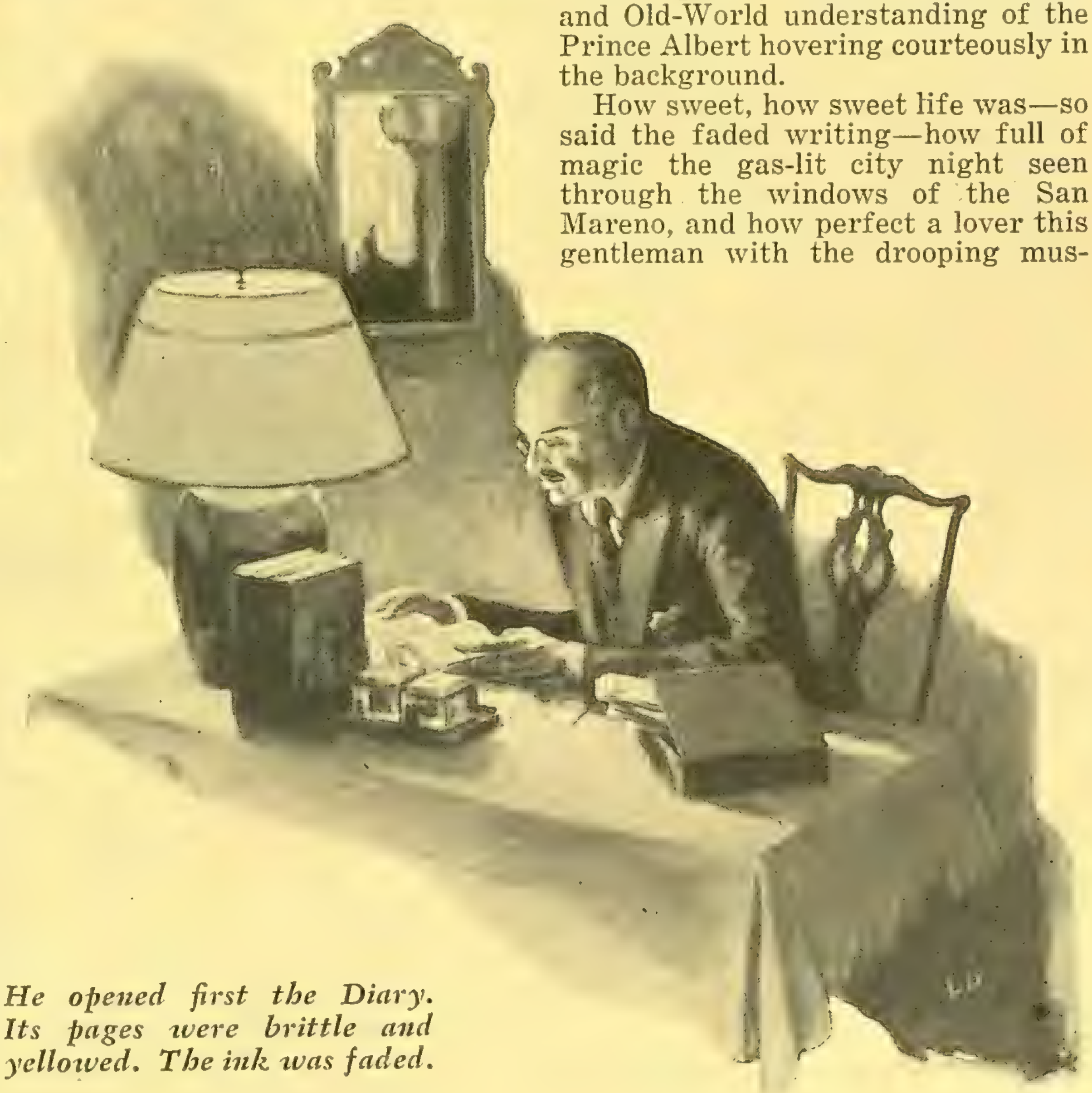
WINGFOOT GOODYEAR MADE IN U.S.A.

GOODYEAR
Wingfoot
SOLES and HEELS
Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

them there was no record. An all too brief entry recounted the facts that there had been a domestic scene, a scandal and divorce, and that a great many people were foolishly outraged by the matter—which, said Inez happily, was none of their business and that she was well rid of all such stupid false friends and their worthless opinions. She was rid, too, of the hated name of Tantarous. She was, concluded the entry, free, and she doubted if so happy and marvelous a future had ever confronted any woman.

And here the San Mareno entered the story—the San Mareno of the glass canopy and the carriage starter with the mutton-chop whiskers, of the management in the Prince Albert and the little orchestra that played the waltzes of Strauss and Lanier nightly in its cozy Victorian restaurant. Mr. Daley breathed excitedly as he read. Time, like an eccentric sceneshifter, repapered and regilded the walls around him, relaid the wondrous red carpets, brought in the potted palms and the elegant chandeliers. Mr. Daley heard the carriages draw up to the canopy once more and heard the restaurant music, gay and nostalgic tunes, drifting into the dimly lighted lobby.

And he saw Mrs. Tantarous, now no longer Mrs. Tantarous, inscribing herself in the hotel register as Inez Fenimore, which had been her mother's own name, and which now, though unmarried to the gallant who bore it, she eagerly took to herself.



He opened first the Diary. Its pages were brittle and yellowed. The ink was faded.

She came in veiled, Mr. Daley was sure, a corsage of orchids under her chinchilla coat (ah, he knew the coat!), her head held high and her fingers firm as she wrote that fascinating name in the hotel book. And after it a gentleman with a Vandyke had written "701." Beside her, in a heavy cloak, was the escort whose name, however, never entered the hotel register, thanks to the grace and Old-World understanding of the Prince Albert hovering courteously in the background.

How sweet, how sweet life was—so said the faded writing—how full of magic the gas-lit city night seen through the windows of the San Mareno, and how perfect a lover this gentleman with the drooping mustache. What gay little parties there were in the restaurant downstairs! How young everything seemed! as if there had never been snow before in the world, or happiness, or love. The world well lost, said these pages almost faded but still full of courage and passion—so much so that Mr. Daley grew abashed reading them. Never, even in his own youth, had he imagined so many inexhaustible embraces.

Surely, Mr. Daley thought, love was different in those days, and he grew dizzy reading, but none the less was careful not to skip a single one of these entries, so wanton and yet so innocent, so tingling with devotion. "I guess," said Mr. Daley to himself, "it was a case of infatuation," and sighed at all this life undaunted which filled the pages under his eyes. He sighed also for what had been and what must come in the following pages. And come it did—slowly, as if the poor infatuated Inez had been loath at first to enter such chroniclings. Under Mr. Daley's eyes the winter streets began to grow sad, the orchestra in the little Victorian restaurant sounded more heartbreaking, the city nights seen through the windows of the San Mareno began to lose their magic. The ex-Mrs. Tantarous sat in that famous suite and wept and made rhetorical inquiries in her diary. Where was the love that had vowed itself eternal? Where the happiness for which she had abandoned the world?

Just what had happened Mr. Daley couldn't make out, except that the dashing Captain Fenimore (if he was a captain), whom Mr. Daley had doubted from his first mustachioed appearance, had begun to sigh restlessly, to absent himself for whole hours at a time, and to grow irritable. All these matters were inscribed in minute detail as if each of them was of incredible importance. They had been written down during lonelier and lonelier nights when Inez, who had so recently sung the world well lost, now waited vainly for her errant companion in sin.

Here Mr. Daley skipped many pages, dozens of them; for, despite the faded ink, they affected his sentimental heart with a peculiar pain he found uncomfortable. He skipped until he came to a page which began, "O God!" From here Mr. Daley reluctantly read on, and was rewarded by a slightly more practical version of the drama. Everett Fenimore's defections were inspired, it seemed, by an instance from his lady, the recording of which she had previously omitted from her diary. This was that he marry her, as apparently he had promised to do—although he denied this now and held to his denial and refusal through nights of hysteria which only a very tolerant hotel management could have condoned, under the circumstances.

THE dashing Everett, who had not scrupled to take a wife from her husband, had, it appeared, certain deeply planted notions against the intermarriage of cousins, even second ones. At least that was his story, although Mr. Daley and obviously the stormy Inez both knew better. There was also let fall during these stormy and unguarded moments of debate the fact that his position in the navy, already jeopardized by the scandal, would be further endangered by his marriage.

But here was a paradox if ever there was one, as Inez pointed out none too calmly. What obloquy he had brought on himself by loving her would be removed forthwith, she argued, if they married. In short, Everett's side of the case failed to hold water, although it seemed to increase in certainty. Mr. Daley, reading as much between the lines as on them, saw that this Lothario was, as he had expected, a cad and a scoundrel, a man full of deceits and intent only on shaking lose from his all too clamorous cousin.

Mr. Daley, intensely partisan, failed to notice the illogic of the other side or to read in the half-coherent sentences the hysteria of a woman who had already outgrown her

"$10,000 for One Night's Sleep

For One Day of Quiet, Peaceful Nerves!"

If You, Too, Have Thoughts Like These . . . . Let Us Send You a 3-Day Test of This Drugless Way To Sound, Restful Sleep

SCIENCE has found a way to bring sound, restful sleep *entirely without drugs*. A way that 20,000 doctors recommend.

During the World War medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers. While today its use has spread to 54 different countries.

It is a delicious food-drink you take just before you go to bed. Then fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. In the morning you awaken greatly refreshed—nerves calmer, mind clearer by far.

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine and acts 3 ways to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness at night: (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest or (3) nervous irritability.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a before-bedtime drink made with warm milk, tends to draw excess blood from the brain and combats the mental over-activity which often keeps you from going to sleep. Thus mental calm is invited, the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains, in high proportion, a unique food property called *diastase* —a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten the digestive burdens of the stomach that's over-taxed or "nervous."

Third· Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is food calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is a vital requirement of brain and nerve cells—and must be supplied if nerve poise is to be maintained. Ovaltine furnishes this in abundance, much of it in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin)—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus Ovaltine, if taken warm at bedtime, conditions the mind for sleep, combats digestive unrest, and supplies those factors which, if lacking, create irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Start Tonight

So if you are nervous, irritable or rundown —if you have trouble sleeping at night—try Ovaltine.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine tonight. You'll sleep more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. Li 3
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name..
(Print name and address clearly)
Address..
City........................State..............
(One package to a person) 961T

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

rebellious all-for-love mood of a year ago, and was now animated by Victorian conscience rather than pagan emotion; who now longed for rehabilitation, security, and the smiles of the world she had so high-handedly thrown over. It was this change of front, this corruption of the San Mareno idyl into a conventional and squawling business of honor and dishonor, that obviously turned the devil-may-care Everett cool—that and the fact that the wildness he had prized in Inez's heart no longer devoted itself to love but to pinning him down, to making the nights a bed hideous with tears and accusations. With the objectives of love so changed, Everett, it appeared, grew more and more remiss, finally absenting himself during a storm of "O God!" entries for days at a time.

AND now, Mr. Daley perceived, there was no Everett. Everett had to be tracked down in closed cabs, interviewed in streets and lobbies of strange hotels. He had become a cool and disdainful fellow with the most heartless replies to the grief of the lovely Inez. In fact, he dared give himself the airs of a man who had been disillusioned in the woman he loved, finding her, as Inez scribbled down with many ironic "O Gods," a weak creature with an insane and shrewish temper. There were other taunts which, the lovely Inez wrote, she was too sensitive of all that had been to put down.

Mr. Daley cursed this villain fully and desperately as he read on, refusing to see in his behavior anything but that of a cad and a scoundrel bent on repudiating a wonderful woman of whom he had tired, and who—what was more—had given up Everything for him. Her pleadings, as Inez called these last crazed interviews, were vain.

She began then to wail that life without Everett was unsupportable. Now she would have him back on any terms—his own, with no marriage, merely to live as they had. But Everett was shy of these overtures and offered a flinty front to tears as well as memories. He was leaving on his ship soon, he told her, honestly enough; but this Inez could not believe, and returning to her rooms wrote in her diary that he was trying to frighten her with threats. If such a thing should happen, she would die! Even the thought of it made it almost impossible to breathe.

And then Inez found out that it was true, that Everett was sailing the next evening. Crazed, she had sent him another message, a final one. If he left she would kill herself. She would wait for him in her rooms, and if he failed to come she would never leave these rooms alive.

The message sent, the ex-Mrs. Tantarous waited. The day passed. Another day came. Through this she waited too, writing only the words:

"Five o'clock. . . . Seven o'clock. . . . Ten o'clock. . . . Eleven o'clock. . . . Twelve o'clock. Good-by."

This ended the diary, and Mr. Daley closed it tenderly and sat staring for a long time out of the windows of his apartment at the grubby scene beyond. Then he turned to the letters. There were some hundred of them. These were of a more difficult nature to follow, but by devoted attention to their scribbled and half-mad pages Mr. Daley was able to continue the story for himself.

On that midnight, the hour of her good-by, something had happened to the ex-Mrs. Tantarous: not death, as she had planned, but a thing almost as final. Mr. Daley from the letters was able to reconstruct the scene. Inez, her diary ended, had risen to kill herself; had gone into the bedroom, had stood, her heart broken, her face wild with tragedy—and had faltered. Her hands had refused to obey her grief. Death beside her, she had remained inert, unable to embrace it. Her courage had failed, and in the struggle her mind collapsed.

She had written the first letter, like the hundred others never mailed, a few days later. It was addressed to Everett. It informed him that Inez Fenimore was not yet dead but that she would soon be; that her mind was unalterably set on never leaving that room alive. Tonight, she wrote, she would put an end to her existence made too wretched by his faithlessness for her to endure. The second, third, and all the subsequent letters—written at intervals ranging from a week to a year and all addressed to Everett—recounted the same fixed purpose. Again her hand had faltered and again she assured the one who had abandoned her that the night that was coming would be her last, that she would keep the vow she had made never to leave this room, in which all her happiness lay dead, alive.

This had been the secret of 701. The ex-Mrs. Tantarous had lived in there for fifty years, unable to die, yet crazily keeping her vow never to leave the room alive. The diary and the letters ended long ago.

MR. DALEY rose, hid the box, and, his head aching, went upstairs. Room 701 was wrecked from baseboards to ceiling. Mr. Fenimore, begrimed and exhausted, was sprawled in a torn chair. The bed in the room beyond was empty and in tatters.

"Quite a mess," said Mr. Daley. "Did you find anything?"

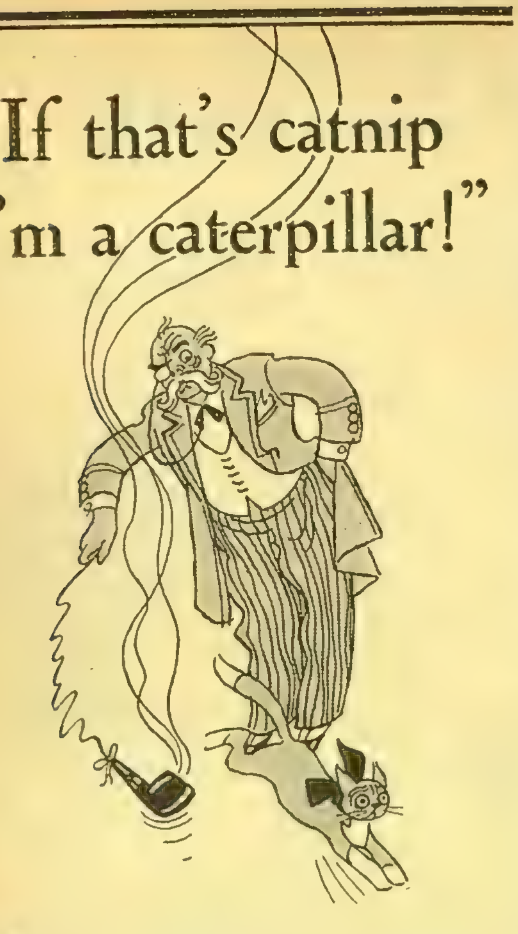
"Not yet," said Mr. Fenimore, "except a few hundred dollars in small bills."

"Maybe that's all she had left," said Mr. Daley soothingly.

"My grandfather told me when he died last month," said Mr. Fenimore, weary but exasperated, "that she had a tremendous fortune concealed. And he was certainly in a position to know. I tell you this so you will understand my actions."

"I understand them," said Mr. Daley. There was a pause. "By the way," said Mr. Daley, looking over

"If that's catnip I'm a caterpillar!"



THE Colonel tried to be kittenish . . . but the result was catastrophe! There is one tobacco that domestic pets (from wives to kittens) run *towards*, not *away from!*

With Sir Walter Raleigh you are almost guaranteed a perfect smoke. Why the "almost"? Simply because *no* tobacco can overcome the handicap of a foul, unkept pipe. In a well-preserved briar there is just nothing like the satisfaction you get out of a bowlful of Sir Walter Raleigh's fragrant, mild mixture, kept fresh in gold foil.

Your nearest tobacconist has this orange and black tin of rare Kentucky Burleys. You'll agree with thousands of particular smokers that it's the cat's!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L-33

Send for this
FREE
BOOKLET

How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later-Your Favorite Tobacco"

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Everett's head, "did he—I mean your grandfather—know she was at the San Mareno, alive, all the time?"

Mr. Fenimore regarded the faded little manager before him and frowned.

"Why do you ask that?" he inquired sharply.

"Oh, I just wondered," said Mr. Daley, suddenly fearful of being exposed. But Mr. Fenimore's suspicions, whatever they were, subsided.

"I'm going," he said. "I'll be back tomorrow and take care of the bill for all this. The stuff wasn't worth so very much, anyway."

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Daley. "Perfectly all right."

Mr. Fenimore paused in front of the portrait he had painted.

"I'll take this with me," he said.

"Do," said Mr. Daley, and scowled savagely at the canvas.

Alone the manager stood staring at the dismantled room, now darkening with twilight. He recalled the last appearance of Seven-O-One, in her furs and muff, dressed as if it were a winter's night long ago.

"Must I go?" she had asked. And then, "Give me a few more minutes."

She had gone into the closet with these few more minutes and finished what she had started to do a half century ago. Mr. Daley sighed. What the grandfather, scoundrel and cad, had been unable to accomplish, this precious chip off the old block, grandson Everett, had brought about. But Mr. Daley was not angry. He smiled at the room Seven-O-One had so long and in so eerie a way haunted. He knew now the secret of both her life and death. Faced with the inevitability of removal from this half grave where she had paused for fifty years with her vow never to leave it alive, the ex-Mrs. Tantarous had finally, as Mr. Daley put it tenderly to himself, made good.

A figure appeared in the doorway, announcing itself as a member of the press newly arrived on the story.

"Anything in the way of developments?" it asked. "Any letters or documents found yet?"

Mr. Daley started.

"Not that I know of," he said. "I guess that you'll have to call it a mystery."

"Is this the room where she lived?" pursued the newcomer.

Mr. Daley looked at him cryptically and summoned into his voice the tones of a sibyl.

"No," he said. "No. She never lived here."

And refusing to explain himself any further, Mr. Daley returned to the battered and slatternly desk in the lobby of the San Mareno Hotel.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What was Noah's age at the time of the Flood?

2—What and where are the Caroline Islands?

3—What Roman general was once captured by pirates?

4—What is the largest river in New England?

5—What was the first public building erected in the city of Washington?

6—For what is Chesapeake Bay famous?

7—Who wrote "Men are merriest when they are from home"?

8—When did the earliest known eruption of Mt. Vesuvius take place?

9—Who was Genghis Khan?

10—Where is the Bay of Fundy and for what is it noted?

11—Who was Jonathan Wild?

12—What disaster is associated with the Samoan Islands?

13—Do the swordfish and the sawfish belong to the same family?

14—Who directed the building and launching of the first lifeboat?

15—Where is there a monument erected to Commodore Peary, discoverer of the North Pole?

16—For what was the element ruthenium named?

17—Who wrote, "Anything for a quiet life"?

18—What is a felly?

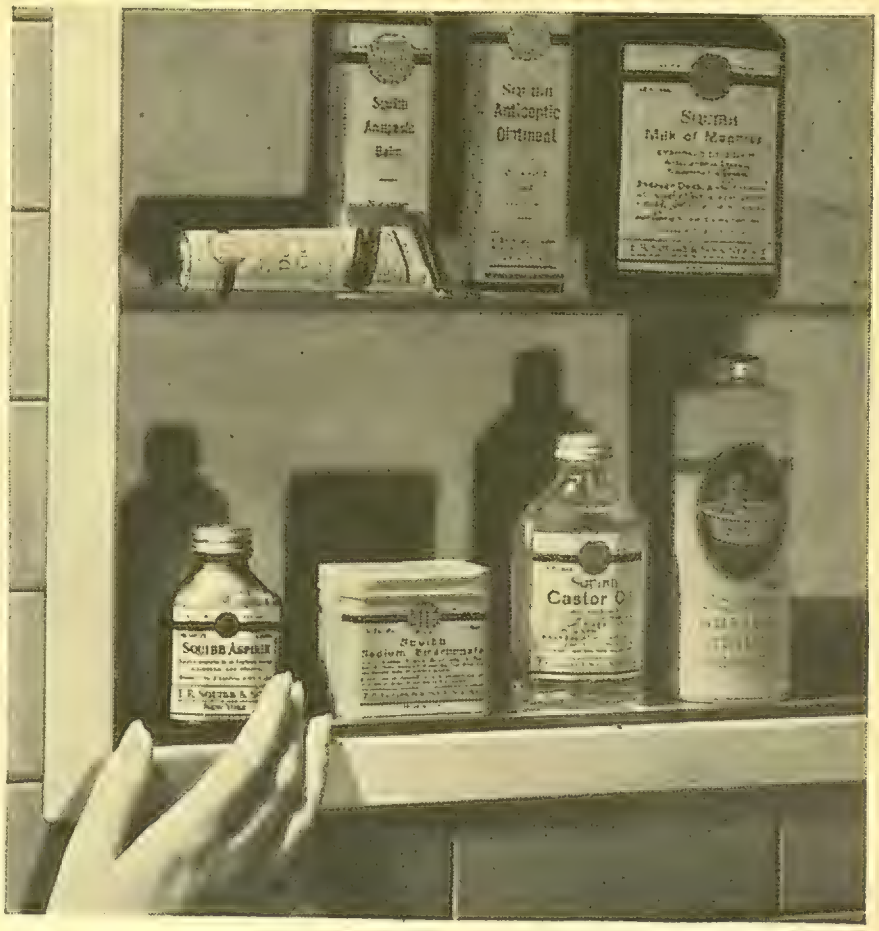
19—What is an Indian giver?

20—From what are so-called "paste" gems made?

(Answers will be found on page 49)

What is the usual number of grains in an aspirin tablet?
(see page 49 for the answer)

On a Million Bathroom Shelves . . .



Squibb Aspirin is the choice of careful people everywhere. It's natural that this should be so, for Squibb products have been used in discriminating homes, and by the medical profession, for three quarters of a century.

Each Squibb Aspirin tablet is made with scientific precision and laboratory refinement. It is exact in dosage. It is firmly compressed and so leaves no bitter after-taste; yet you'll find that it disintegrates quickly and completely in water or when swallowed whole, thus assuring prompt effectiveness. Squibb Aspirin contains the Priceless Ingredient—the Honor and Integrity of its Maker.

All true-service drug stores carry Squibb Aspirin—in handy metal boxes and in bottles for home use. And because of manufacturing economies it will cost you less, nearly always, than other nationally-advertised brands. Therefore, say "Squibb Aspirin, please!" *Look for the name before you buy.*

SQUIBB ASPIRIN

- **Pure**
- **Effective**
- **Safe**

Satire, Song, *and Shooting*

Diana Wynyard receiving a proposal from Lewis Stone in a scene from Men Must Fight.

(Reading time: 9 min. 20 sec.)

OF the Royal Family of Broadway, John, because of his physical beauty, has always drawn rôles of princely pulchritude in motion pictures, while Lionel, less comely but bearing the same regal box-office surname, has been allowed to grab the kingly honors in swell character parts. But if you don't think John is a great character actor too, you must see him as Professor Topaze, the simplest Septimus that ever blinked bewildered at the Facts of Life.

Inheritance, long training, and intelligence count, as the younger Barrymore also proves in his remarkable portrayal of this classical stage character.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ TOPAZE

CAST

Topaze, John Barrymore; Coco, Myrna Loy; Baron, Reginald Mason; Baroness, Jobyna Howland; Henri, Albert Conti; Charlemagne, Jackie Searle; Dr. Stagg, Frank Reicher; Dr. Bomb, Luis Alberni; Butler, Lowden Adams.
Directed by H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast.
Produced by RKO.

Topaze is a bearded and bespectacled school-teacher trying vainly to pound homely maxims of virtue into a bunch of young French savages. His only ambition is to receive a governmental decoration for his work in chemistry.

He is fired from the academy for flunking the brat of its chief supporter, Baron Latour, who has grown rich promoting a fake table water. The baron wishes his water authenticated by a scientific name, and Topaze, being such a boob, falls for the swindle. "Topaze Sparkling Water" becomes famous. Exposure by rival crooks, and Topaze realizes that honesty may be the best policy in the schoolroom but not in the outer world of business.

Charlotte Henry and Junior Durkin, young sweethearts in A Successful Blunder.

He renounces virtue, becomes the biggest swindler of them all, and ends not only by having all the crooks under his thumb, but by stealing Myrna Loy, his former boss's mistress.

The play is an amusing satire on the bromidic mottoes of Life Beautiful.

Next to Barrymore, Reginald Mason gives the finest performance, with Albert Conti, Frank Reicher, and Luis Alberni turning in perfect scores. Myrna Loy enacts her rôle with refreshing repression, and little Jackie Searle "troupes" in his usual prig character.

★ ★ ★ BE MINE TONIGHT

CAST

Ferraro, Jan Kiepura; Mathilde, Magda Schneider; Koretsky, Sonnie Hale; Pategg, Edmund Gwenn; His Wife, Athene Seyler; Ferraro's Manager, Betty Chester; Balthasar, Aubrey Mather.
Directed by Anatol Litwak.
Produced by Gaumont-Universal.

A Gaumont British production in which you will hear the most gorgeous singing yet filmed, and in which the music is a legitimate part of the story.

Ferraro, famous Italian tenor, escapes from an overbearing manager and flees to Switzerland. En route he meets a brash crook, Koretsky, who attaches himself as secretary. The mayor of the town mistakes the crook for the tenor, and Ferraro, gladly exchanging names, again escapes, leaving the honors to Koretsky. Out motoring he meets the gal, who is torn between Ferraro's charm and Koretsky's "fame." The pair pull the Cyrano de Bergerac stunt, Ferraro singing while Koretsky takes the credit. In the meantime the phony secretary's record reaches the police, and Ferraro is arrested. Big scene: Ferraro singing himself out of jail, the mayor and villagers joining in the chorus. Convinced of his identity, the police arrest the real Koretsky, and Ferraro sings La Bohème in the village theater. The comedy of the manager and crook is unctuous and overdone, but the personal

John Barrymore in a New Role; A British Musical Treat; A Patriotic Picture, and a Diamond Robbery

By
ROB
WAGNER

Myrna Loy and John Barrymore in the satiric picture Topaze.

Be Mine Tonight is one film in which the music really belongs. The photo shows Sonnie Hale and Jan Kiepura.

charm of Jan Kiepura, his wonderful voice, and the beautiful Swiss scenery make a picture you'll long remember.

★ MEN MUST FIGHT

CAST
Laura, Diana Wynyard; Edward Seward, Lewis Stone; Bob Seward, Phillips Holmes; Maman Seward, May Robson; Peggy, Ruth Selwyn; Geoffrey, Robert Young; Albert, Robert Greig; Mrs. Chase, Hedda Hopper; Steve, Donald Dilloway; Evelyn, Mary Carlisle; Soto, Luis Alberni.
Directed by Edgar Selwyn.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Seven reels of war-pacifist discussion; the only action, stock shots of airplanes and a miniature bombardment of New York.

The big war. Captain Lewis Stone loves Diana Wynyard, a nurse. But Diana loves Robert Young, a flyer, who is killed. Because a baby is on the way Diana marries Lew. Time lapse to 1940! Lew is now Secretary of State, busy with peace treaties. Diana and her grown son, Phillips Holmes, are intense pacifists. Comes war with Eurasia, and the family is divided. Diana "Cavalcades" all over again. "Women are brood animals to make cannon fodder" vs. "My country, right or wrong." Phillips at last falls for the war stuff. "Mother, men must play the game!" The authors give little hope of the future. The only difference between 1940 and today is the use of television and Hedda Hopper's hat.

★ A SUCCESSFUL BLUNDER

CAST
Junior Scott, Junior Durkin; Josie Woodward, Charlotte Henry; Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Wallace Reid; James J. Wilkie, Arthur Vinton; Henry Woodward, Edward Le Saint; Sheriff Bascom, Richard Carle; Abraham Jones, Carl Gross, Jr.
Directed by Irving Cummings.
Produced by RKO.

The blunder being handing an overgrown, adolescent boy a star rôle which he manfully attempts to carry but with doubtful success.

Junior Durkin at seventeen is still playing "detecatiff." Edward Le Saint and his daughter, Charlotte Henry, come to the small town to hide away from Edward's unsaintly past. He had stolen diamonds. Junior falls for Charlotte. Arthur Vinton arrives on the trail of the thief and murders him in trying to locate the diamonds. Junior, thinking Vinton is a detective, joins him in the search. The partners quarrel, and when Vinton throws Junior down a well, the lad finds the diamonds. Vinton is arrested and everything is jake for the kid romance—but not for the audience.

Even the good acting of Le Saint and Vinton can't hold up these two youngsters.

Off the Screen—

Rod La Roque and Vilma Banky are living in Beverly Hills as happy as can be. They "liquidated" before the depression!

Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is an active sponsor to a highbrow Liberal Forum in Los Angeles. He sometimes presides.

Charlie Chaplin: "I know it is annoying to you producers that we actors are earning so much money, but there is poetic justice in it, as this is the first time in the history of the world that the *artist* is getting his."

I used to teach art, and among my young students were Lawrence Tibbett, Helen Jerome Eddy, Phyllis Haver, and directors Frank Capra, Tom Buckingham, and Mal St. Clair.

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood, Silver Dollar, I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang, A Bill of Divorcement, Washington Merry-Go-Round.

★★★—The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain, Cynara, Night After Night, Red Dust, Trouble in Paradise, One Way Passage, The Phantom President, Night of June 13th, The Cabin in the Cotton, Blessed Event, The Most Dangerous Game, Life Begins, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Blondie of the Follies, The Night Club Lady.

Pa Potter *Takes a*

Pictures by
J. H. Striebel

And Now the Family Has Something New to Worry About

By J. P. McEvoy

(Reading time: 11 minutes 35 seconds.)

PROLOGUE

PA isn't going to take it on the chin without putting up a fight. No, sir! As head of the Potter household—to hear him tell it—things have gotta change, people have gotta face realities. And by people he means Ma and Mamie and Bill. Yes, sir. Of course he hasn't got all the details worked out yet—and who has?—but he's made a start. And now there's nothing to do but convince the rest of the family. This shouldn't be any harder than convincing Japan she ought to get out of Manchuria.

Pa
(Loudly)

Now what's the use of talking about cutting down my expenses? I don't spend any more for clothes than Gandhi. And as for smoking!

Ma

We haven't paid our rent this month.

Pa

Or last month or even the month before.

Ma

We *will* have to pay it.

Pa

You're telling me!

Ma

No; the landlord is telling you.

Pa

He's telling the world.

Ma

And you'll be telling it to the judge.

Pa

All right. All right. I'll tell the judge. I'll tell him he can't get blood out of a turnip.

Ma

He won't ask for blood—and anyway we're not turnips.

Pa

Worse. We're suckers. That's what we are. Just plain suckers!

Ma

Speak for yourself, my dear.

Pa

I'm speaking for the whole caboodle of us. As head of the Potter household, I repeat, we're just a bunch of suckers, living here in the middle of the city and paying outrageous prices for everything. Suckers!

Ma

Mother told me when I was married to you—"Grace," she said—

Pa

She never said grace. She was a heathen just like you are.

Ma

Don't start talking about my mother! And don't bring religion into this.

Pa

Sorry. Just a little joke. I can joke, can't I? That's about the only thing I can afford these days.

Ma

"You'll be out in the street one of these days," she said, "with no roof over your head that's the kind of a man you're marrying but go ahead you've made your bed and you can lie in it but don't come back to me and say—"

Pa

Say, you haven't learned how to make a bed yet. My toes are always coming out at the foot.

Ma

They'll be coming out of your boots yet. All of us. We'll all be running around barefooted as geese if this keeps up.

Pa

Tell it to the R. F. C.

Ma

The who?

Pa

Never mind.

Ma

You must think it's highly entertaining, this scraping and scratching to make ends meet. Afraid to pick up the phone, hiding when the doorbell rings, dodging the landlord and the light man and the gas man and the installment collectors. You should stay home a few days and go through what I do!

Pa

Heads up, Ma. Don't worry. We'll have them all off the scent pretty soon.

Ma

I suppose you're going to up and skedaddle off to the South Seas and leave me to battle it out alone. Is that it? Well, let me tell you, Pa Potter, I—

Pa

I'll have to admit that's an elegant idea. South Seas! Oh, boy! Bread growing on trees and hula dancers swaying in the breeze. My God, it's poetry! On the trees—in the breeze—South Seas.

Ma

Rent's due—I O U. That's poetry, too.

Pa

All right! The rent's due. So what?

Ma

So what? Who do you think you are, a radio comic? I wish you were. Maybe you could make a little money and be funny at the same time. At least you think you're funny, although goodness knows nobody else thinks so.

Pa

Seems to me I've heard all this before.

Ma

And you'll hear it again. Many times.

Pa

Too true, alas, too true!

Ma

You said a little while ago—

Pa

Don't tell me you ever listen to anything I'm saying—

Ma

You were saying something about throwing them all off the scent or something. Who?

Pa

The landlord among others. We're going to move.

Ma

What?

Pa

You heard me. We're moving. We're going to get out of the city, away from all this.

Ma

All what? How?

Pa

Landlords and gas men and—and—and—well, away from all of them.

Ma

I see. We're all going to die of starvation and go to heaven.

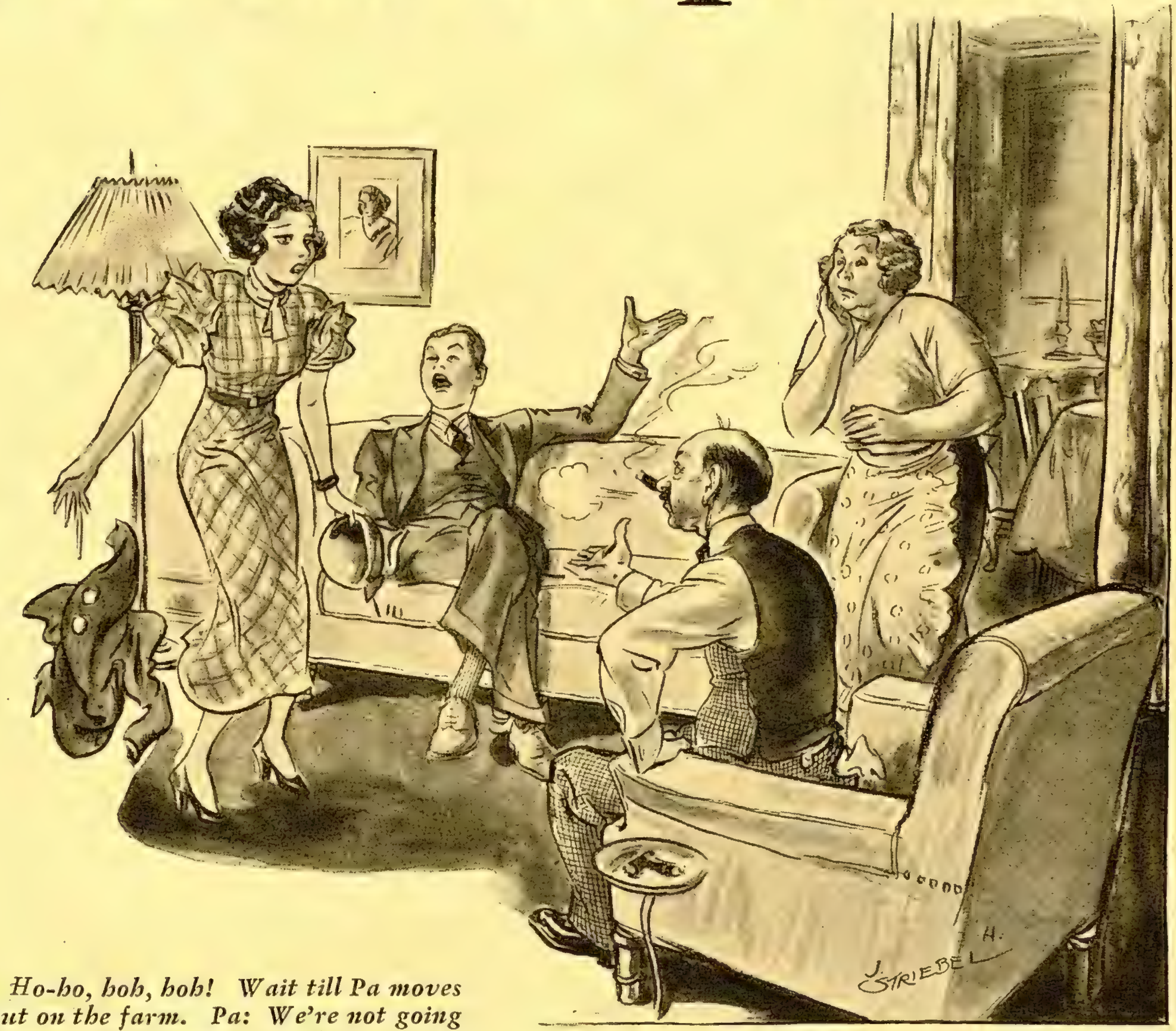
Pa

Better than that. We're going to move out to the country!

Ma

And live under a tree, I suppose. Or maybe in a cave.

Sock at the Depression


J. STRIEBEL H.

Bill: Ho-ho, hoh, hoh! Wait till Pa moves you out on the farm. Pa: We're not going on a farm. We're going to Chelsea Hills.

PA

Nope. A house. I was looking at it the other day.

MA

I know—the poorhouse.

PA

Now who's trying to be a radio comic? Vos yu dere, Sharlie?

BILL

(Bursting in)

'Lo, Ma. 'Lo, Pa.

MA

(Mechanically)

Hang up your things when you come into the house, will you? I'm always bending my back picking up after you.

PA

Did you find something to do?

BILL

What am I—a magician? Haven't you heard of unemployment?

PA

There's always been unemployment as far as you're concerned.

BILL

(Bitterly)

My fault, of course. Everything's my fault! Unemployment, war debts, technocracy, jig-saw puzzles—

PA

And that reminds me. Don't bring any more of those dam' gadgets around here. Trying to figure out how to get along these days is enough jig-saw puzzle to keep me awake nights.

MA

I suppose that moving out of the city is all part of it, too.

BILL

(Alarmed)

Moving out of the city! Who?

MA

We are, to hear Pa tell it.

PA

You can just bet your life we are! Think I'm going to let these vultures tear the heart outta me? We could have a little house for a third of this rent, and when it comes to—

MAMIE

(Coming in on this)

'Lo, Ma. Howdy, Pa. *(To Bill)* Hi, Stupid.

MA

Will you two ever learn to hang up your things? Must I spend my whole life picking up after you?

BILL

Wait'll Mamie gets a load of the good news.

MAMIE

Like which?

BILL

Boy, will your nose be red! Out there knee-deep in cows and mortgages and Sears Roebuck catalogues.

MAMIE

Cockeyed again!

BILL

You might as well kiss Red a fond good-by. He'll never

Cheeks no longer sallow,
skin clears,
thanks to DR. EDWARDS

IT'S wonderful what a difference it makes in the way you feel and look when you keep internally clean. Thousands of women thank Dr. Edwards for his little Olive Tablets . . . a wonderful substitute for calomel and so much safer. Try them and see if *you* don't see the difference in fresh, smooth cheeks and lovely skin.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

Used for over 20 years by women who want relief for blemishes and pimples caused by sluggish liver or constipation. See and feel how this tested vegetable compound helps you to rid yourself of that tired, dull, lifeless feeling. Try this! For two weeks take one each evening. Ask for them at any drug store, know them by their olive color. Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets . . . 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.

Stop Itching

Surprising and gratifying is the way soothing, cooling Zemo relieves itching Rash and Eczema in just about five seconds. Such wonderful results are praised by millions—and this is because Zemo contains rare ingredients not found in other remedies. Wonderful, also, for clearing up Pimples, Ringworm and other skin and scalp irritations—Zemo is worth the price because you get relief. All druggists', 35c, 60c, $1. Extra Strength Zemo, double results, $1.25.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

JUST SAY: "Shoes Re-soled for 8½¢ a Pair!"

Mends a hole or straightens a heel for 1 cent. New plastic invention—SAVASOLE—spreads on soles like butter on bread. Hardens over-night into smooth, strong wearing surface. No Nails. Old knife only tool. Child can apply. "New" soles and heels look and feel like leather.

UP TO $90 a WEEK For You

Agents cleaning up big money in spite of "Hard Times." Easy spare time or full time work pays big. Experience unnecessary. Many sales in homes, factories, railroad yards, etc. Rich territories open. Write for free sample of Savasole on leather.

Write for FREE SAMPLE!

THE SAVASOLE CO.
Dept. C-167 Cincinnati, Ohio

find you, much less take you home.

MA

Stop your teasing, William. This is no laughing matter.

MAMIE

I wish I knew what this is all about. Certainly Bill doesn't speak any known language.

MA

It means simply that Pa is talking about moving us all out into the country.

MAMIE

What? Me?

PA

Country! That's the trouble with this darn' place—no matter what a fella says, you always twist it into something else.

MA

(Aroused)

Now, Pa. Don't try to make a liar out of me. You certainly did say we were going to the country.

PA

Well, I meant a suburb. That's what I meant.

MAMIE

Same thing. Suburb! And who the devil is ever going to find me out in a suburb?

BILL

Who's going to look for you? Did you ever think of that?

MAMIE

(Storming)

All my friends live in the city. All of them!

BILL

Hence the congestion.

MAMIE

Shut up.

BILL

Snappy repartee, what?

MA

(Calmly)

There's a lot in what Mamie says, Pa. The suburbs might be very nice, but think of the children. They'll have to make new friends and—

PA

They're bound to be better than the young squirts that hang around here now. Take that Red, for instance.

MAMIE

Now, you just leave my Red alone!

BILL

Oh, you'll see Red. He'll be driving out in the country with Cookie every Sunday. He'll wave at you, if he can get his arm loose.

MA

(Innocently)

Cookie? Is that a girl's name?

BILL

Sure. And a hot item. The boys call her the fireless cooker!

MA

William!

PA

That'll be enough of that kind of talk.

MAMIE

He's disgusting. Red wouldn't look at her.

BILL

Ho-ho, hoh, hoh, hoh! Wait till Pa moves you out on the farm.

PA

We're not going on a farm, I told you. We're going to Chelsea Hills.

MAMIE

(Moaning)

Oh my gawd, Ma! Can't you do something with him? Why, nobody goes to Chelsea Hills. I'll lose all my friends, and—and everything.

BILL

I'm gonna get a job and stay in town.

MA

Your Pa is right, in a way, Mamie. We've got to figure some way to save money.

MAMIE

But Chelsea Hills, Ma! A lot of little mousetraps! I'd rather live in Hooverville.

BILL

If you don't like it, why don't you get married and get a mousetrap of your own?

PA

A very good suggestion, my boy.

Further adventures of the Potters will appear in an early issue.

Liberty now offers

$100 to $500 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

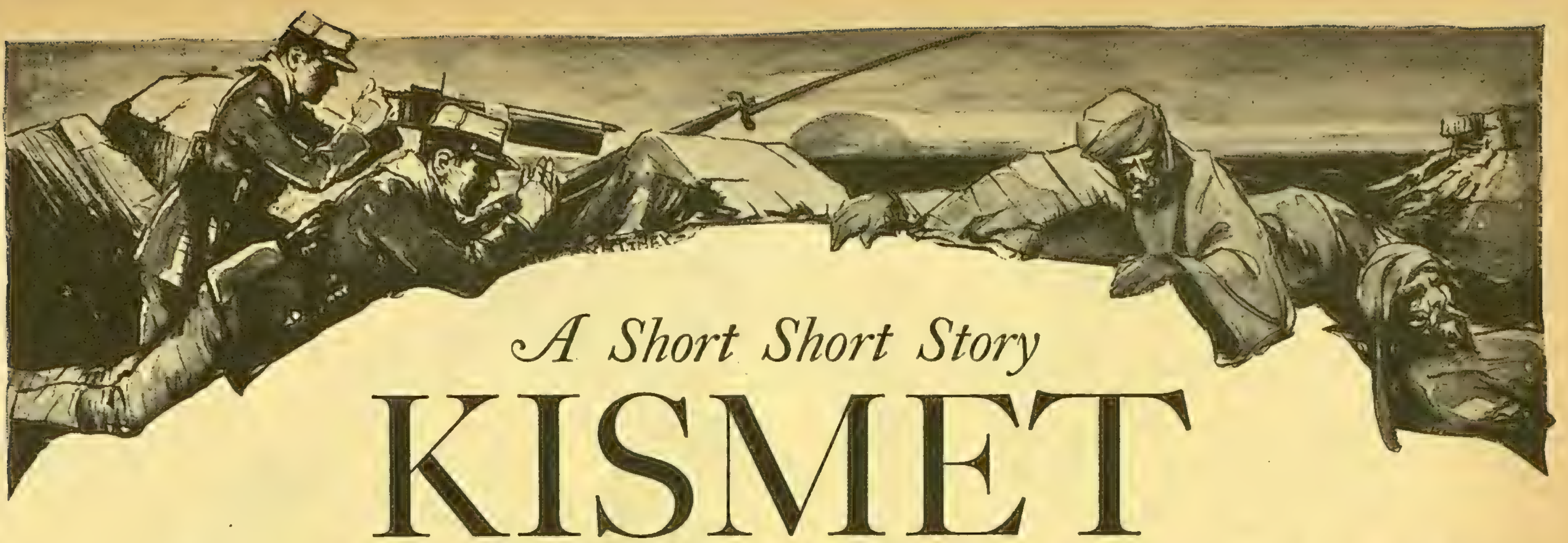
DETECTOGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

PROFESSOR STABUS STIGGINS
STUYVESANT CLUB
NEW YORK N Y

IF WOUND INSTANTLY FATAL AND SELF INFLICTED OWINGS COULD NOT POSSIBLY HAVE NOTE GRASPED IN HAND STOP HE WOULD HAVE DROPPED IT WITH PISTOL AT MOMENT OF DEATH STOP AS WIFE ADMITS BEING ALONE WITH HIM SHE OF COURSE IS MURDERESS

CALVIN GODDARD



A Short Short Story

KISMET

By LEIGHTON H. BLOOD

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

THE German swung his machine gun and mowed down a line of shadows that had come charging at him down the side of the ridge. Then, as the Berber attack melted suddenly in the first rays of the Moroccan dawn, he shoved a fresh belt into the breech of his smoking piece.

He and the American were alone now—all that were left of the fourteen-man patrol the *slurs* had ambushed at dusk the night before. The American, his lips drawn back over his teeth in that peculiar way of his, was still sighting over the top of his piece. Now his eyes sought the German, and the German nodded.

" A stiff fight, no? " he said, grinning wryly. " Worse than two weeks ago when they caught us in the wadi."

" Don't know," the American said shortly. " I wasn't there. Just came to this company day before yesterday."

The German nodded slowly. " *Ja*," he said, smiling. " Now I remember. But when I saw you with your mouth set, so "—he imitated the American's tight-jawed snarl—" I would have sworn I had known you."

The American shook his head. " I've never been in this sector before," he said. " Didn't ever want to be. For two years I've been trying to get transferred to the Syrian battalion. Three times I've been on the list to go, and each time something happened to keep me back. The third time—this last one—some fool clerk at Sidi-bel-Abbès got his names mixed up. Sent me out here to El-Ouida instead of Souider, Syria."

" It is strange," the German said. " Strange, with this before us."

The American nodded. " How much longer? "

" Until this belt is expended," the German said.

The American got to his knees and slowly began to crawl about the little inclosure. Five minutes later he came back and dumped twelve rifle bolts on the red shale. He added his own bolt, and the German withdrew the bolt of his rifle and tossed it down.

There was a click as the American's long, pointed bayonet came out of its scabbard, and the German turned. He saw the other leaning over the form of a dead Berber.

" I've found some use for a dead *slur*," said the American, looking up. His face was hard set. " Got anything you don't want to fall into their hands? "

The German drew from his blouse a little packet. The American, too, had a package in his hands.

" Put them together," said the German.

The American bent over the dead Berber again, and then pulled the bloody burnoose over the body, picked up his bayonet, and slid to the German's side.

Twenty minutes later the machine gun spoke. The belt sped through and the firing ceased. The German swiftly, deftly disabled the gun, pulled out his own bayonet, and shifted it to his left hand.

Suddenly they were on their feet, facing each other, long, bare bayonets gleaming, a pace apart. The German extended his right hand and grasped that of the American.

" *Auf wiedersehen!* "

" So long! "

Two right hands swung to kepi brims in salute, and heels clicked together. A moment later two forms toppled in an embrace of death. . . .

The afternoon sun was slipping down behind the High Atlas when a tall man with a red kepi and the three golden *galons* of a captain vaulted the barricade. Behind him came others, guns ready, and then a machine-gun section.

" *Sacré!* " exclaimed the officer, his eyes roving the shambles. " Those thrice-damned *slurs* have desecrated the dead again. Look well for the rifle bolts—they are missing," he added, turning to a sergeant.

Those bolts explained why the dead *Légionnaires* had been hacked by Berber knives. The hillmen had found the rifles and machine gun useless without bolts.

The captain prodded the body of a dead Berber with his boot toe. He stooped down and pulled out fourteen rifle bolts and two small packets. Slowly he undid them and read the parchment in which they were wrapped. Then he looked up and snapped, " *Fixe!* "

Instantly the men were at attention.

" *Légionnaires*, attend to what I read," he said crisply. " The legacy of two comrades in death. First, that of the corporal of the patrol."

" Hauptmann Karl von der Stratten, volunteered on the 18th October, 1918, to remain in the town of Cheppy to delay the American advance with machine-gun units. For more than twelve hours he remained at his post allowing the evacuation of guns and material, and held the enemy, only abandoning the town after all of his men had been killed or wounded, and he himself gravely wounded in a hand-to-hand conflict with an American officer. Hauptmann Karl von der Stratten is entitled to the Iron Cross of the First Order."

The decoration was held reverently for all to see.

" And this one," he said, " reads as follows:

" Advance through the town of Cheppy, in the Argonne, having been delayed for several hours on the 18th of October, 1918, by enemy sacrificial machine-gun units, Captain Murray Clarke, 558th Infantry, organized a mixed group to clean out the town. All of his men became casualties, and although wounded himself Captain Clarke succeeded in dislodging the last machine-gun nest, after a personal encounter with the German officer manning the gun, and put the piece out of action, thus allowing the infantry to advance and occupy the town. Captain Clarke is awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for his gallantry in this action."

The bronze cross was held aloft for all to see.

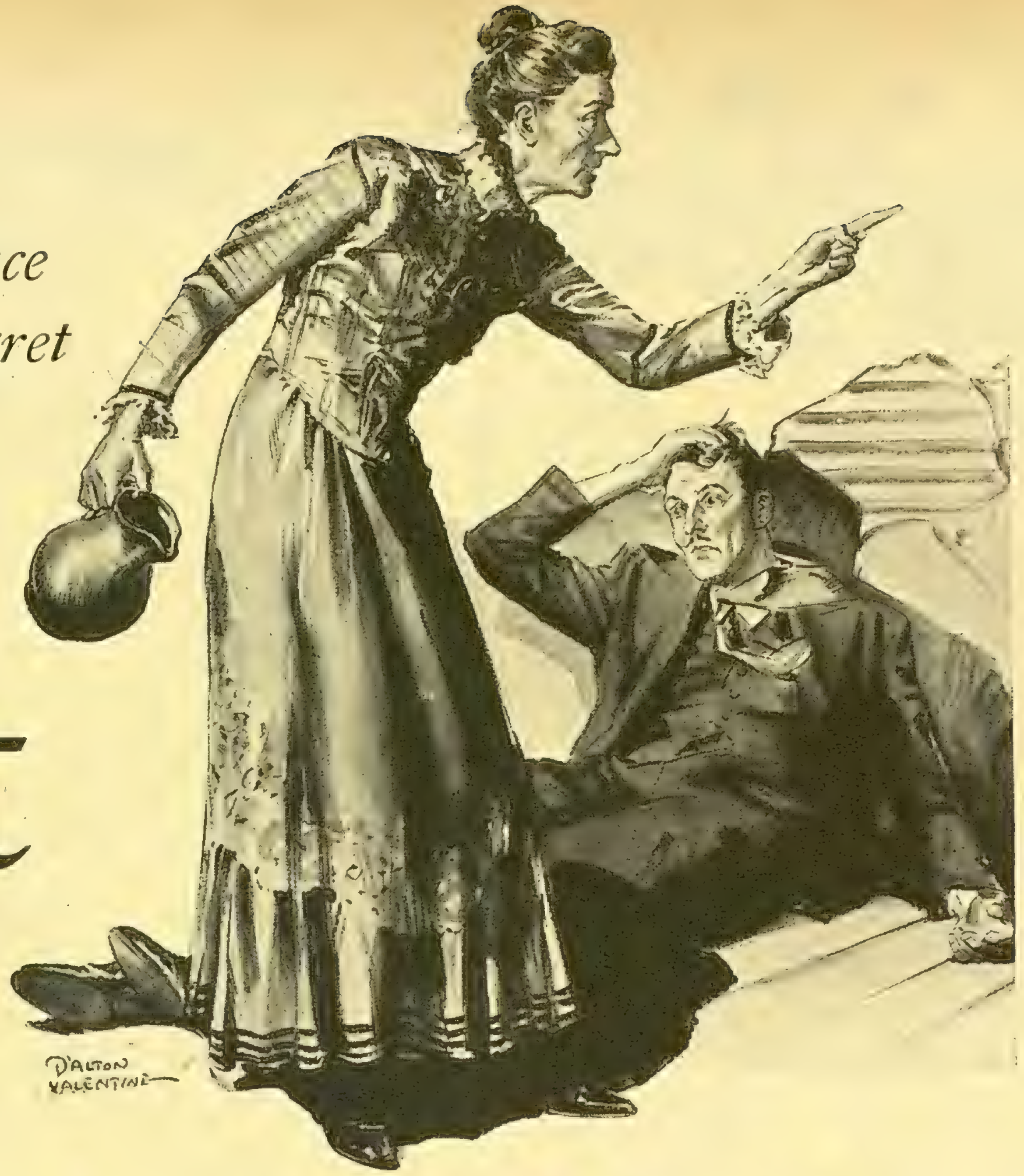
Slowly the captain walked to where two bloody bundles of olive drab lay, and pinned on the decorations.

Slowly he stood erect and then his heels came together and his right hand sprang sharply to his gleaming kepi. For several moments he stood thus, and those close by him heard him say, as his hand slowly dropped!

" Kismet! "

THE END

The Story of an Orphan's Romance and Two Rogues' Regret



Not *for a* Hundred Tho

(Reading time: 28 minutes 22 seconds.)

LILY BEANER was the meanest and richest female in Hay City. In fact, she was the meanest and richest female in the whole county. And she was proud of it! She lived in a big old house out on Oak Avenue, and she spent all her time sitting on the front porch making nasty remarks about people that went by. She never gave away one penny, though she lived high herself, and she bought everything from mail-order houses so that the local merchants wouldn't profit off her.

Now, her father hadn't been any Santa Claus, but he was the spirit of loving charity compared to Lily. Lily had a sister named Mary who eloped with an actor, and Lily and her father cut her off without a penny. When the actor deserted Mary, just like everybody said he would, she got a job and supported herself and her little girl and never wrote home for a penny. That burnt them up—not that they would have sent her anything, but they'd like to feel she was in want. When the old man died he left all his property to Lily.

One day Lily got a letter from Mary saying she was dying and would Lily look after her little girl? Lily wired back:

" NO."

" You could have said nine more words for the same price," Mamie Bright said. Mamie Bright gave piano lessons, and she and Lily hated each other like poison, but they never missed a day getting together to hash out the town gossip.

" I said what I had to say, didn't I? " Lily snapped. " I wish to the Lord you'd cut nine words a sentence out of your talk. Sometimes you bore me stiff."

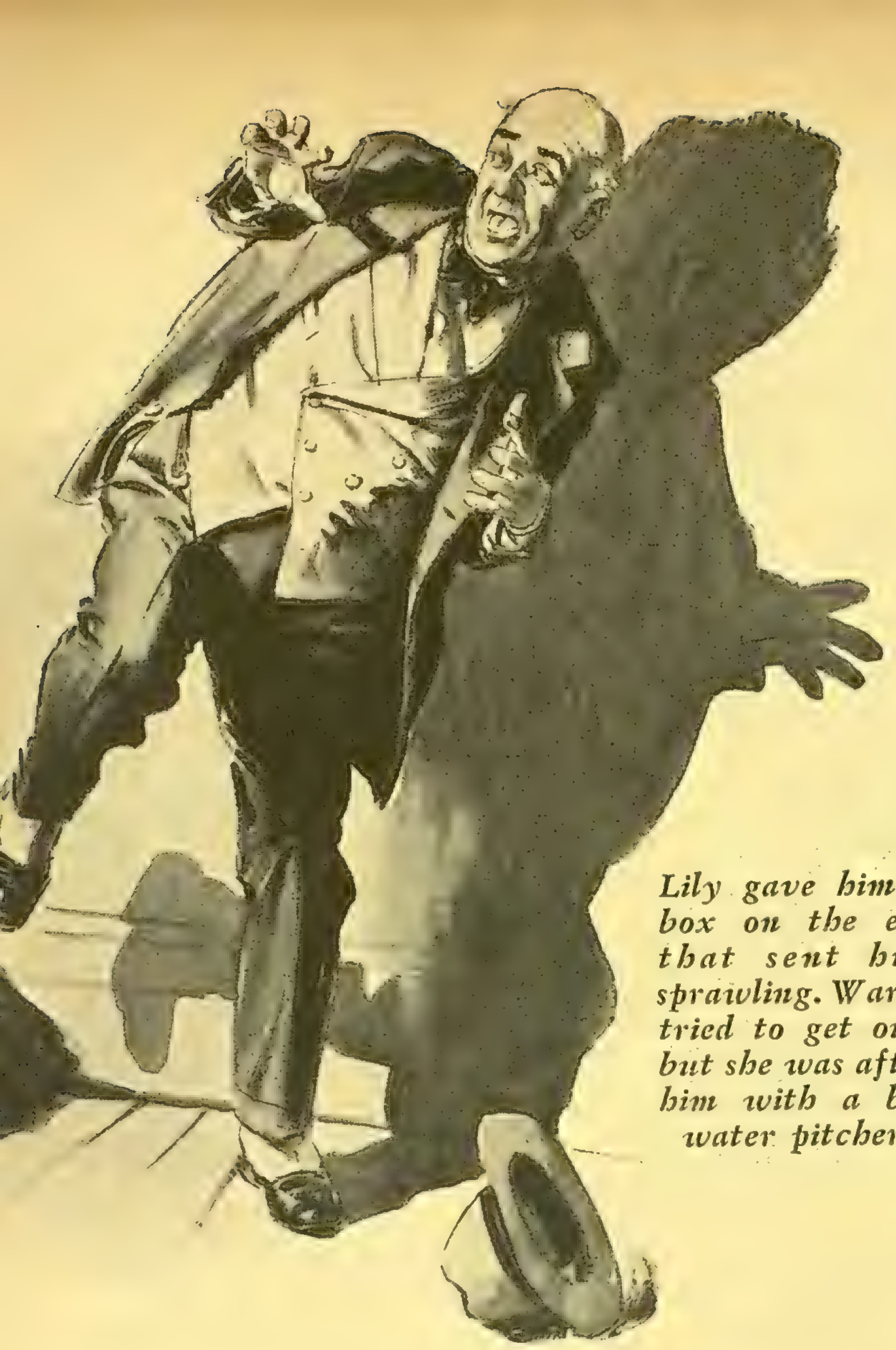
" Well," Mamie said, " seems your own sister's child, your own flesh and blood, could have had nine words of explanation. If you don't look after her she may go bad! "

" Most likely she will," Lily said. " Where'd you get that hat? Makes you look ten years older."

Eventually Mary died. And Lily got another letter. It was from a Chicago welfare society, and it said they had looked Lily up, and since she had money they would expect her to send for and look after her niece. They said in these hard times it would be impossible for so young and inexperienced a girl to get a job, and that they were awaiting Lily's prompt reply. Lily had spasms.

She recited the letter she was going to write that welfare society out loud to Mamie Bright, and it was some letter! But after Mamie went along, Lily went in and phoned her lawyer.

Jim Day thought the girl would be happier walking the streets than living with Lily, but he told Lily she had better send for her, and she had better treat her right or the welfare society would have her up in court. Lily hollered and yelled, and ran back to the porch just in time to catch the mailman and tell him never to step foot on her place again. Then she sent for Muffin.



Lily gave him a box on the ear that sent him sprawling. Warty tried to get out, but she was after him with a big water pitcher.

usand

By TIAH DEVITT

Illustrations by D'ALTON VALENTINE

Muffin was seventeen, but she was so little and her eyes were so big that she looked a lot younger. She had pale-yellow hair cut in bangs across her forehead and the whitest skin and little baby teeth. She sat in the railway coach in her black dress and watched Chicago go blurring past. Then she doubled up her fists and clamped her teeth and said to herself:

"I'm not going to cry any more."

Just then somebody hit her with a peanut shell.

Across the aisle two men smiled at her and Muffin smiled back. It was a long, long ride to Hay City, and pretty soon they were all three talking. The little man in the green silk shirt with the horseshoe in his tie was named Jockey Bates. The big bald one with white spats and a checked vest was called Warty Howe. They told her they were big guys and that they always took drawing-rooms on Pullmans, but this trip they were just slumming and decided to ride in a day coach.

"Do you know anything about horses?" Jockey asked.

"No," Muffin said.

"You ought to own a stable," Jockey said.

"Maybe I will," Muffin said. "I'm going to live with my aunt and she's rich."

"What's her name?" Jockey said.

"Lily Beaner," Muffin said. Jockey whistled.

"Say, I heard of her—honest," he said to Warty. "Remember when we run those nags at the county fair out that way? Sure, I heard of her. The guys at the Beauty Paradise Palace was talking about her."

"What was the Beauty Paradise Palace?" Muffin asked.

Warty and Jockey laughed uproariously.

"Just a little gag," Jockey said. "We was just showing some of the local boys some fun. And how those suckers fell! I wish you could have seen the line that was willing to pay five smackers to see the beautiful dames. Imagine beautiful dames in an old tumble-down farmhouse."

"And weren't they beautiful?" Muffin asked.

"Why, they wasn't no dames at all," Jockey said. "That was the gag."

"Did you give the money back and explain it was a joke?" Muffin asked.

"Sure," Jockey said. "Why, baby, you don't think we'd keep the money! No, no."

"Where does your aunt live?" Warty asked.

But Muffin never answered, because a tall young man with thick curly hair touched her lightly on the shoulder.

"Would you like to play a little solitaire?" he asked. "I mean double solitaire?"

"What the hell—" Jockey began.

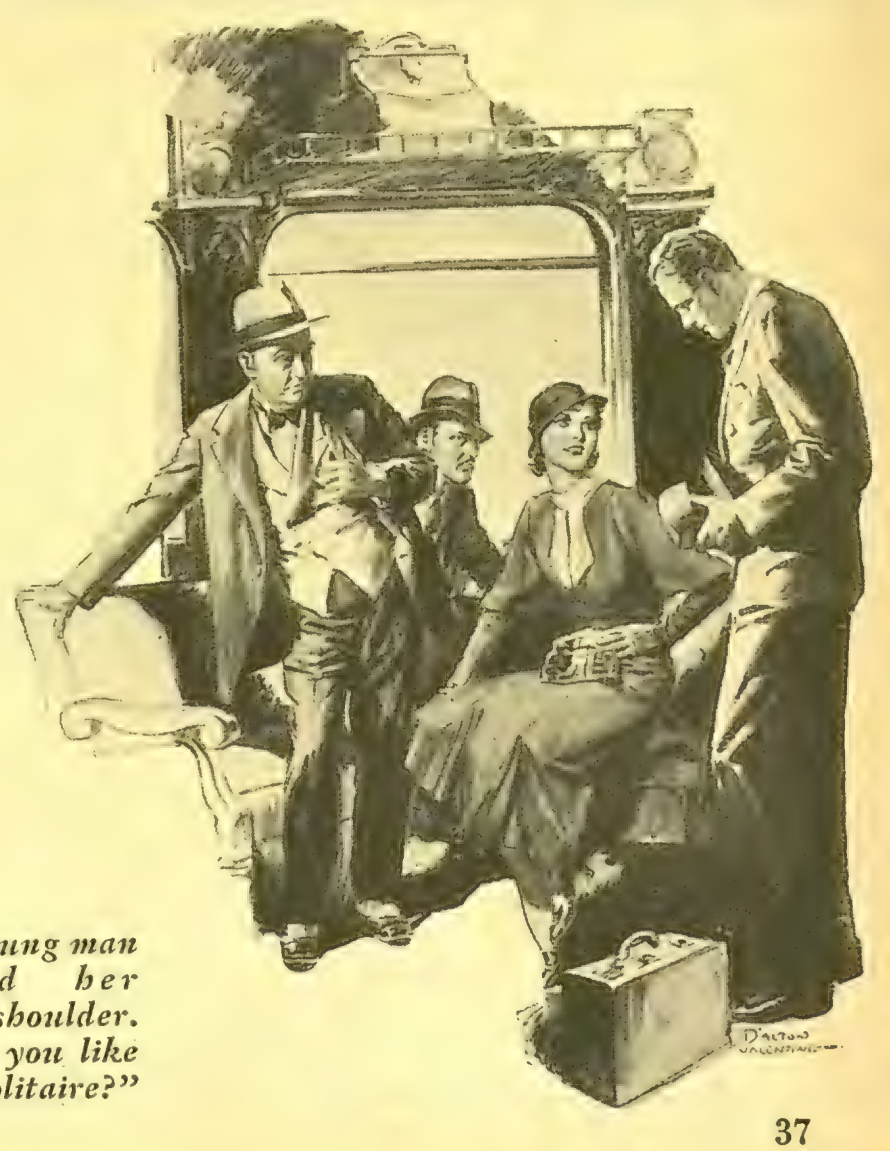
"I'd love to," Muffin said.

She got up and said good-by sweetly to Warty and Jockey; then she followed the young man back to his seat. She noticed he walked with a slight limp.

"I'M going to Hay City too," he said. "I've visited there before. I didn't mean to interrupt, but I don't think your aunt would like to have you talking to those people. You're only a little girl."

"I'm old enough to know better," Muffin told him. "Do you suppose they're gangsters?"

"I don't know, but it's a good idea to steer away from bad company." He looked moodily out of the window. "That's why I'm going to Hay City. I want to amount



A tall young man touched her on the shoulder. "Would you like to play solitaire?"

'MOIST THROAT' ENDED HIS COUGH!

Your throat and bronchial tubes are lined with millions of pores like tiny "bottles" continually supplying moisture to the delicate tissues . . . *until you "catch cold."*

"I had coughs all winter, till I learned about 'moist throat,'" writes R. G., of New York City.

Then these pores clog. Phlegm accumulates, affording dangerous germs a breeding place. Tickling, irritation and coughing set in.

Your cough will be cured only when you increase the flow of your throat's *natural moisture*, loosening the phlegm so it can be expelled. Avoid cough "remedies" containing drugs which merely "deaden" the nerves . . . but don't get at the real root of the trouble.

PERTUSSIN, a scientific remedy, is the extract of a famous herb which opens the tiny glands, stimulates the flow of throat moisture and brings quick relief naturally.

If your throat's the least bit raw or dry, take a few spoons of PERTUSSIN now. It's absolutely safe, even for children. You can get it at all drug stores.

Wanted!

25,000 School Boys to MAKE MONEY and WIN PRIZES

Liberty Magazine wants 25,000 more boys to join the great Liberty Boy Organization. It's a wonderful chance for you to make money every week like thousands of other fellows, and get free prizes too—baseball equipment, radios, bicycles, etc. Just work in your spare time—right in your own neighborhood. No money or experience necessary. Just send the coupon. We will show you how to make money the very first day!

The coupon brings full information and our prize catalog showing over 350 prizes.

MAIL TODAY

3-25-33

LIBERTY MAGAZINE, Boy Sales Division
1926 Broadway, New York City.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen. I want to make money and get free prizes.

Name........................ Age......

Address ....

City.......................... State.........

Have one of your parents show approval by signing here.

....

to something without always being in hot water. My uncle runs the Palace Hotel. I'm going to be the clerk."

"Oh," Muffin said. And then she asked: "Is the Palace Hotel far from my aunt's?"

"No," he told her. "The hotel is right on the square and your aunt lives on Oak Avenue. Oak Avenue runs down one side of the square. In the middle of it there's a band stand, and they give concerts every Saturday night. They give prizes to anybody listening who can tell what they're playing. We'll go to the concert this Saturday if I'm off, and afterward we'll go over to Mrs. Simmer's Candyland and get ice cream." He smiled at her.

His name was Dick Maybe, and he liked to go to the movies and play baseball and take long rides in the country and swim and read detective stories. Muffin liked all those things, too. Their summer was planned.

At Hay City, Jockey Bates and Warty Howe came back to say good-by. They were going to Capitol City and catch the midnight flyer to Denver.

Dick helped Muffin off and insisted on carrying her suitcases as well as his own. They walked up and down the platform looking for Miss Beaner. That lady wasn't in sight.

"We'll take a taxi and I'll take you up there," Dick offered.

They climbed into Joe Spears' flivver and went rattling off down the main street and on to tree-lined Oak Avenue.

"I'm going to like it here, Dick," Muffin said.

And Joe Spears afterward said it just broke his heart. That poor little kid going to live with Lily Beaner and thinking she'd like it!

They stopped in front of the Beaner residence and Joe picked up the bags. Muffin told Dick good-by at the taxi. Dick didn't offer to go up on to the dark porch with her. Dick knew Lily. Muffin cheerfully followed Joe Spears. The house was completely dark. They groped their way up the front steps. Muffin stumbled.

"DON'T start tearing the house down the minute you get here!" a shrill, whiny voice said from the shadow.

"I've brung your niece up from the depot, Miss Beaner," Joe Spears said, and he set down the bags and was down the steps and in his flivver before Muffin could thank him.

"Is that you, Aunt Lily?" Muffin asked timidly.

"Don't 'Aunt Lily' me! It's no fault of mine that I'm your relation and it's no fault of mine that you're here. And you needn't think you're going to go on with this reckless spending. The idea of your coming up in a taxi! Just as if you was the Queen of Spain! No reason at all why a big, hulking girl like you couldn't of walked on such a fine night. I've got no patience with laziness."

"Mr. Maybe paid for the taxi," Muffin said, "and I thought—"

"Man-crazy," Lily said. "Lord, I might have known it! Just like your mother, I don't doubt. Go the same way too, probably."

"I hope so. It'll be a fine way, then." Muffin flared. "Mother's gone, and I'm not going to talk about her, and neither are you, Lily Beaner. Let's have that understood right now!"

"Lord, do you hear that? A charity orphan talking to me, her benefactress! Well, you'll lose some of your sass, my miss. Now lug those bags upstairs, though I don't suppose there's a thing in 'em fit to put on."

Muffin picked up her bags.

"Where am I to stay?" she asked.

"The back bedroom on the right. It was your mother's and it's the only door unlocked. I'm not taking any chances on missing valuables with a stranger under my roof."

"If there's a family tendency to steal, I didn't inherit it," Muffin said, and pulled open the screen door and felt her way up the wide staircase. Lily sat in the porch swing and tittered to herself.

"SHE don't take after Mary," she said to herself, "and she don't take after David. By gibberty, I think she gets her sass from me!" She sat and swung back and forth. She heard Muffin upstairs singing—singing gayly and frantically to keep up her spirits. Soon she came tripping downstairs. Her blonde head poked out the screen door.

"Good night, Lily," she said, and raced back up again.

"Of all the nerve!" Lily screeched. "Of all the fresh impudence! You little guttersnipe—good night!"

She's got nice hair, Lily thought. Hair like David's. Lily had met David before Mary did. In fact, she introduced them. Upstairs she still had the ribbon off the box of candy David brought her the night he met her sister. He was a handsome boy, David Duncan, and a bad lot. And sitting there in the soft summer night Lily asked herself again, for the thousandth time, if David Duncan had asked her to elope with him would she have gone?

She must have dozed off, for she came to with a start, seeing a big man standing on the porch in front of her.

"David!" she said before she could catch herself.

"No," the man whispered; "but he's out in the car and he wants to see you!"

For a minute Lily thought she was still dreaming.

"David Duncan out in that car?" she asked incredulously. She hadn't heard of David Duncan in sixteen years.

"Sure," her visitor said. "Come down and see him. He wants to talk to you."

"If he thinks he's going to get his child now, after the way he treated my poor sister—" Lily flared.

“Shush, don’t let the neighbors in on it,” the man said. “Come on.”

He led Lily down the steps. Her heart was thumping madly. The back door to the sedan stood open. She peered in eagerly, and the next thing she knew, a blanket was thrown over her head, a strong gag tied across her mouth, and she was huddled on the floor of a car racing madly down the avenue.

“Did you leave the ransom notes?” Jockey asked without turning from the wheel.

“Sure,” Warty said. “And what a break we got! Listen, son. As kidnapers we’re world-beaters!”

Muffin woke up the next morning to the accompaniment of bloodcurdling shrieks. She jumped out of bed, pulled her bright kimono about her, and fled down the stairs.

On the front porch stood two buxom Dutch girls yelling at the top of their lungs. The neighbors were popping out of their houses and running over in all stages of dress. It wasn’t long before the news was all over Hay City. Lily Beaner had been kidnaped! Her hired girls had found two ransom notes on the front porch, signed by “The Bloody Six.” Lily’s bed hadn’t been slept in.

Ty Bogs, the sheriff, heard the news at the jail. He climbed into his car and went racing out to Lily’s house. On the front porch he took charge with a grand gesture. The neighbors all stood back most respectfully. And he said plenty about their having crowded up and swarmed all over the place so he couldn’t find any fingerprints or footprints. He took the letter from the hired girl, and looked at it very solemnly. Then he got out his reading glasses and put them on and read the letter the girls had found first. It was in the flower box. It said:

> Unless our instructions are carried out to the letter, at the exact time, on the exact date set, you will never see Lily Beaner alive. Obey or you will find her body in the City Hall.
>
> THE BLOODY SIX.

“That’s plumb ridiculous,” Ty said. “Lily’s body ain’t in the City Hall.”

Then he picked up the next note, which had been stuck to the back of the swing with a mean-looking dagger. It read:

> Leave five thousand dollars in cash in a cigar box, at twelve tonight, just inside the graveyard gate, under the lilac bush, or Lily Beaner will die! THE BLOODY SIX.

Ty rubbed his head. “You know,” he said, “it looks to me like she’s been kidnaped.”

“But who would kidnap her?” Muffin asked. “Does she have any enemies here?”

Then Ty saw Muffin for the first time. He wanted to know who she was and how she got there and what she’d heard the night before. When she said she was from Chicago he gave her an awful look. And he grunted when she said she hadn’t heard anything out of the way the night before.

Then he turned to the neighbors on the porch and said, “I’m not prepared to make an arrest at this time.”

And he looked at Muffin and said, “Young woman, don’t you leave town!”

“Of course not,” Muffin said. “I just got here last night. But won’t you please try to find my aunt?”

Ty put in a mighty busy morning. He went down to the depot to find out if any strangers had been in town. And Joe Spears told him about driving Dick Maybe and Muffin out to Lily Beaner’s the night before, and about taking Dick back to the hotel. Ty just looked solemner and solemner. But Joe told the baggageman there wasn’t a doubt but that Dick Maybe and that Chicago girl had done the kidnaping. He said school children in Chicago worked out robberies and kidnapings easier than they did fractions.

Then Ty went back uptown and into the Palace Hotel. As luck would have it, he ran into Maggie. Maggie was the chambermaid, and Ty often said she had a real de-

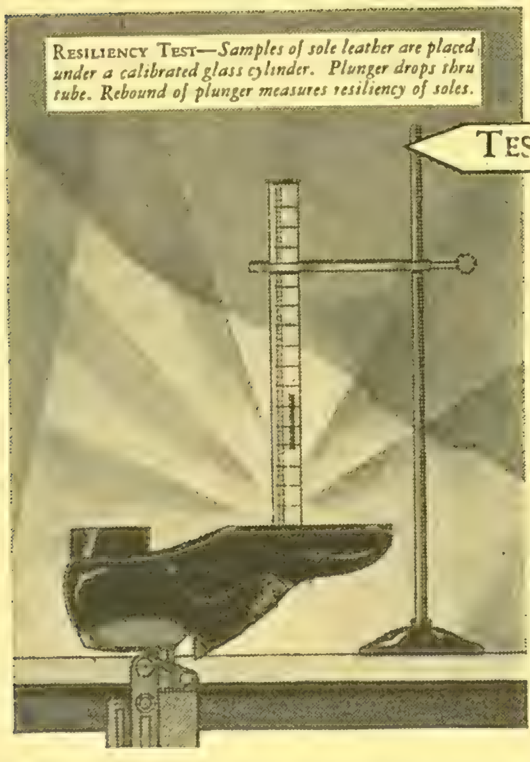
How much RESILIENCE

has a shoe sole?

$3.00

AND $3.50

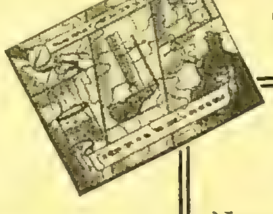
Style S-201—Genuine Black Calfskin. Also in Tan.


RESILIENCY TEST—*Samples of sole leather are placed under a calibrated glass cylinder. Plunger drops thru tube. Rebound of plunger measures resiliency of soles.*
TESTED QUALITY *tells*

THE answer is important to you. The greater the resilience the more comfortable the shoe. That is why sole leather used for Fortune Shoes receives the tests for quality and for resilience to prove the soles on Fortune Shoes have the “liveness” that will insure real foot comfort.

The resilience test is only one of many to which *all* materials are subjected in the Fortune laboratory to prove their acceptance to the Fortune standard of value.

Until you have seen Fortune Shoes at your dealer’s you cannot appreciate the quality, style and endurance possible in shoes at such an economical price. See the new Spring Styles at your dealer’s now.



FREE Jig Saw Puzzle—Mail coupon with nine cents in stamps, to cover postage and packing, for heavy board jig saw puzzle in full color.

FORTUNE SHOES, Nashville, Tenn.

Nine cents is enclosed. Please send jig saw puzzle and name of nearest Fortune dealer

Name__________

Address__________

City__________State__________

FORTUNE SHOES

End Pain Quickly
SLEEP SOUNDLY

"Now that pain will go in a few minutes. All it needs is a little Sloan's."
"The sore spot feels better now. Thank heaven it won't keep me awake!"

SORE MUSCLES
—aches, pains

Aching muscles need warmth—fresh blood to ease the stiffness. To rouse fresh blood *quickly*, pat on Sloan's. No rubbing needed—Sloan's goes right to the sore spot. Pain is *killed*, muscles relax. You sleep. Get a bottle of Sloan's today. Only 35¢.

SLOAN'S Liniment
Every Sunday, 9 P.M., E.S.T. N.B.C. Blue Network Stations

ON THE AIR!
WARDEN LAWES in 20,000 Years in Sing Sing

This May Be Your Opportunity

Do you want more money? If so, then mail this coupon at once and I will tell you how to develop a profitable magazine subscription business of your own. No investment required. Write today for particulars. Address:

L. D. WOHLLEBEN
4th Floor, Macfadden Building
1926 Broadway New York, N. Y.

Name ____________________
St. & No. ____________________
City ______________ State ______________

Ingrown Nail
Turns Outward
—NO PAIN

A few drops of Outgro in the crevice of the toe nail stop the pain instantly and so toughen the sensitive skin underneath the nail that it resists the ingrowing nail and forces it to grow naturally outward. Drug stores sell Outgro in small bottles. Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., N.Y.C.

tective's nose. She never missed a thing that happened in that hotel.

"Maggie," he said, "we've got more trouble. Lily Beaner's been kidnaped. It must 'a' been an out-o'-town job, because nobody in town would be fool enough to think anybody would pay ransom to get Lily back, dead or alive."

"Dick Maybe got in from Chicago last night," Maggie said, and she looked dark and mysterious.

"Well, he's the proprietor's nephew and we ain't got nothing on him," Ty said, and he looked at Maggie kind of inquiring-like.

"Is that so?" Maggie said. "Well, I reckon Lily Beaner would draw a lot of blood before she was kidnaped."

"Meaning?" Ty asked.

"That there was a bloody bandage up in Mr. Maybe's room when I swept up this morning." Maggie was triumphant.

Ty opened his eyes very wide. Maggie said Dick was in having breakfast, and Ty decided to go up and have a look at the bloody bandage.

"You've got to admit a bloody bandage and both notes signed by The Bloody Six, that's a good strong coincidence, now!" Maggie said.

"Coincidence is right," Ty said, and he whistled.

Ty and Maggie came downstairs again together, and Maggie gave Ty an awful dig in the ribs. Who should be standing at the desk, with their heads together, but that girl and Dick Maybe? They straightened up and tried to look casual when Ty appeared. He walked over to the desk and looked Maybe right in the eye. Maggie said she never saw anything more masterful in the movies.

"The last clerk in this hotel was a crook!" Ty said, just as if he was firing a pistol. Then he turned on his heel and walked out, Muffin and Dick looking after him bewildered. Maggie said you could see the guilt written all over their faces.

TY walked into Jim Day's office. Jim was reading his mail. Ty sat down and tried to impress him; but it was hard to impress Jim Day.

"You don't seem much het up over your client being kidnaped," Ty said.

"Nothing I can do," Jim Day said.

"You mean that dead-or-alive business don't scare you?" Ty said.

"Not a bit," Jim said. "All we can do is plant the cigar box and capture the boob that comes to get it."

"Can you get five thousand from the bank?" Ty asked incredulously.

"I'll take care of that," Jim said. "Just see that you're on your toes at midnight tonight. Lily may have pulled the whole thing herself just to upset the community."

"But I got an idea who the kidnapers is," Ty said. "Why don't I make the pinch now?"

"Have you got the goods on them?" Jim asked lazily. "Have you got absolute proof that they kidnaped Lily? Just as good as if you made the arrest before witnesses as the kidnaper picked up the box?"

"I got this," Ty said. "I found it in Dick Maybe's pants pocket—his other pants. And there was a bloody bandage in his room. Him and that niece of Lily's come out from Chicago together. It's plain as day they're in cahoots."

Ty handed Jim Day a newspaper clipping. Jim Day glanced at it and then read it carefully.

"Is this a description of the Maybe boy?" he asked.

"Perfect," Ty said.

Jim Day rubbed his chin. "A flesh wound received in a kidnaping, huh. A small-time gang affair. That's something to bear in mind, Ty. He'd been here before, knew the country, knew Lily. But I wouldn't advise you to do anything until after tonight."

THE worst rutted mud road in the county led out to the old tumbledown McLean house. The house was way back from the road, in a thick grove. Jockey had run the car into one of the dilapidated shacks when he came back from Bennville, thirty miles south of Hay City, with provisions. He went into the house to find Warty almost in tears. Lily was sitting in the broken rocker talking to him, and how she could talk!

"Has she wrote that letter?" Jockey asked.

"No," Warty said. "And you got to make her stop razzin' me. I tell you, I can't stand it! I never seen such a sharp-tongued female in all my life."

"And you won't see many more," Lily butted in. "It won't be long now till both you boys will be swinging in the breeze. We have had some good hangings in Hay City, but nothing to what this is going to be! Say, laugh—I think I'll die when they string up your little friend. Can't you just see him jigging around in the air, with his neck broke off neat as a narcissus and hanging down over the knot?" And Lily laughed gayly. "You won't have to worry then about washing your dirty necks."

"Listen," Jockey said, trying to be masterful. There was something so disconcerting about Lily's cocksureness. "Who'll we ask to raise the ransom?"

"Why, the guy that adjusts the noose," Lily said, and she laughed.

"I'm going outside," Warty said. "She's been going on like this all morning."

"Go on, you big lobster," Lily said. "And if you're smarter than you look, which won't be any too smart, you'll take that car and run for your life. If you'd had a look at the bank robber they caught last week and was going to nail to the bank door—"

But Warty was gone.

"You got to write a letter asking your lawyer to raise the ransom for you," Jockey said; "and if you don't do it quick I'm going to get rough, see?" He tried to look menacing.

"Yes; I had a hired girl that got rough, and I boxed her ears for her," Lily explained, "and she didn't hear even the fire siren for six months. She was a mighty big Swede, too. Now, a little shrimp like you don't scare me at all!"

"Why, I'm not trying to scare you," Jockey said in his most ingratiating manner. "This is just a little business conference, see?"

"I can't see anything but that puny face and those scrawny legs of yours," Lily said. "Are you deformed or was your mind so weak your body couldn't develop?"

"If you ever expect to get out of here you got to tell your lawyer to hand over five thousand bucks," Jockey said.

"If I had five thousand bucks," Lily said, "I'd rather it'd go for funeral expenses than ransom."

Then Jockey had an inspiration. He advanced toward Lily with that light in his eye that had never failed to enchant his hash-slinging lady friends.

"Lily," he said huskily, and he dropped his eyes. His girl friends said he had swell eyelashes. "Lily, you're a brave little woman."

Lily eyed Jockey suspiciously. Still, she didn't hear many kind words.

"And you're a louse," she answered.

"Don't abuse me," he pleaded. "Lily, I've always knowed I'd meet a dame with a great soul. That dame and that soul is you!"

"What are you trying to be?" Lily asked. "A poem on horseback?"

"I'm trying to say I love you like hell," Jockey said. "If you just cared for me, even a snootful, I'd be a different boy."

"Anything would be an improvement," Lily said.

"Then I can hope," Jockey said, "that some day you and me can go off to a little vine-covered dump and just be together."

"We're apt to be together a long while before you get any ransom money from me," Lily said.

BUT she was weakening. It had been a long time since any man had fallen for her. Once, years before, there had been a big brawny fellow, a plumber, who came when the pipes froze. She'd never forgotten the way he whispered as he came up from the cellar, "They're all fixed now," and he looked sad. "But how I hope, Miss Beaner, that your pipes will freeze again!"

Since then she hadn't had much romance.

Not only did Jockey announce his love, but she saw a soft light in Warty's eyes. Of course adventure, bucking up against life, always brings a woman out. In the end Lily wrote Jim Day a letter asking for five thousand dollars, giving him power of attorney, and insisting it be paid to the kidnapers as they requested, or she would die. It was a fine letter. Reading it, they were delighted, until they came to the last paragraph. Lily had offered a reward, a reward of five thousand dollars, to anyone who would catch and hang her kidnapers.

Warty looked at Jockey, and they stepped outside to hold a conference.

"I'm wore out," Warty said. "We can't get her to write another."

"Let's tear off that last paragraph," Jockey suggested. "She just wrote that so we would be scared to send it."

"I got it—" Warty said enthusiastically. "Just tear off that 'hang them' business. Leave it read five thousand dollars for rescuing her. Then, if the ransom don't come through, you could disguise yourself and rescue her and collect the dough!"

At ten minutes to twelve Ty and his five aids arrived at the cemetery. Jockey saw them from his spot beneath the lilac bush. They planted the cigar box and Ty stationed each one at his post. Then the waiting began.

Ty backed into the lilac bush in front of Jockey. Silence fell. They all waited. Ty stirred uneasily and got out his watch. Just one minute to midnight.

"On your toes, everybody," he whispered. And getting into a more alert position he stepped on Jockey. "Move back," he said. "Keep your eyes on the box and don't take them off!"

"O. K.," Jockey whispered.

I felt safe

...I wanted him to come closer

THERE was a time when I would have been embarrassed and self-conscious because of a pimply skin. Naturally, I am now happy because my skin is clear.

You, too, may have a clear skin

Cosmetics help—use them, of course,—but just to cover up a poor complexion is not enough, you know—so why not reason in a common-sense way that the trouble probably comes from within and correct it. S.S.S. is worthy of a trial ... it is the accepted, time-tested Blood Tonic.

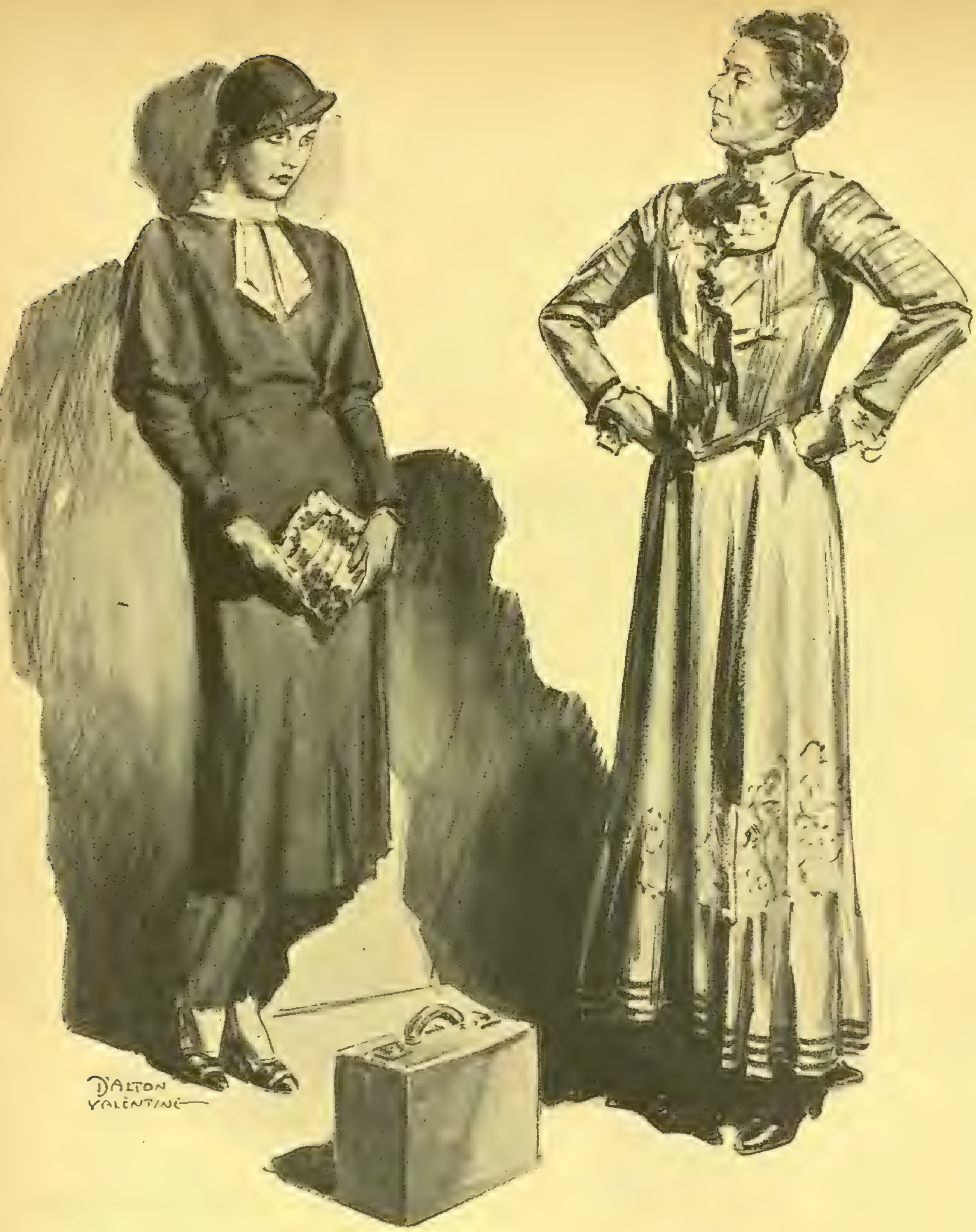
S.S.S., in addition to being a valuable general Tonic, has the special property of increasing deficient red-blood-cells and restoring their hemo-glo-bin content (skin and tissue purifier). *This means much to you.*

When the hemo-glo-bin is right you *feel* it... your *looks* show it... your skin and tissues are getting the purifying oxygen—so necessary for a healthy skin. It means vitality... pep... a keen appetite ... firm flesh, too. Resistance to infectious diseases is built up!

Feel safe! Start taking S.S.S. today. You will be happy with the beneficial results obtained. It is liquid, of course ... never sold in tablet form. At all drug stores.

© The S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. builds sturdy health



"Man-crazy," Lily said. "Lord, I might have known it! Just like your mother, I don't doubt. Go the same way too, probably."

Just then came a shot, and another and another, from the far end of the graveyard. There was a hoarse cry. Ty sprang out and started running in that direction. His aids followed on the run, shouldering their rifles.

Jockey popped out from the lilac bush, planted the cigar box he had brought, and grabbed the other and ducked back. He made his way like a wraith from tombstone to tombstone until he came to the western boundary fence. He rolled over and made his way on the run across the open field.

EVENTUALLY he gained the road and walked quietly to the ravine where they had left the car. Warty was sitting on the running board eating an apple, his revolver carefully hidden in his coat. Lily was trussed up like a turkey in the back seat, and was she mad! Quietly, grinning at each other, Jockey and Warty opened the box. There was no money—only a note:

> Don't be silly. Nobody in Hay City would give five pins for Lily Beaner! Take her along, boys. It's all right by us.

It was signed by the mayor and the city council.

Then Warty and Jockey were one degree madder than Lily Beaner. They drove back to the McLean place in a mean stew.

Ty and his aids ran all over the graveyard; but they didn't hear another shot and they couldn't find the body of the guy that screamed, so they came back. The box was still there and they crouched down and waited. Along about dawn Ty decided the kidnapers weren't coming. He got up and stretched his legs, and called the boys, and picked up the box and started home. When they got into the car, Dave Gordon spoke up and said:

"Say, Ty, that isn't the same brand of cigar box we brought out here."

The next morning Jim Day sent for Muffin and Dick Maybe. He told them that naturally they were under suspicion and they'd better come clean. Ty was waiting in the outer office, boiling mad to think he'd been tricked.

"If you youngsters know anything about this kidnaping you'd better tell us now," Jim Day said. "If there's anything in your past lives that isn't quite straight, you'd better tell that. Hay City is a peaceful, law-abiding community, and we're going to the bottom of this thing."

DICK MAYBE fidgeted. "You can talk to your lawyer just like to a priest, can't you?" he asked.

"Sure," Jim Day said.

"Shall I go out?" Muffin asked.

"No," Dick said; "I want you to hear. I would have told you anyway. You see, the reason I left Chicago was, I got into trouble."

"How?" Jim Day asked.

"Well, I knew some guys. I thought they were pretty slick. Then one night they asked me to go over to this place and take a look around and let them know when it was quiet. They said they'd bring some girls over and throw a party, but they wanted it private. It was kind of a speakeasy. I went over and hung around all evening. Then, when about everybody had gone, I phoned the boys to come over. They rushed Dugan and he pulled a gun. It all happened so quickly I hardly knew what it was about. He fired and he got me. But I knew enough to get out the back door quick. The next morning I saw the story in the papers and that night I decided to leave for Hay City. That's all. I didn't have anything to do with kidnaping Miss Beaner. What I came for was a real chance."

"That's true," Muffin said. "He told me on the train he was leaving Chicago because he'd been in bad company—"

She looked quickly at Dick, and his eyes met hers.

"Maybe they kidnaped her—Jockey and Warty!" she cried. And she burst into a description.

Jim Day listened avidly. He made her repeat the descriptions and checked them with Dick.

Then Ty broke in. "All I got to say is, no out-of-town crooks can get away with anything around here!"

"No," Jim Day said. "No out-of-towner is going to pull any Beauty Paradise Palace on you, Ty!"

Ty flushed red as a beet. Muffin jumped to her feet.

"That's where she is! That's where she is! If Jockey and Warty took her, they took her to the Beauty Paradise Palace! I'll bet you anything! Is it near here?"

"Don't be silly," Ty said. "Nobody would be dumb enough to hide anybody at that old tumble-down McLean place. Why, it's the first place you'd look."

"And have you looked out there?" Muffin demanded.

"No," Ty said.

"Well, maybe the criminals have your same type of master mind. Hurry, hurry! Let's go out anyway."

Muffin grabbed Dick's arm and they ran out of the office and down the wooden steps.

"Go with 'em, Ty," Jim Day said. "They may be on the right track. It's on the level, too—both of them. They don't know a word about the reward."

"Maybe," Ty said, "we can split it three ways." And he followed them. . . .

Warty and Jockey faced Lily Beaner.

"We feel so mean about what we've done," Warty said, "we're not going to hold you for ransom."

"We're going to turn you loose," Jockey said.

"Turn me loose!" Lily yelled. "You'll do nothing of the kind! The idea of compromising me and then turning me loose! What will folks think?"

"They won't think anything except that we couldn't put up with you another minute."

"As for being compromised," Warty said, "you'd be safe in Hawaii!"

"Oh, I would, would I?" Lily said, and she grabbed Jockey by the collar and gave him a box on the ear that sent him sprawling. Warty tried to get out the door, but she was after him with a big china water pitcher, and when he came to, the sheriff was standing above him.

"I surrender," Warty said. "For God's sake take me to jail!"

"Me too," Jockey said.

"I'm glad to see you boys," Ty said, "and to welcome you to the Hay City Beauty Paradise Palace."

"You should have seen that bank robber they caught," Lily said as she went off with Dick and Muffin.

Mamie Bright was sitting on Lily's front porch when Lily arrived. Lily introduced Muffin and Dick.

"Do they win the reward?" Mamie spoke up.

"What reward?" Lily asked.

"Why, the reward you offered to anybody that would rescue you. Jim Day had it published in the paper. Five thousand dollars! Land, you sure must have wanted to come home."

"Of course," Lily snapped. "But my niece won't need her share, unless it's for her hope chest. She and I are going out and get some travel. Nothing broadens a woman like adventure. I'm changed."

"But you'll bring Muffin back to Hay City, won't you?" Dick asked.

"Well, naturally; it's her home, isn't it?" Lily said.

"Lily," Mamie said—and her eyes were green as a cat's—"did you see the cute note the mayor and the council sent your kidnapers?"

"Mamie," Lily said, "why don't you get a job stamping out forest fires? It would be simple, with your big feet."

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Misplaced Slumber

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Arthur was getting ready to go to church one Sunday morning. Running into the living room, he found his father sound asleep in a chair.

"Wake up, daddy!" he cried. "You're not in church yet."—Mrs. Joe Miller, 423 N. Pine Street, Charlotte, N. C.

A Spoiled Boy

MICHAEL was sitting on his stoop looking very disconsolate.

"Where's your little playmate Tommy?" I inquired.

"Aw, he got a spankin' this morning and he's always so good for a while after that I have to play by myself."—T. J. McInerney, 422 East 142d Street, Bronx, N. Y.

make TWO hairs grow where one grew before

When the hair line begins to creep backward, anyone can see that the hair needs special care. But it's a wise man who determines now to treat his scalp so well that it rewards him with an abundant replacement when hairs fall out. This can best be assured by regular 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic treatments. Every week before the shampoo apply the Tonic generously to the scalp, and massage vigorously. These Tonic treatments cleanse the scalp, and speed up the circulation exactly as exercise and a rub do for the rest of the body. Start these preventive treatments today and keep that head of hair. Your druggist sells 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE

Look for the trademark Vaseline when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG U S PAT OFF

Copr. 1933—Chesebrough Mfg. Co.,

Vaseline
HAIR
TONIC

Illustrations
by
W. MacRae
Gillies

W
MACRAE
GILLIES
29

In the rear cockpit Eddie was doing his stuff with his

No Parachutes

A Hero Dies Smiling—More Caged War Birds—Planning Escape—A Journey in Misery—Two Kinds of Prussians—Elizabeth, a Good Angel

By
ALAN WINSLOW

(Reading time: 24 minutes 50 seconds.)

ON July 31, 1918, Lieutenant Alan Winslow of the Hat-in-the-Ring Squadron led a patrol of sixteen planes over the lines between Soissons and Rheims. They sighted a formation of eighteen Fokkers and swooped down upon it. The aërial " mob riot " was about to begin when the lieutenant—as he told in last week's installment of No Parachutes—noticed a lone Fokker high in the air, ready to pounce on any American plane that might become separated from the others. He zoomed up to take care of this menace, and was on the point of doing so when a second Fokker rocketed up beneath him and a stream of bullets shattered his left arm.

He managed to make a landing, but within the German lines. Three days later, in the emergency hospital at Laon, he had a hideous experience with a war-maddened German surgeon—whose behavior, he says, was altogether exceptional, and whose type, reverting easily to savagery, is to be found in every country. The surgeon, having tormented him, refused to let his arm be amputated; but after almost a month the surgeon was transferred elsewhere, and thereupon, and none too soon, it was done.

Part Five—The Enemy's Hospitals

WHY did my bed jostle and jerk? I made a great effort to clear my slowly waking mind. Now I understood. I was on a hospital train.

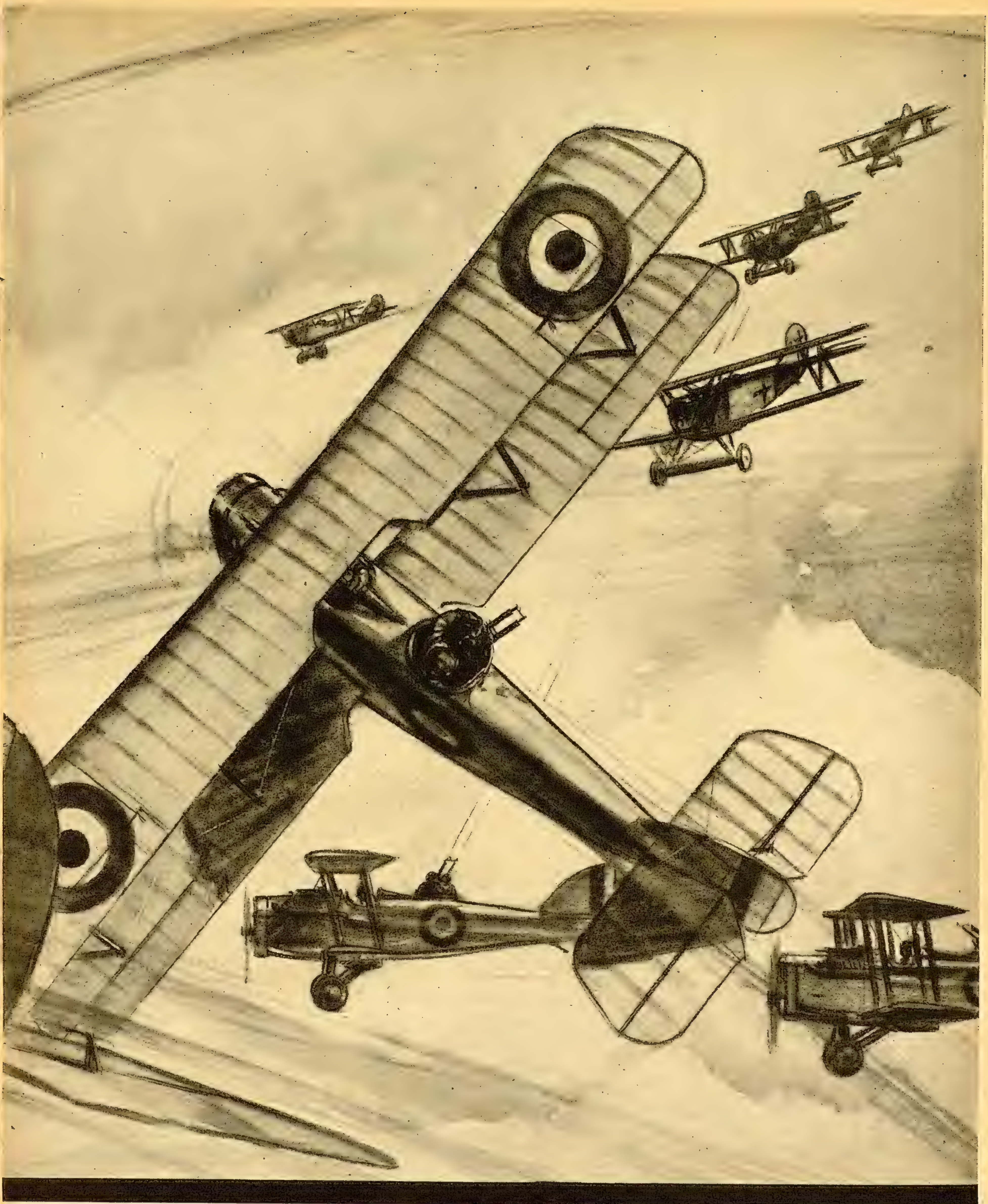
And my arm had only been amputated the day before.

How terribly hot it was! Fever maddened my brain. The heat of a glaring August day intensified the fever. Filthy flies buzzed in droves and settled all about my face, but I was too weak to drive them away. The air s nauseating and I could hardly breathe. The hospital as lined with beds, decked on top of each other in tiers of three. There were perhaps sixty or seventy wounded soldiers being transported in the same car, some groaning, some shrieking.

An attendant came by.

" Where are we going? "

" To a hospital at Trier."



machine gun. Coop was maneuvering to give him every advantage. The rattle of Eddie's fire suddenly ceased.

"How long will it take?" I asked in desperation.

"About twelve hours more."

Twelve hours more! Twelve centuries more—in that heat, in that pain, with those flies, with that smell!

I was coward enough to want to die.

Somehow the trip ended. My bed was no longer jolted nor jerked. I was on a stretcher and it had just been placed on the floor of a cool, spacious room.

Someone was whistling.

"*In dem Bett neben dem Engländer,*" said one of my stretcher bearers.

It was an Englishman who had been whistling and in a moment I was placed in a comfortable bed beside him.

“*Ein Amerikaner*,” explained the stretcher bearer.

“Cheerio, old fellow. Damn' glad you're here. Now I can speak English for the first time in months. They got your left flipper, I see. You're worse off than I am; I only lost a leg. Gibson's my name. Feel strong enough for a cigarette?”

I managed a smile and my name. A pleasant-faced, middle-aged nurse came by, Schwester Julie, who lighted the cigarette and held it to my lips.

Then she told me that Gibson, Second Lieutenant Jack Gibson of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, had been wounded in the leg by shrapnel. He had undergone twelve operations, each one higher up on the leg, for infection had set in. He had been on his back for six months—not just in bed, but actually on his back, without being able to lie on either side.

Twelve operations! Six months without even turning on his side! And yet he was whistling! Cheerio!

“Meet me in ten minutes, Al-an!”

Something happened inside me. I wanted to live. I knew I would live.

Smiling at Gibson, I said:

“I think I can sleep now. Damn' glad you're here too. We'll have a grand time in this place.”

During the several months that I spent in the hospital at Trier [Treves] cabbage seemed to be the *pièce de résistance* around which every menu was prepared. At least three times a day we were served cabbage in some form, with artificial coffee and a sort of brown bread which had the consistency and flavor of baked sawdust. We saw with our own eyes that it was the same food which was served to the wounded German officers. And although wretched hospital nourishment, it was the best Germany had to offer in these last days of her struggle.

The medical and surgical attention of the doctors was excellent, but the care of the nurses was more kindly than skillful. They were members of a Protestant religious order and their ministrations were more in accord with humanitarian sentiment than with the teachings of modern science. And, as was soon evident in my own case, there were also many incidents where the skill of the surgeons was later counteracted by infection which unskilled nursing attention allowed to develop.

Three weeks after my arrival at Trier I had recovered sufficient strength to spend a few hours each day out of bed. But Gibson, to whom I owed so much, began to show signs of waging a losing fight in spite of his extraordinary pluck. Gangrene was followed by a ghastly infection of the lungs, and the intense pain of his wounds was made more unbearable by the constant coughing which every few minutes shook his emaciated body. He soon became too weak to wipe from his lips the blood and phlegm which he constantly coughed up. The nurse assigned to the officers' ward had many other wounded to attend to in other parts of the hospital and could devote but little time to him.

HOURS at a time, therefore, for days and nights, I sat by his bed, wiping his mouth with little wads of cotton. And though he was too weak to raise his hand, he was never too weak to smile or say a few cheery, friendly words. Until he relapsed into his last coma he was confident he would live.

One day he asked to see his face in the mirror. I hesitated some time before I complied, for I feared that the sight of what was already almost a death's-head would weaken his spirit. But when he did see his reflection, it was not the apparent approach of death that struck his eye.

“By Jove, Winslow! How can you possibly stand the sight of me? Please send for the barber. Never in all my life did I need a haircut so badly!”

Soon the hospital barber arrived.

“Do you want it medium or short, lieutenant?”

“You had better cut it short; I don't want to have to trouble you too often.”

And this from a man who was about to die!

The stupid barber mistook the directions, and before Gibson was aware of what was being done, the entire right side of his head had been cropped close to the scalp by a few quick motions of the barber's clippers.

“For Lord's sake, what are you doing? Bring me the mirror again!”

As Gibson looked at his head, bushy on the left side, bald on the right, it was the only moment in the weeks I had known him that his expression revealed any slight sign of discouragement. He turned his feverish eyes upon the barber.

“Go away, you fool! Go away at once, and remember—I'm not a convict, I'm a gentleman!”

The barber made a quick exit and Gibson's faint smile returned.

“I'm awfully sorry for you, Winslow. Now you'll have to put up with a companion whose appearance is even worse than before!”

In a few days the congestion in Gibson's lungs almost stopped his breathing. The doctors didn't dare move him to the operating room. They were forced to operate as he lay in bed, using a local anæsthetic. In the middle of the operation three badly wounded French officers were brought into the ward.

THE doctors cut a hole in his back and somehow inserted a tube into his lungs. For possibly twenty-four hours, as the nurse and I took turns watching over him, he breathed unconsciously through this opening.

I was holding his hand when, just before dawn, the rasping sound of his artificial breathing stopped; a few minutes later I could feel his pulse no longer. But he was still smiling!

Gibson was placed on a stretcher and covered with a sheet. The wounded Frenchmen, weak and suffering themselves—two of whom were to die in the next few days—somehow managed to bring themselves to a sitting position. As Gibson's body was carried out of the room, in each officer's bed a hand was brought to a military salute. . . .

A week or so later I recall being in a particularly depressed mood. One of the Frenchmen who had come into the ward at the time of Gibson's death had just died in the bed on the other side of mine. Another French officer was about to die. Infection was eating into my own amputated arm. Would the war never end? Would I die, myself, before it ended? How long had I been a prisoner? I looked over an old calendar that Schwester Julie had hung on the wall. October 2. I had been a prisoner over two months.

October 2! Good heavens, that was my birthday!

In the atmosphere in which I had been living, with the pain I then had, in the realization that this was my birthday, I became even more depressed. Partly with ironic laughter, most in despondency, I muttered half aloud:

“And what a hell of a birthday this is!”

Almost at the same moment the door of the ward opened. Two German orderlies entered, supporting between them someone who was obviously seriously wounded. His bandaged hands made him appear to be wearing great white boxing gloves. His head and face were so swathed in bandages that he looked as though he were playing ghost. Only his nose and one eye were visible.

Suddenly he saw me, and he, too, seemed to be seeing a ghost—but a real one. Then, in an utterly astonished voice:

“For the Lord's sake, Alan, I thought you were dead!”

“Not quite yet, old boy. But who the devil are you?”

“I'm Coop.”

It was Merian C. Cooper, a friend from the days at Issoudun. I thought to myself:

" This is a grand old birthday after all ! "

Coop had been shot down in flames. With Eddie Leonard as his observer, he was flying a two-seater D.H.4, powered with a Liberty motor. When his formation was far inside the German lines they were attacked by a group of German pursuit planes. In the rear cockpit, as each German successively swooped down upon them, Eddie was doing his stuff with his machine gun. Coop was maneuvering to give him every advantage. The rattle of Eddie's fire suddenly ceased.

Coop looked back. Eddie had slumped down into his cockpit. His eyes were closed and blood was streaming from his neck. With the remaining machine gun, mounted in a fixed position on the nose of his plane, Coop continued to fight. A few moments later flames broke out in the cockpit about his feet. Coop quickly cut the switch and turned off the gasoline feed. He slipped his plane to the right, to the left, and then down vertically for a thousand feet or more. His maneuver was successful. The rush of air put out the flames, which by this time were lapping about the gasoline tank.

But the flames had spread outside the cockpit. The wing fabric was burning. For several thousand feet he again dived and side-slipped. With wings afire, he managed a landing somewhere in Germany.

His face, scalp, and hands were horribly burned, and he climbed out of the machine and pulled the limp body of Eddie Leonard after him.

It was a miraculous escape for both of them. Eddie was not dead after all. A machine-gun bullet had pierced his neck, entering at the throat, coming out at the back; the bullet had just missed his jugular vein and spinal cord. Wounded, burned, and bandaged, they were a sorry sight indeed as they entered the prison hospital at Trier, but to me they were the most cheerful sight I had seen in months.

AS the weeks wore on, other officers arrived, French, English, and American. Cooper quietly and bravely suffered frightfully from his burns, but tall, heavy-set, dusky Eddie Leonard with his neck pierced through was not even confined to bed. He cheerfully paced the floor, with only a bandage tied around his neck.

Harold Riley, another American, with a leg gashed by a machine-gun bullet, hobbled about the room. Wounded French officers, sitting up in bed, taught us French songs unrelated in text to war, peace, or religion.

A Red Cross box of canned goods addressed to one of us in the hospital filtered through from Switzerland. The contents were carefully divided into equal portions for each of us. [illegible] this day, at least, we could s[illegible] eternal cabbage, sawdus[illegible] acorn coffee provided [illegible] Instead we were se[illegible] ing oatmeal, co[illegible] Java coffee, and American cigarettes. No gourmet ever relished any meal more than we did. No connoisseur ever had less criticism of the food placed before him. No glutton ever ate more greedily. And from the first full puff of a cigarette to the final drag of a worn-out butt we sensed more luxurious contentment than any Oriental ever found in a pipe of opium.

This was our only feast day. During my entire imprisonment no other packages reached us through the Red Cross.

There was an Alsatian orderly in the hospital. Although conscripted in the German army, having been born at Metz, many of his sympathies were with the French. After hours when all but the night nurse were off duty, he would smuggle German newspapers to me. He also brought me a map of the western front. I made an opening in the canvas covering of my mattress and hid the map inside. In the evening I would remove it, read the latest news from the front, and then, with a pencil, mark the daily changes in the position of the lines.

As the end of October approached it became obvious that the Germans were in full retreat, and that complete German defeat was but a question of a month or so at the most.

THEN one night the local newspapers which were brought to me published in screaming headlines the armistice terms offered by President Wilson, including his famous Fourteen Points. The war was approaching an end. Arms were to be laid down. Trier was named as one of the cities to be placed under the American army of occupation.

This meant that within a few weeks, within a month or two at the most, all of us in the prison hospital at Trier would find ourselves under the care of American doctors and nurses.

I was impatient. My confinement became intolerable. As the days wore on I felt I should lose my mind if I had to remain another night hemmed in by the four stark walls of that prison room. Anything to be able to move about. Anything for greater freedom. The fact that an armistice was imminent merely increased my impatience.

I conceived a plan. I would enlist the sympathies of our Alsatian orderly. I took this agreeable and stocky little fellow into my confidence. He agreed to help. He was to bring me a German uniform. On an appointed night at 3 A. M. I was to attempt my escape. All the details were carefully worked out. I was given a diagram of the hospital and its grounds, as well as a plan of the city. X marked the spot where the orderly would engage the guard in conversa-[illegible]he spot where I was [illegible] Z marked a certain [illegible]cks away. [illegible] of ill repute. But [illegible]uld certainly be the [illegible]ace.

HUSBANDS ARE HAPPY
WHEN SMART WIVES
GIVE 'EM PANCAKES
Towle's
LOG CABIN SYRUP
ABSOLUTELY PURE CANE SUGAR AND MAPLE SUGAR
with LOG CABIN SYRUP

You find it only in the genuine Log Cabin Syrup—this special North Woods maple goodness that all men love. And it has just the right body to transform pancakes and waffles into a tender breakfast treat. Be sure to get some today! Children love the funny little people on the Log Cabin Tin. A product of General Foods.

If your druggist does not have the 35c surgical package af Kohler One Night Corn Cure, write today to
KOHLER MFG. CO.
Baltimore, Md.

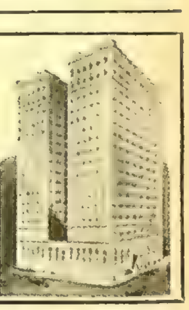
So easy now to
REMOVE
A PAINFUL CORN

EVERYTHING necessary for complete dressings are contained in the little 35¢ surgical package of Kohler One Night Corn Cure. Pain disappears immediately; the soft pad cushions the painful spot from shoe irritation. The salve loosens hard or soft corn tissue so that it may be lifted out entirely. It is a quick, sure, easy way to keep your feet free of painful corns or calluses. Your money promptly refunded if you are dissatisfied with results of the treatment.

15 Minute MEMORY Course $1

You can grasp this easy system in a single reading. Teaches *HOW* to remember names, faces, numbers, facts, how to create mental reminders, etc. Amazing! Send $1 bill. **Bott, Little Rock, Ark.**

When You Visit
PHILADELPHIA
Stop at the
HOTEL
SYLVANIA
Locust below Broad
Moderate & Modern



The orderly broached the subject to the proprietress. She was delighted with the idea. She said it would give her establishment great éclat when the American army arrived.

But my plan had to be deferred. Not only was I still very weak, but the wound from my amputation had not healed. Infection persisted. I required constant medical care, and that could be given only in a hospital. But as soon as I was well enough I intended to make my break for freedom.

Just as I was almost well enough, and only five days before the Armistice, an end was put to the scheme by an evacuation order issued by the German authorities, transferring us to Königsberg in East Prussia.

Five of us were crammed into a railroad compartment —Harold Riley, three French officers, and I. For five days and five nights we ate and had our wounds dressed in that one small space. There was scarcely room to move. There was not room to lie down. When we were able we slept bolt upright. We awoke stiff and discouraged. We did not know where we were going or why.

Harold's blond imperturbability was almost proof against prison and prison trains, bad food, even pain—the gash in his leg was not nearly healed.

One of the Frenchmen, André, scarcely more than a boy, was gaunt and emaciated from months in Trier and the deep wound above his temple. Maurice, another of them, was a melancholy chap who rarely spoke. He had never been wounded, but more than four years in prison camps had left him partially insane.

The third French lieutenant, Jacques, had been before the war a violinist in a Paris café. He told us stories of the boulevards, of the Chat d'Or, his particular café. He mimicked the proprietor, the proprietor's shrewd, jealous wife, the foreigners who struggled with the Parisian tongue. He was never sad except when he thought of his dear and long-absent violin. Yet his right leg had been recently amputated at the hip, and like the rest of us he had to sit twenty-four hours a day. When the train would come to a sudden stop with the mechanical jerk of unoiled wheels, the dark olive of Jacques' face always turned greenish white, and he would clutch the window ledge in agony.

If the stop were a station, German orderlies would come in with bandages and disinfectants. Their dressings were as careful or as hasty as time would allow.

Gaunt, hungry-eyed soldiers, who existed upon the same food which they fed us, would sullenly follow the orderlies and offer us tin cups of acorn coffee and hunks of sawdust bread.

If there were time Harold and I would get out of the compartment and walk up and down the dreary station platforms. Over a hundred wounded enlisted men were traveling with us. They had been herded pitilessly into box cars. The ones who were well enough would struggle to the doors and greedily sniff the air. We could hear the groans and the curses of the others.

WHY this evacuation from Trier had ever taken place I do not know. I had known that an armistice was imminent from the meager dispatches in the newspapers which were smuggled to me every night by the hospital orderly. I also knew that Trier had been designated as one of the cities to fall within the occupied area. The German authorities certainly knew as much as I.

If we had been allowed to remain in the hospital at Trier all of us would have been placed under the care of Allied doctors and nurses within a few days after the signing of the Armistice. Almost at once the burden of our care and expense would have been shifted from German shoulders.

There was only one unexpected interruption in the phantasmagoria of futility. One night, I don't know which one it was, we stopped at an unlighted station. The compartment door opened, but instead of the orderly an officer whose boots shone, whose spiked helmet glittered, saluted us. “ You are my prisoners,” he said.

He was a Prussian. A captain. Maurice glared and clenched his fists. He did not know what to expect.

The officer continued: “ Therefore you will obey my orders, gentlemen. The first is to follow me; the second is that tonight we shall speak no word of the war.”

We followed him out of the train, down the long, dark platform. We didn't know where we were going, but even Maurice relaxed somewhat, for the Prussian captain was gallantly assisting Jacques with his crutches.

A lighted building loomed in front of us, and our captor flung open the door.

“ Welcome, gentlemen. This is the officers' mess. You are my guests.”

It was warm and it was clean. It was bright. The air was fresh. He led us to the table, gave orders to a mess attendant who was slavishly awaiting them. Wine appeared almost instantly. And white bread. We had not seen white bread since that day in the hospital when the box came through from Switzerland. There was a clean tablecloth. The gleam of silver newly shined and polished glass. The wine was no *vin ordinaire* but one of the light and delicious Rhine wines. We decided that our captor must be a man of importance as well as substance to produce such a vintage at this time in war-devastated Germany. We were more than ever convinced when the Wiener Schnitzel arrived. No German chef could have concocted such a dish unless he had been inspired by more than orders.

The captain raised his glass. “ To my guests.”

We raised ours. A thin smile twisted over André's bitter mouth. Tears stood in Jacques' eyes. “ To our gallant host! ”

He thanked us and shook his head. “ I was a student at Oxford before this—this unfortunate trouble which we have pledged not to mention tonight. I had many close friends there. I have lived much in Paris. There, too, I had friends. Why should not friends break a journey by dining together? ”

I HAVE often wondered since who our host was. He did not tell us. He gave us no opportunity to ask. How had he known we were on the train? Possibly he was in charge of the movements of hospital trains through the district. But that was only a surmise.

The whole episode seemed unreal. Back in the compartment that night, we were too well content from savory food and excellent wine to look deeply into any cause.

It was Maurice who made the most pertinent comment when he pounded his good knee emphatically and exclaimed, “ Our friend the enemy! ”

It was November 12, the day after the Armistice, a cold gray day, when we arrived at our destination, Königsberg, in East Prussia, on the Baltic, only thirty miles from Russia. The four of us were hurried into an ambulance. But we were happy. This would probably be our last ambulance ride. The Armistice had been declared. We could go to a hotel, have a hot bath and a clean bed, and once more enjoy freedom. Freedom! The word sang in our souls.

Our destination turned out to be another prison hospital. But even that did not depress us. Of course we should have to be formally released; everything in order. We were taken upstairs to another one of those chill hospital rooms. Harold, whose wound had begun to reinfect, Jacques, and André, the Frenchman with the wound in his head, were all ordered to bed. They had suffered severely from the trip.

Even then I did not understand what was happening. The obvious thing was to give them immediate care. My wound had to be dressed, but beyond that I needed fresh air and exercise. So as soon as medical preliminaries had been gone through, I asked permission to take a walk.

“ But, lieutenant,” the nurse assured me gravely, “ you cannot leave the room.” She was little and dark and very kind. Afterward I discovered that Elizabeth was not German but Polish.

I was astonished, and angrier than I had been in days.

[illegible] to the doctor.”

[illegible] “ But I don't think it will do

[illegible] of the colonel, the *Herr*

[illegible]

[illegible] -minded, intelligent

in[illegible] ghted eyes blink-

ing[illegible] st as Elizabeth had predicted. He could do nothing. He was more than willing to take me to the *Herr Oberst,* but I knew that he doubted any good would come of it.

The *Herr Oberst* was Prussian from the shine of his brightly polished boots to his gleaming eyeglass. His head was shaven and his neck was thick.

"Lieutenant?" he inquired coldly, and waited.

I tried to summon all my dignity, which could not have been much. I was still wearing the same uniform in which I had crashed. Somewhere along the line my coat had been laundered, with the result that the khaki had shrunk. The left sleeve was gone, and that had been replaced with a new white-linen sleeve. The cream breeches were intact, except for a ragged gash across one knee. My leggings were the blue of a French soldier's, my shoes were the heavy hobnailed shoes of the German private, and for headgear I had been supplied with one of those ridiculous bérets of the Chasseurs Alpins. Altogether I looked like an international patchwork quilt.

I explained to the Prussian that an armistice had been declared. As I understood this armistice, all prisoners were to be repatriated as soon as possible. Until that time they were to enjoy the freedom of the German cities in which they were domiciled. Why, then, were we treated as prisoners? I wanted to be released at once, and I wanted the same consideration for my four fellow officers.

He stared insolently at me through the monocle.

I went on, eloquent in my excitement:

"I am wounded, that is true, but I am not in the same state as the chaps I've been traveling with. One of them will lose his mind permanently unless something is done for him. The rest should have not only medical attention for their wounds, but fresh air, sunshine, good food. And there must be at least a hundred wounded soldiers who need the same!"

AGAIN he stared at me. "There may have been an armistice, lieutenant, but in Königsberg there is revolution. The red flag is raised. I can do nothing for you. I have my orders from the *Herr General.* If you wish to write a letter to him, that letter will be forwarded." He saluted to indicate that my audience was terminated.

I wrote the letter. In the next six weeks I wrote five more. In fact, those letters became regular events, with the little Polish nurse getting pen and ink for me and supplying my lapses in German while she watched sympathetically over my shoulder. Each time I outlined the situation. I explained as courteously as possible my understanding of the Armistice; that we were asking for no more than our rights. I also explained that our physical condition demanded freedom—if we were ever to recover. Each time Elizabeth gave the letter to the doctor. Each time the doctor promised—and did give my letter to the *Herr Oberst.* Each time exactly nothing happened. For six weeks since the Armistice I had seen no sunlight except those few rays which found their way through the high barred window that faced the bleak courtyard with its shuddering bare trees. For six weeks the prison fare had been the same as in Trier.

Unlike the food, the medical attention was excellent. Elizabeth was skillful and up-to-date in her care. She was a trained nurse. But in spite of her care the close confinement had told upon all of us. Maurice's nerves, already unstrung from years of imprisonment, had revolted against further imprisonment. He had lost his mind completely, and had to be moved into a separate room, from which we sometimes heard his fear-maddened shrieks.

HAROLD, who was recovering rapidly before we left Trier, was still in bed, as were Jacques and André. My wound had not healed, but I was stronger than the rest. At least I was allowed to pace up and down in the narrow space between the cots and the wall.

"Aye, aye, Captain Winslow! How goes it aboard the S.S. Königsberg?" Jacques would greet me. "There's a high sea running today, eh, captain?"

He was the only one of us whose spirit never flagged. He imitated the solemn bespectacled doctor behind his stooped back. He chaffed Elizabeth in inadequate German. "What tunes I could make for you, Elizabeth, if I but had my fiddle! You would not waste your time on these other fellows," he would tell her. "Your heart would be chained with my music!"

Elizabeth always smiled enigmatically. "One day we shall see about that, Herr Kreisler!"

Then one chill morning late in December she came to me with a light of excitement in her large dark eyes.

"Al-an, I have orders. Guess? The *Herr Doktor* says that I may open the door to my bird cage. Yes! Today you may go for a long walk."

At a dark corner of the stairs, on my way out of the hospital, she stopped me, her finger on her lips. She had to stand on tiptoe to reach my ear. She was a little thing, Elizabeth.

"Meet me there in ten minutes, Al-an!" she whispered.

She had called me Al-an for weeks. She handed me a slip of paper with an address, and then she disappeared silently up the dark stairway.

The address was not a block away. A tall, very clean gray house. I rang the bell and Elizabeth herself answered the door.

"Quickly," she said, "come in here. The servants must not see you, but I had to tell you something!"

No Parachutes will be concluded in Liberty next week.

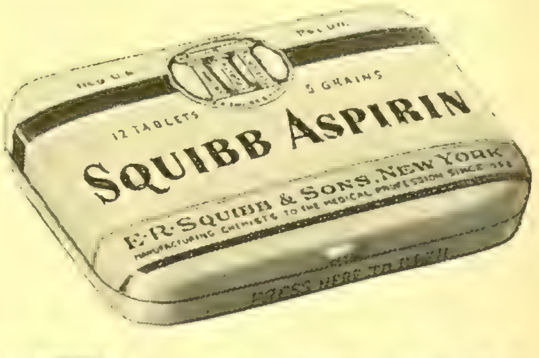
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

1—He was 600 years old.
2—A chain of about 500 islands in the Pacific Ocean south of Guam.
3—Julius Cæsar.
4—The Connecticut.
5—The White House, the corner stone of which was laid in 1792.
6—Oyster beds and the large numbers of waterfowl.
7—Shakespeare.
8—In 79 A.D. when Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried.
9—A Mongol warrior (1162-1227) whose kingdom at his death stretched from the Volga to the Pacific and from Siberia to the Persian Gulf.
10—Between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, noted for its high tides, often more than fifty feet.
11—An English criminal and thief catcher; hanged in 1725; subject of a satire by Fielding.
12—The destruction of three United States and two German warships in the harbor of Apia Upolu, in the hurricane of 1889.
13—No.
14—Henry Greathead, 1790.
15—At Cape York, Greenland.
16—The name was derived from Ruthenia as a name for Russia, the metal having been found in the Ural Mountains.
17—Thomas Middleton (1570-1627).
18—The exterior wooden rim, or segment of it, of a wheel, supported by the spokes.
19—One who gives a present in expectation of receiving one in return.
20—From strass, a brilliant lead glass, so named after its inventor, a German jeweler.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

(*question on page 29*)

The aspirin tablet customarily used is 5 grains. Squibb Aspirin tablets are 5 grains, so marked on the box or bottle, and held to exactness of grainage by rigid laboratory control. Thus, when you take a Squibb Aspirin tablet, you *know* that you are getting the dosage indicated—another assurance of Safety and another reason for saying—



"SQUIBB ASPIRIN, *Please!*"

WRITERS Attention!

$10,000 has been set aside for unknown authors

Another Great First Story Offer!

This Time Liberty Wants Serials

LAST winter LIBERTY weekly made an unprecedented offer to unknown writers. It set aside $5,000 with which to purchase short stories by writers who had yet to make their first mark in the world of fictional literature. In making this offer LIBERTY was simply expressing its faith in the rising generation of writers who are working so earnestly to attain success in their chosen field. And results proved LIBERTY'S faith to be amply justified, for through that offer a collection of amazingly fine stories was secured which during the months to come will delight the great LIBERTY reader audience and bring recognition to many aspiring but, until now, unknown writers who otherwise might have remained in obscurity for years to come.

Indeed, so thoroughly satisfied is the LIBERTY Editorial Staff with the results of last winter's "first story" campaign that it has been decided to make a similar offer this winter, except that instead of seeking short stories, this time we want novel-length stories suitable for publication in LIBERTY as serials—i. e., from 20,000 to 100,000 words in length, so plotted and written as to break readily into installments of about 7,000 words each.

A BASIC fund of $10,000 has been set aside with which to purchase the serial rights to such novel-length stories by unknown writers. Nor does LIBERTY restrict itself to an expenditure of only $10,000. More will be spent if sufficient stories of the length, form, and quality we seek are submitted.

Under this offer LIBERTY is willing to pay $5,000 for a single story and not less than $1,000 will be paid for any story accepted. Stories will be read by the editors of LIBERTY for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and suitability for publication in LIBERTY in serial form.

Let your story possess the proper qualifications and the fact that you are unknown, instead of acting as a barrier to your success, *may mean the sale of your story and put you well on the road to literary recognition.*

On the other hand, LIBERTY insists on having quality for its money. It will not buy a single story that does not come fully up to its high editorial standard. To do otherwise would be to betray the confidence of the millions who read it every week.

So, if you are ambitious and really have talent, here is your glittering chance to crash the gates of fame. At least three and probably more aspiring writers will have the unutterable thrill of seeing their first novels appear in LIBERTY—out of darkness into sunshine at a single step—from the trough to the crest of the wave in the twinkling of an eye—from obscurity to fame as by the waving of a magic wand. Can you afford to miss this opportunity?

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 20,000 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted incomplete will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of the first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of the first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY FIRST STORY EDITOR, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail or express, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage or expressage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Inclose return postage or expressage in the same envelope as the manuscript. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, March 30, 1933.

The matter of eligibility is simple. The offer is open to anyone who never has had a book of fiction published, sold a serial of 20,000 or more words to a nationally circulated periodical or to a newspaper that syndicates its material. Nothing else will count against you. The fact that you may have sold stories, of whatever length, to your high-school or college papers or magazine, to a local newspaper, or even if you have sold an occasional serious article to a more pretentious publication does not disqualify you. But the editors of LIBERTY reserve the right to decide your status upon information you agree to furnish upon request.

IF you have manuscripts on hand of stories you feel are worthy of appearing in LIBERTY and which fall within the specifications set forth above, send them in at once. If you have the plot of such a story in your mind, write the story in full and send it in. There is no limit to the number of stories you may submit—no limit to the degree of success and fame you may gain through this opportunity.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of LIBERTY, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

This offer is now open and will continue to be open until the close of business on Thursday, March 30, 1933. In submitting manuscripts be sure to follow the detailed instructions appearing elsewhere on this page.

REMEMBER—THIS OFFER CLOSES ON MARCH 30th

TO THE Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 30 seconds.)

MAETERLINCK asked Mary Garden to let him take a photograph of her soul. Taking spooky pictures of the soul is one of his tricks. Mary Garden had just sung his opera, Pelléas and Mélisande.

“ I wouldn't go near his camera,” she declared when she told me about this at tea time the other day.

Mary Garden

“ My soul is strictly private,” she said. “ I've never seen it myself. I certainly wasn't going to have somebody else fooling around with it.”

Independent through and through, she is one star who disapproves of stardom. Believes every player on the stage ought to be good, and that none ought to shine so brightly as to dim the others. She's strong-minded. Smokes cigarettes all summer, when she's not singing. Stops the very day her vacation ends. Gets a kick out of saying, “ This is the last smoke of summer,” putting out her cigarette, knowing she won't touch another until next year. Spends her vacations in old clothes on the island of Corsica, where Napoleon came from. Was born in Scotland, was brought to this country as a child. Grew up here and developed a lively appetite for mischief. Recently was vexed when puritanism prevailed upon Noel Coward's management to cut out some of the naughtier lines in his play, Design for Living.

“ I got Noel on the phone,” she told me. “ I said, ‘ Noel, I'm going to your show. I want you to put every one of those lines back in just for tonight, so I can hear them.’ ”

WITH all kinds of sentimental bait we try to recapture the joys of childhood. Particularly are we inclined to yearn for certain bygone eatables that we knew when we were young.

I was amused to hear about a man who wants to taste pickled samphire again, although he recalls it, he says, as something “ not much to rave about.”

The flavor of infancy comes back to me when I recollect *thunder-and-lightning*—a morbid concoction of buttered bread smothered with molasses and topped by a splendid hump of Devonshire cream. Incredible mess!

Various friends have informed me that their memories of childhood smack of cherry dumplings, candied flagroot, or blood oranges, or pigeon pie, etc. I wonder how many of those lost delights would taste as good to us now as we think they would?

LOOKING younger because you look older—that is a happy paradox not many achieve. Yet I have seen it work.

About a year ago I met a woman who came originally from a small town. In the city she was a typical success; knew famous folk by the dozen, went to parties galore, gave countless parties at her smart little flat. There was a vague job in the background—the sort of job that means lunching and dining, bringing people together, pulling obscure strings, appearing always very busy, wise, and important.

Around her hung an admiring circle of men, city men, business men. Attracting them was an essential part of her job. That was why she struggled so hard to look and act no older than thirty. A tired thirty it was, a tense, nerve-driven thirty—but she managed it.

Last autumn she picked her man. “ Money, of course,” said her cattier friends, for he was neither young nor handsome. But her friends were wrong. The man was quite poor. She married him and disappeared.

A few weeks ago they came to town, called me up, and I went to see them.

“ Yes, we've got a farm,” she said. “ We live in the country—for keeps—and I am really happy for the first time in years.”

She looks it. She is frankly forty now, rested and comfortable. She actually looks younger, seems younger than she did when she “ looked thirty.”

A LAST year's bride writes sorrowfully of the fruit stains that are disgracing, one by one, the fine pieces of table linen she had in her hope chest. Here are two old-wives' remedies that may help her:

Keep some powdered starch in a salt shaker. Sprinkle it on a fresh fruit stain. Leave the starch on until the stain dries, then brush off and finish cleaning with salt and lemon juice. For old stains, try rubbing with glycerin. Leave for an hour, then pour boiling water through the soiled spot. Launder in the usual way.

WHAT has become of our downright woman-haters? It's been years since I've heard a man lambaste our sex from A to Z. I knew one like that who used to say, “ A mare ain't a horse, and a woman ain't human.” We have lots of critics left, many of them severe, but the haters seem to be gone. What happened to them?

FOR lunch or supper, do you know about chicken curry, Bombay style, served with hot rice muffins and India chutney? You can make it on an electric grill.

Shred the meat, removing all bones and skin. Use half a roast bird or a medium-sized can of chicken. In your pan melt a lump of butter as big as an egg. Put in ½ apple, chopped, and 1 teaspoon chopped onion. Fry for a few minutes, then add 1 tablespoon shredded coconut, ¼ teaspoon English mustard. 1 tablespoon curry powder. 1 heaping teaspoon flour. Cook for 3 minutes, then add 1 cup chicken broth. Stir well, and when it boils add the chicken. Simmer 10 minutes. Put in 3 tablespoons thick cream. Salt to taste. Serve immediately.

FIVE DAYS

An Understanding Bishop—Carlotta to the Rescue—The Good Samaritans—Payton Revolts

(Reading time: 28 minutes 50 seconds.)

THIS is the story of the hilarious adventures of Beadle Preece and a group of friends on board a stolen yacht. Beadle has been informed by his broker, Milton Sands, that his fortune has been wiped out in Wall Street. Swazey, a burglar, comes along and suggests that he take something of Sands', so they steal his yacht, the Electra. Then they pick up Mary Winlock, a girl from a shanty scow, Harris Payton, a society man, Carlotta Townsend, who has always hated Beadle, and Bishop Hartley. They cruise to Newport and decide to intrude on all the people they have disliked. The whole party go to a ball being given by a banker, and Beadle suddenly realizes that he no longer hates Carlotta, and decides to celebrate by becoming corned.

PART SEVEN—BEADLE'S CELEBRATION

BEADLE was about halfway through his pickling process when Payton came over to the table and asked Mary to dance. He was a little farther along when Bishop Hartley, who had been wandering around with Mrs. Plant, spied him alone and came over. Beadle greeted him listlessly. The bishop looked at him closely.

"Are you celebrating something?" he asked. "Or consoling yourself about something?"

"Consoling 'self." Beadle pushed the bottle toward the bishop. "Want console yourself too?"

"Here," said Hartley to himself, "is a young man who needs help. I will help him." Aloud he said, "Thank you, yes," and took a little of the wine. "What are you consoling yourself about?"

"'Bout Payton."

"Payton? He doesn't seem to need consoling about."

"No man," said Beadle thickly, "no man who marries bank roll has any fun. He doesn' suspect himself an' nobody else suspects him."

"Isn't that all right? Not to have anyone suspect you?"

Beadle shook his head.

"No-no-no-no-no; 'sawful!" He pointed a finger at the bishop. "Might happen to you—might happen to me—you can't ever tell who it mightn't happen to!"

"No, I suppose you can't," said Bishop Hartley.

Beadle sighed and, putting his hand Napoleonically across his breast, bowed his head. Presently he raised his eyes again. Hartley noticed they seemed quite cheerful now.

"What were we talking 'bout, bish?"

Beadle had become so confused in his explanation that he couldn't for the life of him remember what it was he was trying to explain, and not being able to remember that made it impossible for him to remember why he felt so grief-stricken. The corning cure had worked one hundred per cent. He really felt quite cheerful.

"Good old bish!"

"Good old Beadle!" said Hartley.

"*Good* old bish!"

"*Good* old Beadle!"

Beadle grinned affectionately at Hartley, who should have been outraged and wasn't, being at the moment more man than cleric.

"You're not really old, bish—that's just an expression, you know, sir."

"I know."

Beadle grew thoughtful again.

"My, there're lot of expressions."

"There get to be more all the time," said Hartley, obligingly entering into the spirit of the thing.

"Like babies," said Beadle. "How many do you s'pose there are?"

"At the last census I believe there were about fifty million."

"Then there're only forty-nine million nine hunnert an' ninety-nine thousan' an' ninety-nine now!"

"Why?"

Beadle laughed uproariously.

"'Cause we just used one—aha, you didn' think I'd know why, did you?"

"Used one? What do you mean, used one?"

"We just called you old bish—that's one expression. I wonder—I wonder how long it would take us to use up all the nine hunnert thousan' nine hunnert an' ninety-nine others. How long do you think?"

"Too long," said Hartley, who was beginning to be worried.

"It'd be nice if we could, though—there wouldn' be any left then—people would have the hell of a time until they made new ones."

"It wouldn't be fair."

"You're right!" said Beadle. "You're dead right, sir. Probably wasn' nice of us to take that one when all over the world people are going hungry in Serbia."

"Why Serbia?" said the bishop.

"Just happened to think of it." Beadle, having exhausted that subject, glanced around him at the ballroom. As he looked he saw the glint of lights on bright copper hair. He jumped to his feet and almost upset the table. "S'long, bish; I got to see a man."

Madelaine was not surprised when he cut in on her. You could have bowled her over with a feather when he promptly squeezed her and said, "Hi, Goldie ol' kid, ol' kid, ol' kid, ol' kid!"

Beadle felt he had found a treasure. Madelaine was not like Mary and Carlotta, who said strange things and were upsetting and whose motives he couldn't understand. Madelaine's motives were thoroughly obvious. Quick as light he snapped her down to the second terrace.

Bishop Hartley, finding himself alone, mopped his brow. The conversation had been wearing, but on the whole he'd rather enjoyed it. It isn't often that a bishop is given the opportunity of joining in such a discussion.

Presently he chuckled, thinking of his recent confab, and went in search of Carlotta. He had an idea Beadle might need watching after a while and Carlotta would probably know how to cope with the situation. He chuckled again.

"How long would it take us to . . ." Then he put his hand to his chin in thought. "Something's happened to that boy," he said aloud. "I—I must help him—or get Carlotta to help him."

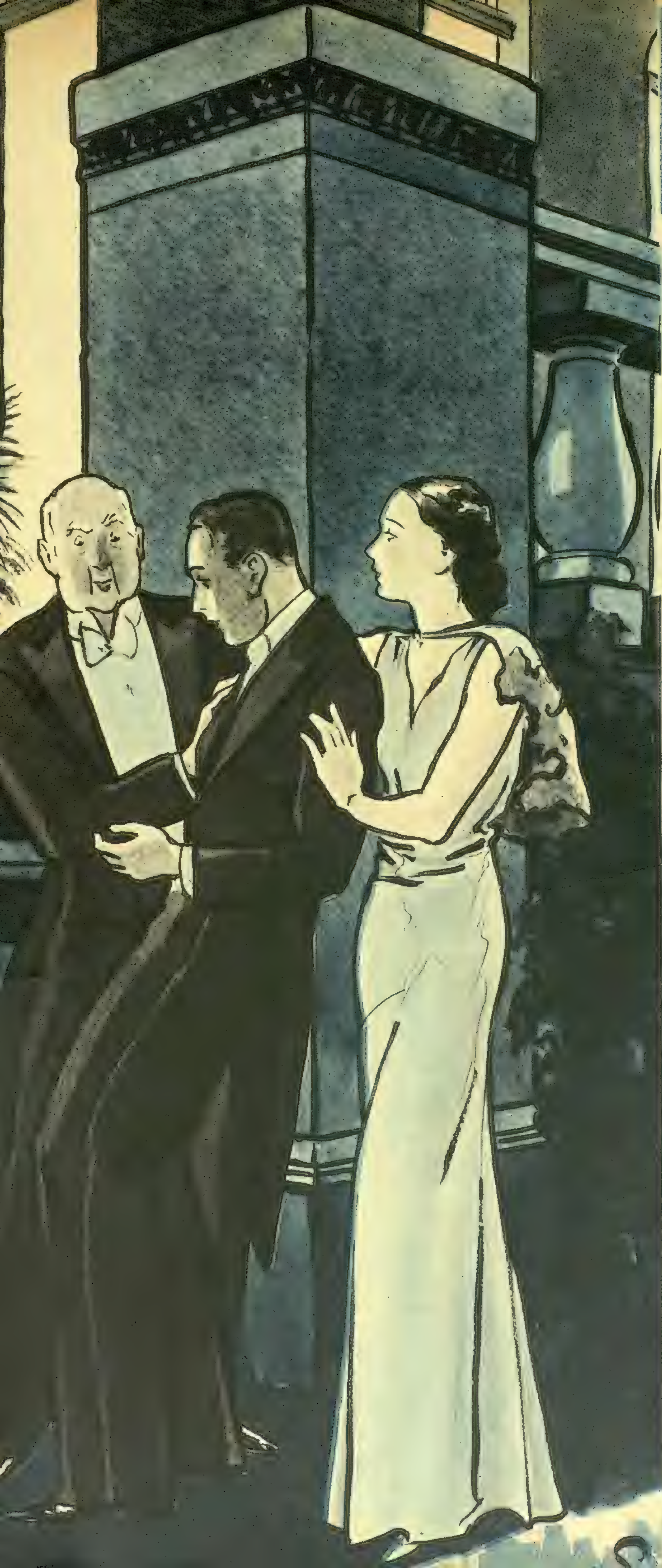
He wandered on through the house and found her finally in the drawing-room. She and Swazey and James Arthur were sitting around a table having supper. Swazey saw him coming and waved his napkin. "Hi, bish! Come an' wittle wit' us—come an' wittle wit' us!"

Hartley approached.

"Dis is my friend Mr. Arthur. I t'ought a while back

By
ERIC HATCH

Illustrations by
F. W. Swain



He felt Carlotta's arm tighten around him, then he heard her say, "Why not get corned, if you felt lousy?"

he was all wet, but he's oke. A hunnert per cent. Meet de bish, Pinky."

The bishop bowed and shook hands with James Arthur. Then he said, "Excuse me," and leaned over to whisper to Carlotta.

He said, "I think you'd better come. Something's happened to Beadle." He was rather astonished to see that her face went white and the laughter that had been in her eyes while Swazey was doing the honors vanished. He said, "No, my dear, he isn't hurt—as a matter of fact he's having a wonderful time; but he's very, very intoxicated."

"Beadle really lit? Good heaven!"

"Like the stars and moon. I sat with him for a few minutes. He wanted to see if we could use up all the expressions in the world so there wouldn't be any left for anyone else to use. Then he jumped up and went into the ballroom and grabbed a young lady by the middle and practically carried her into the garden."

"Was it Mary?"

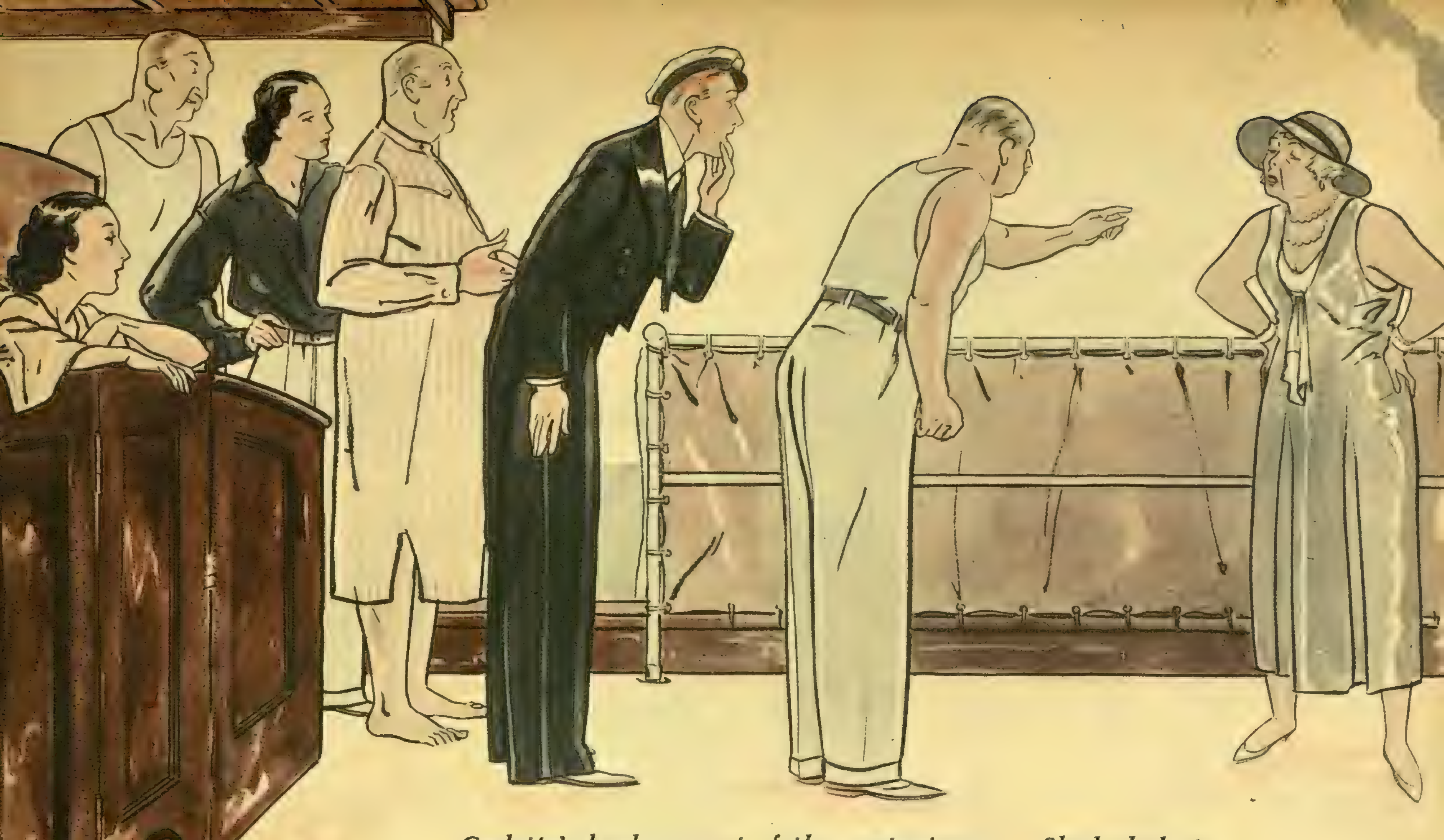
"Oh, no; it was a very tall girl with—with pretty red hair. She—she seemed to—to want to go to the garden with him. I mean, when he grabbed her she looked surprised but pleased."

CARLOTTA was on her feet. About her mouth was an expression her mother would have found familiar; as a child she had looked that way when her brother had occasionally tried to swipe her favorite rag doll. Carlotta knew all about Madelaine.

"I really think, Carlotta, you'd better look after him." The bishop chuckled again. "There was nothing in my training to equip me for it."

"*I'll* look after him!" said Carlotta.

Bishop Hartley glanced sharply at her. Although he had never been married, in the course of his duties he had had occasion closely to observe a great many people who were. With some surprise he recognized the tone of voice and tried to connect it with whatever it was that had happened to Beadle to start him off. He wasn't able to. A sadly puzzled bishop, he followed Carlotta from the drawing-room, and through the quarter mile of reception rooms to the ballroom, followed in the wake she made through the thinning crowd of dancers to the first terrace, where he should have stopped but didn't, followed her with lengthening stride down the steps to the second terrace, where there was a bench that overlooked the sea and the full moon over it, and where, silhouetted against the moon, there sat a



Carlotta's head rose out of the companionway. She looked at Payton and called out: "Sick 'em, Prince—he bit your father!"

lady and gentleman who plainly were rubbing noses.

When Beadle took Madelaine on to the terrace he had the *idée fixe:* he wanted to squeeze her. As Madelaine was both kissable and squeezable, Beadle put in a busy quarter of an hour. In a sense it was a love scene. In another sense it wasn't, for there had been no conversation at all.

Beadle had a rollicking time throughout the scene. He had never been properly lit before and was finding the sensation pleasant. It made him forget about the money and about Carlotta and Payton, and it made him feel strong—made him feel a regular hell of a fellow, a thruster, a dasher, a grizzly bear of a man who took his fun where he found it.

He was just about to take a little more fun where he was finding it when the gleam of moonlight on a white satin dress caught his attention. The white satin dress was so near he could have reached out and touched it. He looked up and found himself staring full into those brown eyes that were the kind of eyes it is good for a man to look into when he greets the new day but not at all good for him to look into when he's so cockeyed he can't tell which two of the four of them to focus on. He sat up straight as a ramrod, with the result that Madelaine, who had been leaning against him, caught her balance with difficulty.

Then Beadle's mind and senses began to go. The drink was winning out at last. He saw Carlotta and the moon and the ocean and the trees on the cliff all as one, with the bishop hovering in the air somewhere in the background. He saw Carlotta's eyes far away; then they seemed to come forward and grow bigger and bigger until he couldn't see anything but them—alive and glowing. "Know I'm drunk," he thought—"know I'm drunk—awful for her to have seen me this way—Carlotta—beautiful—wouldn't be out here with Madelaine if hadn't got drunk—got drunk because Carlotta's got so much money can't marry her. That's why Payton gets drunk. But I couldn't be like Harris Payton—can't even tell her 'bout it—can't tell."

Things were spinning now—the lawn, the bench, the bishop and Carlotta—spinning and spinning in great circles. All the moons up there were spinning too. He stood up. Madelaine had already risen; she rested her hand lightly on his arm.

"Come on; let's go in, Beadle," she said with a smile.

He was holding on to the bench, trying hard to keep his balance. Being drunk wasn't fun any more—it was frightening; too much light and then too much darkness all around. He shook his head.

"Can't," he said. "Can't go in."

"*Au 'voir,* Beadly—see you anon."

Madelaine, stately and tall and entirely unruffled, swept up the stairway toward the house. Beadle closed his eyes and held them tight shut. The bishop whirling around the moon, and Carlotta's eyes shrinking into the distance and then growing again, troubled him.

"Carlotta." He was fighting to keep his words straight and to stand. "Carlotta, you—you wouldn't understand."

IT was the classic line, but Beadle was too inexperienced to know that all men when in drink think the women they are fond of couldn't possibly understand the shining thoughts they would express if they could only manage to speak distinctly enough to be intelligible. It is probably man's greatest fallacy, because the women understand only too well without their bothering to speak.

"Judas, Carlotta! I—I—"

He started to fall. Bishop Hartley, for all his lack of training, stepped quietly forward and put his arm around Beadle's shoulders.

"Steady, Beadle."

Beadle opened his eyes and smiled at him.

"Good old bish! We know, don't we, bish?"

"Sure! We know!"

Carlotta hadn't spoken. When she'd arrived on that terrace she'd planned a few things to say to Beadle that would have singed the clothes off his back about escorts who go off and get cockeyed and make whoopee with other ladies. Somehow, since she'd arrived on the scene she had realized that there was something behind it—something he wanted to get across to her that would explain it—and some eerie intuition told her it had something to do with her.

"I just used up another expression, bish."

"That's all right; there are plenty to go around—use still another if you like."

"Oke!" said Beadle. "Which one shall I use?"

"You just did—you said 'Oke'; that counts as one."

"How many are there left now?"

"Forty-nine million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven."

Carlotta stepped forward. She too put an arm around him. She was sure now that Hartley was right—that something which to Beadle was of tremendous importance had happened. She said, "Whatever it is, kid, I'm with you! Let's shove off, shall we?"

"*You're* with me?"

Beadle stared at her. For a second the clouds lifted. Her arm felt strong and warm and friendly on his shoulders. He wanted terribly to tell her that he loved her and couldn't possibly have her and that was why he'd got tight.

"You see, Carlotta—I didn't know until tonight, but—"

The mists closed in again and the lawn began to dance.

"You're swell!" he said. "I'm sorry I got corned! Truly I am!"

He felt Carlotta's arm tighten around him, heard her say, "Why the hell not get corned, if you felt lousy?" and heard her whisper to the bishop: "Go find Payton. Tell him to tell Swazey and Mary we're going on—I'll send the car back for you."

He heard the bishop, as though he were speaking from up in the clouds where he'd been whirling, answer, "Can you manage it? He's pretty heavy." And Carlotta say, "Beadle will manage it himself; I'll just stick with him and steer."

HE looked into Carlotta's eyes again and said, "You're swell!" Then he set his teeth and unaided walked with her to the front of the house, and stood while she went in and got her wrap, and then gave her his arm as the car drove up, and she got in and then he got in beside her. As the car started he said, "Thanks for thinking I *could* make it under my own power."

Things were whirling again. He let his head slip down on to her shoulder and unconsciously reached for her hand. She helped him find it.

"You poor slob," she said. "Had a hell of a time lately, haven't you!"

He opened his eyes and smiled at her. The whirling wasn't so bad now that he didn't have to stand up and face people; it was sort of comfortable. He shook his head as it lay on her shoulder.

"No. You're swell."

He sighed and drifted off to sleep. The car turned into Belleview Avenue, where lights shone in through the windows. Carlotta looked at him. Not being married to him, she felt motherly and kindly and really quite tenderly toward this man who lay as helpless as a rag doll against her shoulder. . . .

Beadle was surprised to find he was drinking coffee, because he couldn't remember having started to drink coffee. He was also mildly surprised to find he was sitting up in his own bed aboard the Electra and that Carlotta Townsend, in a negligee and with cold cream smeared all over her face,

"CHET" MILLER'S THOUGHTS
WHILE SCALING PIKE'S PEAK IN RECORD TIME
• • IN A TERRAPLANE SIX • •

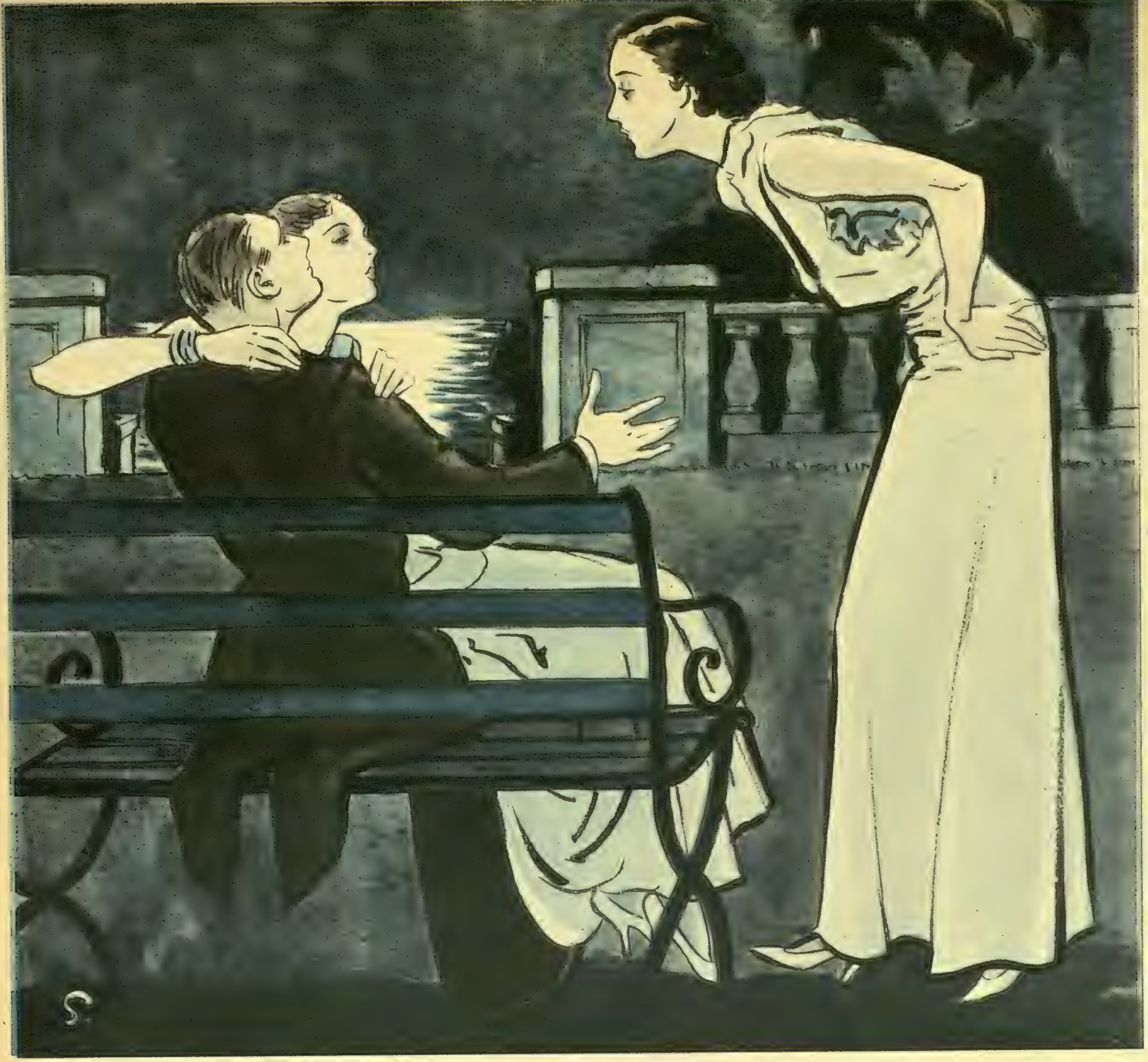
"They tell me Terraplaning's next to airplaning • • all right, baby, you've got to live up to that name • • the *gun* • • boy • • feel those Champion Spark Plugs bite into that mixture • • no wonder all these hellbenders around here use 'em • • up we go • • there's more driving in this 9000 foot climb than in 100 miles at Indianapolis • • Champions have all the records there, so we've *got* to break this one • • listen to those tires scream • • and the Terraplane engine sings an airplane song • • I'll throw her into this curve hard • • squeal you climbing Terraplane squeal • • what a murderous test of a car this is • • here's that wicked switchback • • bend yourself around this one • • and the Terraplane zooms on and up • • look where we are • • air's a little thin • • guess those Champions would fire any mixture, though • • not a sputter or a split second miss • • we're almost there Terraplane • • higher in high gear than any car has ever gone before on this little old hill • • the top's in sight • • fire away Champions • • another wicked turn • • the flag • • we're over the top • • with Champion plugs this car climbs like a mountain goat • • what's my time? • • What? • • 21 minutes, 20.9 seconds • • whoopee, a new all time stock car record for Hudson. And another record for Champion • • here boy, take a wire to the Champion Spark Plug Company."

GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUG
CHAMPION
This patented shape provides Champion *Extra Range* performance.

Mr. S. G. Baits, Chief Engineer of the Hudson Motor Car Company, says of Champion Spark Plugs: "We have selected Champion Spark Plugs for Hudson-Essex cars because of their outstanding record for better performance and dependability."

CHAMPION
EXTRA RANGE
SPARK PLUGS

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO; WINDSOR, ONTARIO



He sat up straight as a ramrod, with the result that Madelaine caught her balance with difficulty.

was sitting on the edge of his bed holding the cup to his lips.

He tried to reconstruct, remembered he had been terrifically blotto that same night, found he couldn't remember anything else about the evening except having a long, serious talk with Bishop Hartley, and was tremendously surprised and pleased to find he was entirely sober and didn't feel really badly at all but just comfortably drowsy. He smiled at Carlotta and said, " Hello."

" Hello, dopey," said Carlotta.

" Why don't I feel like death? "

" On account of Nammack's Magic Powders. I gave you a couple when we came aboard."

" Hungh? " said Beadle, and wiggled his toes. It felt good to be conscious once more that he had toes and could wiggle them.

" Nammack is a doctor," said Carlotta. " I call him Charlie and he whips up magic powders."

" Magic powders—why? "

" For people like you."

" Oh," said Beadle, finally catching on. " What happened? I mean, how did I get out to the boat and everything? "

" In the launch."

" I—walked? "

" Sure." (It wasn't true.)

" I got myself to bed? " His voice shook a little.

" Sure," said Carlotta again.

Beadle looked across at the dresser and knew she was lying. He always hung his trousers in the top drawer so they'd press, and they weren't there. He thought it was nice of her to try and make him feel better about what had happened. He sat up straight.

" Did you put me to bed? "

" IF you must know, the bishop of the diocese put you to bed, Beadle. I intended to spare you the knowledge, but he doesn't hold it against you. He's quite a booster of yours, apparently."

" Even after tonight? " Beadle began to remember snatches of his chat with the bishop. He thought he'd feel funny next time he saw him.

" As a matter of fact," said Carlotta, " he seemed to think you'd shown extraordinarily good sense in getting potted. In his own words as he smoothed the pillow under your little head, you'd apparently ' suffered a cataclysmic emotional upheaval ' and were ' employing the logical means of self-preservation.' It was over my head. I said to him, ' Nuts, Hartley,' but he insisted he was right."

" Oh," said Beadle. He remembered clearly now how he'd happened to go off the deep end.

Carlotta lowered the coffeecup.

"Did you suffer a cataclysmic emotional upheaval?"

He couldn't answer. He couldn't possibly answer. He said, "It was nice of you to—to take care of me."

"Somebody had to."

The sound of the club launch heading toward the Electra came to them. It stopped by the gangway and Beadle recognized Payton's voice thanking the launchman. Then, when the launch had gone, he heard him say, "Thanks for tonight, Mary."

"You-all are thankin' *me?*" Then: "I haven't done anythin' for you."

"You've done—you've done—" Payton laughed. "There wouldn't even be any use my trying to tell you what you've done except you danced with me and you let me talk to you about my vast sorrows and what not."

"But I liked dancin' with you, Harris."

Beadle heard Payton give a sigh as vast as his sorrows and say, "It will be dawn in a little while. Would you like to sit up in the bow with me and watch it come in over the hills?"

"I'd love watchin' a dawn come in with you!"

Their footfalls as they went forward were in step. Beadle looked at Carlotta. He said, "Payton's going to fall in love if he doesn't watch out. Mary's a damned attractive girl."

Carlotta rose and went to the hall door. With her hand on the knob she turned.

"I noticed you thought so," she said and went out of the room. She was gone before Beadle could think of a reply—which isn't strange, as there isn't any answer to that one. He reached up and snapped out the light. Then, with a final wiggling of toes, he closed his eyes. As he dozed off to sleep he muttered, "It's nice to be alone—God knows who I'll find in here when I wake up, but even if I do love her, 's nice to be alone. Good night, Beadle."

Presently Carlotta returned and climbed quietly into her bed.

Then she snorted once and spoke to the darkness:

"Beadle!"

"What?" He awakened wearily.

"Do you know," she said, "I always thought my husband would kiss me by-by on my wedding night."

BEADLE sat up in bed again. He had just had the most alarming thought that had ever popped into his head. He'd come to, drinking coffee in his stateroom. Carlotta had been there with cold cream all over her face. Women put cold cream on their faces when they were *married* to people. He had only the haziest recollection of what had happened to him from the time he and Hartley had had that absurd conversation. Hartley was a bishop. Whenever a Townsend married they were always married by bishops. It was possible—tremendously possible—that Carlotta had told the truth.

Then Beadle turned on the light and looked at Carlotta.

"Did I really marry you tonight?"

Imps danced in Carlotta's eyes.

"Don't you wish you knew!"

"You're darn' tootin' I wish I knew."

"What do *you* think?"

"I think it would have been just like you."

Beadle had forgotten all about her taking care of him at the party. He was mad at her the way he'd always got mad at her. He'd made up his mind he couldn't marry her and had gone through a private hell of sorrow over it and got himself drunk for the first time in his life because of it, and now apparently he had married her.

Carlotta partly relented. She said, "Do you know it's very difficult to get married at half past two in the morning?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Beadle. "I know if you set your mind on it, it wouldn't matter if it was difficult or not. Besides, you've got a tame bishop. Maybe he did it."

Carlotta smiled sweetly.

"Why don't you wake him up and ask him?"

"By gosh, I will!"

HE climbed to the floor. Carlotta sank down into her bed and rested on one elbow, pillowing her head on her hand. She smiled at him sweetly.

"Of course I realize you're eccentric, Beadle, but would you really have the nerve to ask a bishop whether he'd married you or not because you couldn't remember?"

"Damn you, Carlotta!"

Beadle knew perfectly well he couldn't ask Hartley that—it was going to be bad enough to face him anyway. He got back into bed.

"Don't I really get kissed by-by on my wedding night?"

"You certainly don't!"

"I'll scream."

"Go ahead and scream!"

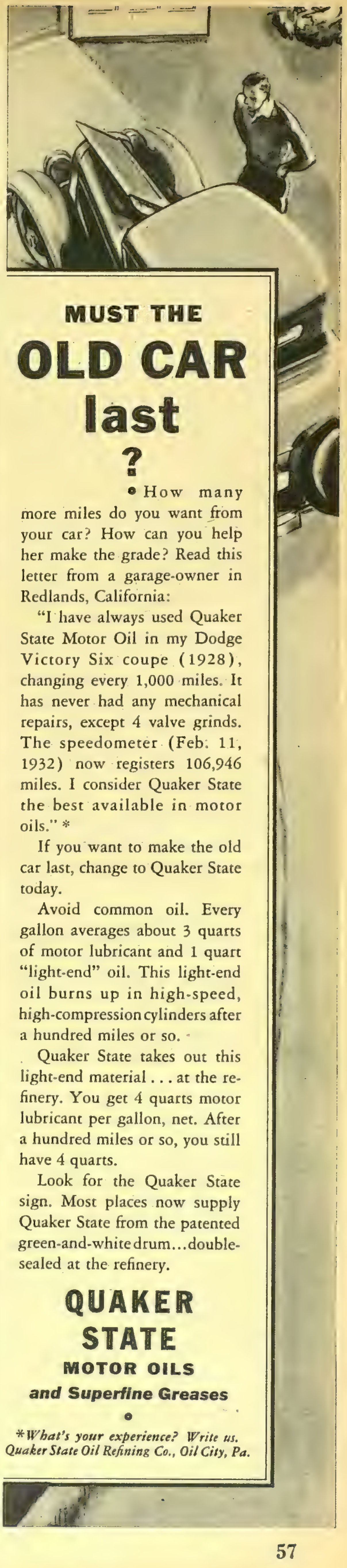
"I'll scream and I'll shout and I'll yell awful things about what you're doing to me. Doubtless the police will come."

Beadle got up again. With the air of a man who is routed from bed to take a dog for a walk, he crossed the stateroom, bent over Carlotta, and pecked at her cheek. As he raised his head she grabbed him by the neck and held him.

"Do it right," she said. "Yah, you're a sissy and you don't dare do it right! Fraidy-cat, fraidy-cat—Beadle is a fraidy-cat!"

Beadle had stood enough.

"Fraidy-cat in a weasel's valise!" he said ungallantly, and, throwing both arms around her, kissed her full on the lips. He started to kiss her in anger and pique and for the hell of it, as he had kissed Madelaine. As he held her there so closely in his arms that he could feel her heart against his, he stopped kissing her as he had kissed Madelaine and kissed her the way a man kisses the one woman in the world he really loves. In the second it lasted he found a heaven he had never known there was. Then he remembered the only reason for



MUST THE

OLD CAR

last

?

• How many more miles do you want from your car? How can you help her make the grade? Read this letter from a garage-owner in Redlands, California:

"I have always used Quaker State Motor Oil in my Dodge Victory Six coupe (1928), changing every 1,000 miles. It has never had any mechanical repairs, except 4 valve grinds. The speedometer (Feb. 11, 1932) now registers 106,946 miles. I consider Quaker State the best available in motor oils." *

If you want to make the old car last, change to Quaker State today.

Avoid common oil. Every gallon averages about 3 quarts of motor lubricant and 1 quart "light-end" oil. This light-end oil burns up in high-speed, high-compression cylinders after a hundred miles or so.

Quaker State takes out this light-end material . . . at the refinery. You get 4 quarts motor lubricant per gallon, net. After a hundred miles or so, you still have 4 quarts.

Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places now supply Quaker State from the patented green-and-white drum . . . double-sealed at the refinery.

QUAKER STATE

MOTOR OILS

and Superfine Greases

•

***What's your experience? Write us.*
Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.

the kiss was a dare. He loosed her and went quickly to bed and snapped out the light again.

"'Night, Beadle—that was fine. We—we must do it again sometime."

Her voice sounded strange—there was a vibrancy in it he had never heard there before. He supposed it was because she'd been properly kissed and hadn't expected to be.

"And, Beadle—we're not married, so you don't need to feel so bad about it."

He lay for a long time in the darkness, staring at the dim outline of her, tasting the sweet fragrance of her kiss, wishing to God he had the nerve to tell her that he loved her and that, loving her, it was torture to have her there where he could feel her nearness, where he could hear her breathing, where the broad gulf between them was only widened by the false sense of intimacy.

Gray light began sifting through the windows. The chill of dawn came into the room. Beadle sighed.

"Carlotta, Carlotta!" he murmured. "I—"

She stirred in her sleep and turned. The covers slipped partly off the side of her bed. Once more Beadle got up. With an infinite tenderness he drew the covers back over her, stood for a second looking down at her, thinking. Then he took the blankets from his own bed, went quietly up the companionway, and stretched out on the deck.

When Beadle first batted an eye at the new day it was so late it really should not be referred to as a new day at all, but rather as an old day that he'd slept through. But, at that, he was the first aboard to awaken, cramped and stiff from the hardness of the deck.

He opened his eyes and saw that the sun was shining and glinting and dancing on the tops of the waves kicked up by a southwest breeze. The sky was very blue and the yachts anchored near by were very shiny and tidy as they nodded to one another and dipped their bows into the sparkling water.

The brightness of everything about him was wasted. Beadle felt perfectly awful. Common sense told him he probably wasn't going to die, because people so rarely did after Donald Banks' parties; but his head, which was throbbing, and his insides, which were turning somersaults, warned him that he might unless he was very careful and moved slowly. He didn't think he'd been bad enough to justify the retribution that was being visited on him, but there it was. He moaned and got to his feet.

He turned away from the rail thinking to go below to the bathroom, where Milton Sands undoubtedly maintained a large supply of cures for the particular illness he was suffering from. Then he noticed a mahogany tender speeding over the water toward him. It was one of those tenders that have glass cabins and fringed canopies and a brawny sailor in the stern holding a boat hook and keeping his arms folded at the same time. It screamed of money.

HE looked to see where it had come from, and recognized the Colyrium. His smarting eyes nearly popped out of his head when he saw in the cabin of the tender none other than Jane Payton. Even at a distance there was no mistaking the vivid determination on her face. With a bleating sound, Beadle fled for his cabin.

"Carlotta—Carlotta!"

She opened her eyes and blinked at him.

"Oh, hello. What time is it, Beadle?"

"Carlotta, Jane Payton's coming aboard!"

Carlotta laughed, a rare thing for a lady to do when she's just been wakened. She said, "Think how gawd-awful Payton will feel when he opens his little eyes and sees that sweet face glowering down at him."

"She'll be horrible to him, won't she?"

"Oh, yes." Carlotta stretched luxuriously. "But then, he expects that. He's had to get used to it." She yawned. "Well, it's too bad. It was fun having him aboard."

"You think he'll go back with her?"

"She'll whistle," said Carlotta, "and snap the leash back on, and that's that."

The sound of Mrs. Payton boarding the yacht came to them. It was a separate and distinct sound, unlike any other. It was made up of elaborate and unnecessary orders trilled to the tender's crew, sniffs of superiority, and an undertone obbligato of jingling gold. Then they heard her heading aft, champing her diamonds as she came. Beadle went into the bathroom and, opening the medicine chest, searched frantically through it. In rapid succession he took two aspirins, a restorative, a sedative, and a stomach settler, and went back to the stateroom.

"Go up and receive her," said Carlotta. "This is your boat."

"I can't," said Beadle. "I'm not dressed."

Mrs. Payton could now be plainly heard sniffing at the companionway.

"Get dressed," said Carlotta.

"I can't with you here." Beadle was frantic.

"Why not? I'm not sitting on your clothes. They're on that chair over there."

Beadle looked at her piteously. He was almost in tears.

"Isn't it enough that I feel gawd-awful and that that woman's prowling around my door and I've got to see her, without you have to go and act like that?"

"Like what?"

"Like you do."

Carlotta was enjoying her morning workout of being hellish. She said, "But, Beadle, everyone thinks of us as married now and that's practically the same as being married. You shouldn't get upset because I sugges—"

SHE stopped in midspeech, because Beadle had suddenly grabbed his clothes and fled to the bathroom. In less than two minutes he stomped back through the cabin, fully clad. It wasn't until he had opened the companionway and heard Carlotta laugh that he realized he'd put on his evening clothes. He started back down the steps; but Mrs. Payton had already spied him, and as he was the first living soul she'd been able to find aboard the Electra, she began right there:

"Where's my husband? Where's my husband? I want to get my hands on the loafer! Who are you, anyway?"

"I'm Beadleston Preece."

"Oh, you're Beadleston Preece, eh?"

Beadle didn't like the way she said it.

"Why shouldn't I be Beadleston Preece? I've got just as much damn' right to be Beadleston Preece as you have to be Jane Patent Medicine Payton!"

"You cad!" Beadle had hit the chink in the armor.

"Where is he? They told me at the yacht club he was here."

Mrs. Payton's voice would have filled—or emptied—the Metropolitan Opera House. What it lacked in quality it made up in volume. In the forecastle Swazey heard it and said, "Cheez! What a horn!"

Bishop Hartley heard it too and, gathering his nightshirt about his knees, climbed the iron ladder to the deck.

Mary stuck her head out of the deck-house window. She was surprised to hear such a voice in such a place.

Payton stared at the ceiling. He said, "Hard luck, old man."

He managed to smile, but he didn't feel much like smiling. For the first time in years he had been happy—had gone to a party and stayed sober and had fun. He knew it was a good deal because of Mary—because she'd seemed to enjoy being with him. "I guess I go back to the cell now," he said, and wearily began to dress.

Then he paused, one foot half in a trouser leg, and regarded himself in the mirror.

"Why go back? Other guys have earned their own living." Then he added cryptically, "By God, she might be worth it!" He put on his trousers and headed for the deck.

"Jane," he said, "you get the hell off this boat!"

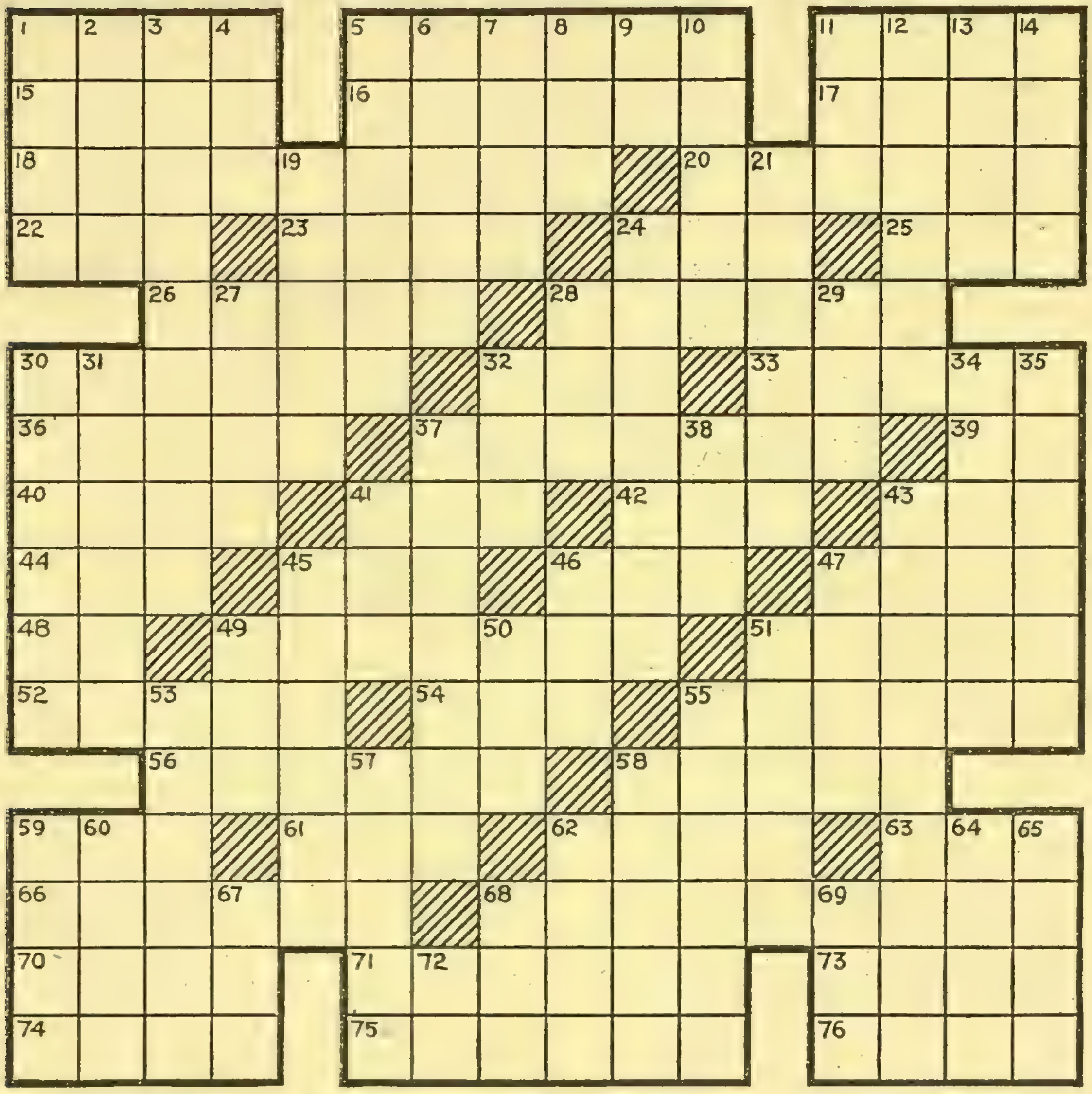
Hartley, nightshirt and all, and Swazey and Mary had come aft. Beadle, nearly as surprised as Jane Payton, stepped back. Then Carlotta's head rose out of the companionway. She looked at Payton and called out:

"Sick 'em, Prince—he bit your father!"

In next week's installment you will learn what happened after Harris Payton ordered his wife from the Electra.

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 Fashion
5 Rang out
11 A passage
15 Image
16 Seek to attain
17 A song
18 Body of persons appointed to consider some matter
20 Fleshier
22 Silkworm
23 Bamboolike grass
24 Boggy land
25 To bore
26 Raccoons
28 Swerves gradually
30 Pliable
32 Having a sickly or pale hue
33 Bury
36 Briny
37 Whole cereal grains
39 Japanese measure of distance
40 Metric measures of area
41 Fondle
42 Those in political power
43 Cooking vessel
44 A cover
45 Gained victory
46 Espouse
47 Titular character in a Hardy novel
48 A parent
49 Colorer
51 Cardinal number
52 Guide
54 An eternity
55 Plaits
56 To hawk
58 Boxing matches

G	R	O	W	L		A	L	L		O	R	G	A	N
R	I	M	E	S		D	I	U		N	O	I	S	E
E	L	S	E	■	S	E	A	M	S	■	E	R	S	E
E	L	K	■	F	U	N	N	I	E	R	■	D	A	D
T	S	■	D	I	N	■	A	N	D	E	S	■	M	S
		G	E	T	U	P	■	O	G	E	E	S		
C	A	L	L	■	P	R	O	S	E	L	Y	T	E	S
P	R	O	U	D	■	E	L	I	■	S	M	A	R	T
A	M	A	G	A	N	S	E	T	T	■	O	R	G	Y
		M	E	R	I	T	■	Y	A	K	U	T		
A	B	■	D	E	G	A	S	■	M	A	R	■	O	S
S	O	T	■	S	E	T	T	E	E	S	■	A	P	T
S	O	O	N	■	R	I	O	T	S	■	E	P	E	E
E	R	G	O	T		O	R	A		A	R	E	N	A
T	S	A	R	S		N	E	T		M	I	D	S	T

Answer to last week's puzzle

59 Commotion
61 The bitter vetch
62 Eagles
63 To fell, as trees
66 Kind of hat
68 To become known
70 Word of ratification
71 Channel
73 Tennysonian character
74 Ascend
75 Descent of the sun below the horizon
76 Periods of time

VERTICAL

1 Small rodents
2 Scent
3 Housed
4 A tree
5 Apparent
6 A park in Colorado
7 Imitated
8 Falsehood
9 Suffix used to form nouns of agency
10 Postpone
11 Stroke lightly
12 One trained in any manual occupation
13 One of several rows one above another
14 Listen!
19 Sarcasm
21 Blacksmith's implement (plural)
24 More comical
27 Horse fodder
28 A vehicle
29 Printer's measures
30 A book of the Old Testament
31 Lasso
32 Damp
34 Expunged
35 Washes lightly
37 Establishment where dogs are bred
38 Terminus
41 Hawaiian food
43 Dying
45 A guard
46 A cyst
47 Pronoun
49 Calipee
50 A digit
51 To fasten, as by a skewer
53 The after song (plural)
55 A headdress
57 Hauls
58 Courageous
59 At a distance
60 Prefix: partly
62 A god of love
64 City in Pennsylvania
65 Takes for husband or wife
67 A pronoun
68 Measure of weight
69 An edible seed
72 The symbol for ruthenium

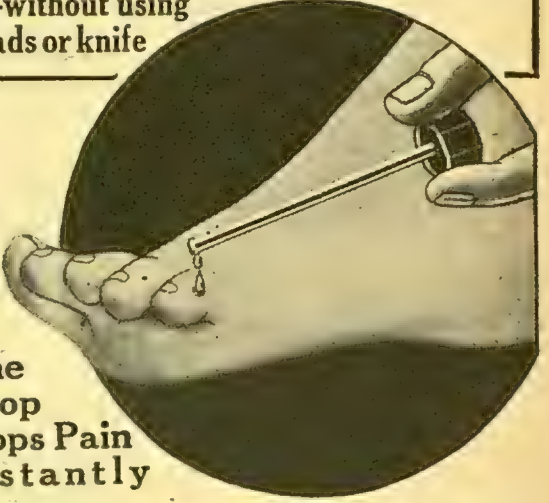
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

HOW TO GET RID OF CORNS
—without using pads or knife

One Drop Stops Pain Instantly

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

FREEZONE



NOSE STOPPED

Kondon's Jelly clears the nose —opens head passages *at once.* Ask your Druggist.

KONDON'S JELLY
Plain or Ephedrine

Coming To CHICAGO?

CHICAGO'S HOTEL

You'll find a friendly welcome at this hotel. You'll enjoy the smart but cheerful atmosphere—the large, clean, airy rooms—the modern appointments. You'll rest well—and dine well—and you'll find the rates most reasonable. Write us. Let our reply give you complete details. We'd like you to know us better!

Walton Place — East of Michigan Blvd.

Knickerbocker

WESTERN WONDERLANDS
UNION PACIFIC

Ask for this FREE VACATION GUIDE

. . . to all the WEST. Beautifully illustrated. Describes the principal Western vacation regions and National Parks. Chock-full of suggestions that will help you find just the vacation you're looking for.

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

W. S. Basinger, Pass. Traf. Mgr., Room 450
Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Neb.

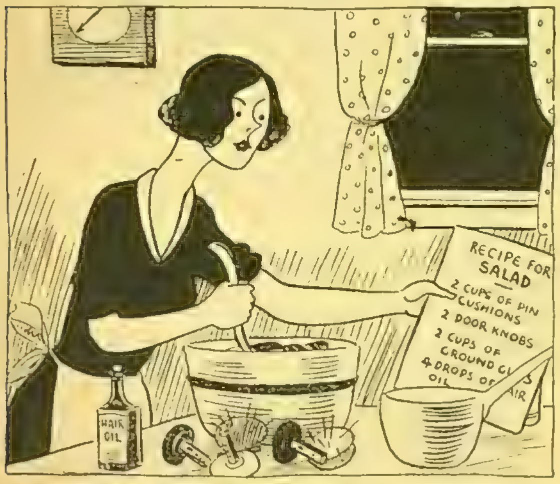
Please send me a copy of "Western Wonderlands" (no obligation).

Name.................................
Address..............................
Grade in school (if student)..............

VOX

Now This Is What We Call a Swell Recipe

PIERRE, SASK.—A suggested recipe for Madam Kropotkin's To the Ladies! Medium-sized football bladder which has been soaked in light solution of reliable hair remover overnight; stuffed with dressing made as follows: 2 cups diced pincushions; 1 cup ground glass; 2 soft-boiled door knobs. Mix well and brown with blowtorch; bake until door knobs start turning, and remove from oven before pincushions stick; place in fireproof dish, garnish with well shaped cactus. Serve small portions to unwelcome guests. Excuse yourself for only a moment and leave town—your guests will always remember you!—*F. J. McClintock.*



The Boodle Rings

SHREWSBURY, MASS.—Your series of articles by Silas Bent on municipal crime and corruption is to be applauded. The magazines and newspapers can perhaps goad the decent public into shame at the condition of affairs here in America.

Even the smaller towns are adopting the unclean big-city methods in politics. My home town of Shrewsbury has already been infected while the good people sleep. Apathy has ruined us, more's the pity.—*L. E.*

SCRANTON, PA.—The Boodle Rings of '33, by Silas Bent, is one of the best series I have ever read. I enjoyed reading the comments made by European newspapers on our government. They should squawk! The majority of the gangsters are foreign-born and don't have their citizenship papers. Those countries give us their riffraff and expect us to make angels out of them!—*J. Donald McAuvic.*

This Certainly Sounds Like the Life of Riley

FULTON, N. Y.—The pro and con articles about Back to the Land printed on the Vox Pop page are amusing.

I was amused by J. B. Hinchliffe's recollections of farm life in the February 18 issue—I too saw frosted windowpanes, but I also saw a nice woodpile of seasoned hardwood and a chunk stove that would be red-hot in ten minutes.

The hogs were fed and the cows milked, and I will admit the sausage, hams, and spareribs were of the best, while real cream, fresh butter and milk, with chicken, beef, mutton, and veal for meats, apples, potatoes, and all other vegetables, along with rows of cans and jars of preserves—well, they just make my mouth water for the taste of them.

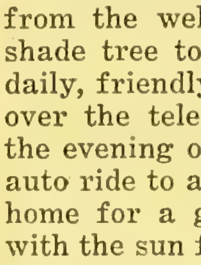
I also had the coldest drink of water from the well in summer, a beautiful shade tree to rest under, my mail left daily, friendly chats with my neighbors over the telephone, radio programs in the evening or a thirty-minute ten-mile auto ride to a town for the movies, then home for a good night's sleep and up with the sun for another day of pure air and sunshine.

Now, when there is no industrious young person to carry on the farm, I am living in the city, breathing sooty smoke, walking to the store for a pound of salt pork and some canned vegetables, dreaming of the happy times of the past.

It requires an educated, industrious man to succeed on a farm as well as in an office. Just punch the time clock for yourself instead of for your boss.—*H. A. B.*

The Wife Has Him Trained

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Congratulations! Your covers are getting better all the time, and so are your stories. I got quite a kick out of The Flaming Lure, by Frank Leon Smith, in the February 18 issue, which in my humble opinion was a corker.


Carl Koenig

But you people are wrong about the reading time. Mine was about forty-five minutes.

Read it once for myself and once to the wife.—*Carl Koenig.*

We Take No Chances with Celtic Gentlemen Like This

BELFAST, IRE.—In the December 17 issue of your magazine you give as one of the twenty questions, " Who was the first president of the Irish Free State? " Your answer gives " William Thomas Cosgrave." We wish to enlighten you that Arthur Griffiths was the first president.

We get Liberty sent to us from Toronto and look forward to it very much, as it is different from our weeklies.

Print this letter or we will take the liberty of going over and making you. From two Irish readers.—*A. McG. Devon and T. McC. Walker.*

Sane Philosophy from Way Down in Old Alabama

SELMA, ALA.—I am by choice one of your ardent readers. (I consider this, however, one of my good habits!) Let those kick who will! I have learned in life that you can never get something continuously and expect it to be always satisfactory. So if I don't like one issue I wait for the the next. However, I usually get my nickel's worth and very often more.

Helen Lambert

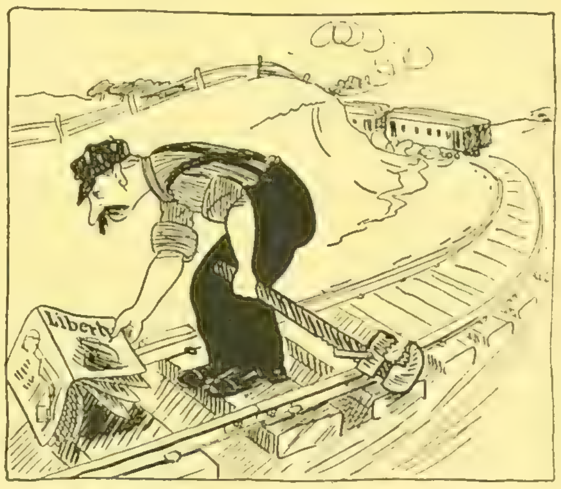
The stories, No More Orchids, Hell Hounds, and Dark of the Moon I have enjoyed to the utmost. The all-star serial was a swell idea—if you will let me say so. I know you undoubtedly receive lots of hooey-blooey for your Vox Pop, but nevertheless writing this has made me feel better.—*Helen Lambert.*

Nice Words for Floyd Starr

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—After reading about Floyd Starr in the February 4 issue of Liberty I feel that he is doing our country a great service indeed. He takes young men and even mere babies that might wind up their careers as public enemies and be a menace to our nation, and with his kind words he gains their confidence. He has faith in all of them and they respect him, for he has saved many of them from being put in boy reformatories. I think that he is a real reformer and deserves much credit. —*E. B. Arnoult.*

You Could Do Worse, Mike

SAWBACK, ALTA.—I am a section man. I work on the railroad track. Four years ago I came from the old country. I am learning to read and like it, so whenever I find a magazine someone has thrown from the train I pick it up and read it. Gee, your magazine must be rotten. I find more Libertys along the track than any other magazine. Please say whether I should read from them when I want to learn good English.—*Mike Poloki.*

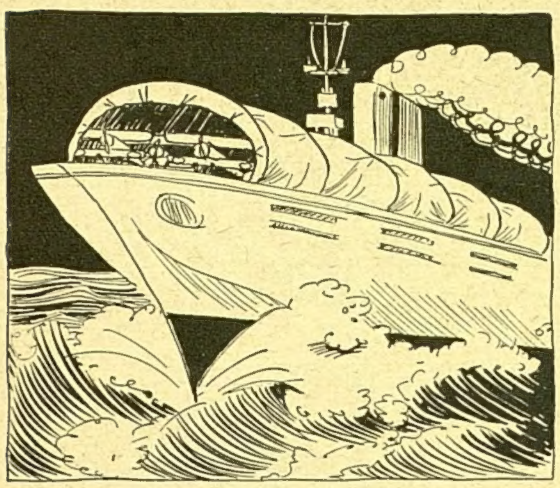


POP

adam john barth
VOX POP EDITOR

Collision Stations! Here Comes the Battle Wagon

U. S. S. OKLAHOMA—I have for the past few weeks been watching in Vox Pop the controversy between several different factions of the " nation's first line of defense " with tolerance until a certain article from an embryonic man-o'-war's man on the Langley, commonly known as "the Covered Wagon," aroused my sense of justice.



In this letter the author creates the impression that at midnight on the ocean everyone is asleep. I don't believe the great American public would fall for a line like that, but I hasten to correct my poor misinformed " shipmate," speaking from three and a half years' experience in watching the hour of midnight pass, whether it was on the high seas or the high tide.

I would like to further add that while Cook is making comments on the resemblance in illustrations, he might take a close look at the one in the February 11 issue, and I don't mean the one standing up.

If that doesn't offer a perfect resemblance to him I'll turn in my suit! —*A Battleship Sailor.*

A Few More Salty Lines

LUDLOW, MASS.—After reading the contribution of Glen Cook in your February 11 issue, we lubbers stop to wonder if Mr. Cook has ever stood an anchor watch.

If he has, he must have spent most of his time on the dope hatch not to see the many occasions whereby many a thing might be given the deep six at midnight.

Even Charlie Noble wouldn't try to tell anyone that nothing goes on after dark either at sea or in port. —*Ed. Laudry.*

Should Church Property Be Liable to Tax?

NORWALK, OHIO—In casting about for something to tax in order to help balance its budget, has the government ever considered laying a small tax upon all the church property in the United States?

Here is a business institution pure and simple, conducted by a very small minority of our citizens, with small benefit to those most intimately associated with it; with none whatever to all of the vast hordes outside the respective folds.

These church buildings for the most part occupy the most sightly and valuable corners, the choicest locations, in all of our cities and villages, so it is only fair to assume that the real estate is more valuable than the edifices. Here, then, is a total of perhaps ten billions of actual, tangible wealth so far untouched by a tax.

Just the nominal rate of three mills (most of us pay more) levied upon this virgin source would yield three hundred millions of dollars every year. —*Kay Jackson.*

They Like Those Little Slips

BALTIMORE, MD. — One nice thing about Vox Pop is that contributors have no fear of receiving a rejection slip.—*L. A. Lee.*

Wie Gehts, Kamerad!

SAN PEDRO, CALIF.—Prompted by the remainder of the *durchhalten* spirit which has not been knocked out of my system despite the pounding received up to now, I want to crash Vox Pop.

Referring to Sergeant Halyburton's narrative and to Colonel Turney's protest in the February 11 Vox Pop *re* Hell Hounds, I should like to state, speaking from personal experiences, that the former is right with a few exceptions, while the latter is wrong.

Having been in charge of German prison-camp guards during the war and later on an active member of the Spanish Foreign Legion, who coöperated with the similar unit under the tricolor in the civilizing of the Riff *à la* Mauser, Creuzot, and Vickers, I am quite sure of what I am talking about.—*Ex-Kamerad.*

A Boy Scout Leader Speaks His Mind

EL CENTRO, CALIF.—Why should Liberty knock the Eighteenth Amendment? So far as I can see, Liberty has remained neutral—let's hope it continues.

As for the younger generation being more broad-minded—that is just another question.

Gilbert S. Kirkpatrick

Someone in Vox Pop mentioned of late that young people's organizations are run by dry, religious people. This may be true in a very few cases. As a rule the leaders are up and coming. At least they know what it is all about.

As for myself, I am a leader in the Boy Scouts, likewise in the Sea Scouts, two of the leading young people's organizations.—*Gilbert S. Kirkpatrick.*

A Solution of Prohibition from a Floridian

MIAMI, FLA.—I have just read your editorial in Liberty, issue of January 21, entitled, Saloon or Speakeasy—Which?

F. N. Irving

The answer is, " The dispensary."

A dispensary is a retail liquor store, where only package goods are sold; there is no bar.

It is state operated and controlled and is therefore beneficial to both the state and our government.—*F. N. Irving.*

Can This Be the Model Man?

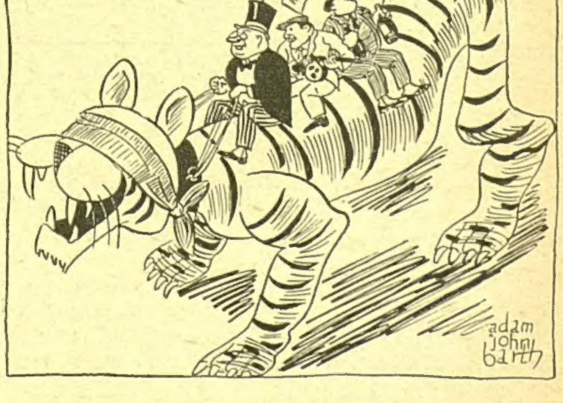
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Please allow me to say three cheers and my congratulations to Zara Sylcox, in the February 18 issue, on her stand against women smoking. It is a filthy, dirty habit for a man to embrace, but when I see a woman sucking a dirty cigarette it just simply kills my soul.

I am just an ordinary common man but I have never used tobacco, whisky, or gambled.—*Robert Lee Mullen.*

Looks as if Congress Had the Same Idea

PORT ARTHUR, TEX.—It seems that the Vox Popper from St. Croix Falls in the January 21 issue has the " cart before the horse ": The liquor gang *has had* this country tied to the tail of beer trucks, rum boats, and blind tigers ever since the *mistaken* Eighteenth Amendment went into so-called effect. Sorry, brother, but a big majority of the taxpayers have decided that the beer guzzlers and rum swigglers will have to carry some of the tax burden, and that the stuff will, at least, have to be purchased openly.

As for replacing the Stars and Stripes with a beer mug heaped with froth, etc., it would be a welcome emblem to what might very appropriately be used *now:* a blindfolded tiger carrying a group of masked gunmen, cutthroats, racketeers, and grafters.—*F. D. Russell.*

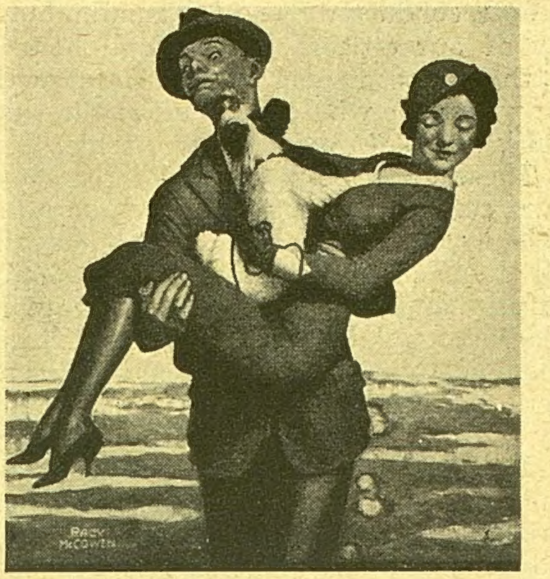


NAME THIS WEEK'S COVER!

$250 *in* CASH PRIZES

FOR THE BEST SUGGESTED TITLES

Sixty-Four Chances to Turn a Name into a Cash Award!



THIS IS THE PICTURE
WHAT IS YOUR TITLE FOR IT?

CAN you suggest a winning title for this week's cover picture? If you can, then some of the $250 in cash prize money is just as good as in your pocketbook. Sixty-four Liberty readers will profit through this prize offer. If you compete, your chance to be among the winners is excellent. You can win as much as $50 if your entry takes first prize. Or you may win any one of the other worth-while awards listed in the prize schedule.

The title you suggest may be but a single word or any number of words up to ten inclusive.

This ought to prove one of the easiest contests you've ever gone into. The picture which is reproduced above in black and white should suggest any number of fitting titles at first glance. Consider those that come to your mind and select the best for your contest entry. The rules, which tell when, where, and how to submit your entry, are brief and simple. Be sure that you read them and comply with the few requirements in filing your entry. Please be particularly careful about your name and address. Many entries in recent weeks have been submitted with illegible signatures. Here are the rules:

TITLE CONTEST CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize	**$50**
Second Prize	**25**
Third Prize	**15**
Fourth Prize	**10**
Ten Prizes, $5 Each	**50**
Fifty Prizes, $2 Each	**100**
Total Prize Money	**$250**

TITLE CONTEST RULES

Each suggested title must be of not more than ten words.

Each title must be accompanied by a note of not more than twenty-five words stating what in this week's issue of Liberty appeals to you most.

The title which in the opinion of the judges supplies the cleverest, most interesting caption for the picture and which is accompanied by the most interesting note, as above, will be adjudged the best.

Judging on this basis, Liberty will pay a first prize of $50. For second best, $25; for third best, $15; for fourth best, $10; for the next ten, $5 each; and for the next fifty $2 each will be paid. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Address all entries to TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This contest closes Monday, April 3.

NEXT WEEK ANOTHER CASH PRIZE CONTEST
AND FEBRUARY 18 DINKY CONTEST PRIZES

DINKY CONTEST FEB. 11 WINNERS

$50 FIRST PRIZE

R. E. TAYLOR, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Footprints on
Kitchen ceiling.
On floor,
Banana peeling.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

MRS. D. OTTEN, Winnetka, Ill.

Britain paid
War debt.
Did France?
Not yet!

$15 THIRD PRIZE

OSCAR ERICKSON, New York, N. Y.

Lame duck.
Voters jeer.
Plenty taxes,
No beer.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

EVA LITHGOW, Altoona, Pa.

Japs, Chinks
Play tag.
Nations' League
Chews rag.

TEN $5 PRIZES

John L. Duggan, New Orleans, La.; Dorothy Ehle, Kansas City, Mo.; Helen Griggs, Weston, W. Va.; Hal B. Harlow, Ontario, Calif.; James A. Innes, Bronx, N. Y.; Mrs. Sarah M. Mayo, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. E. K. Shay, Maple Heights, Ohio; M. L. Smith, Birmingham, Ala.; Maude E. Taylor, Asbury Park, N. J.; Mrs. Maud J. Taylor, Belzoni, Miss.

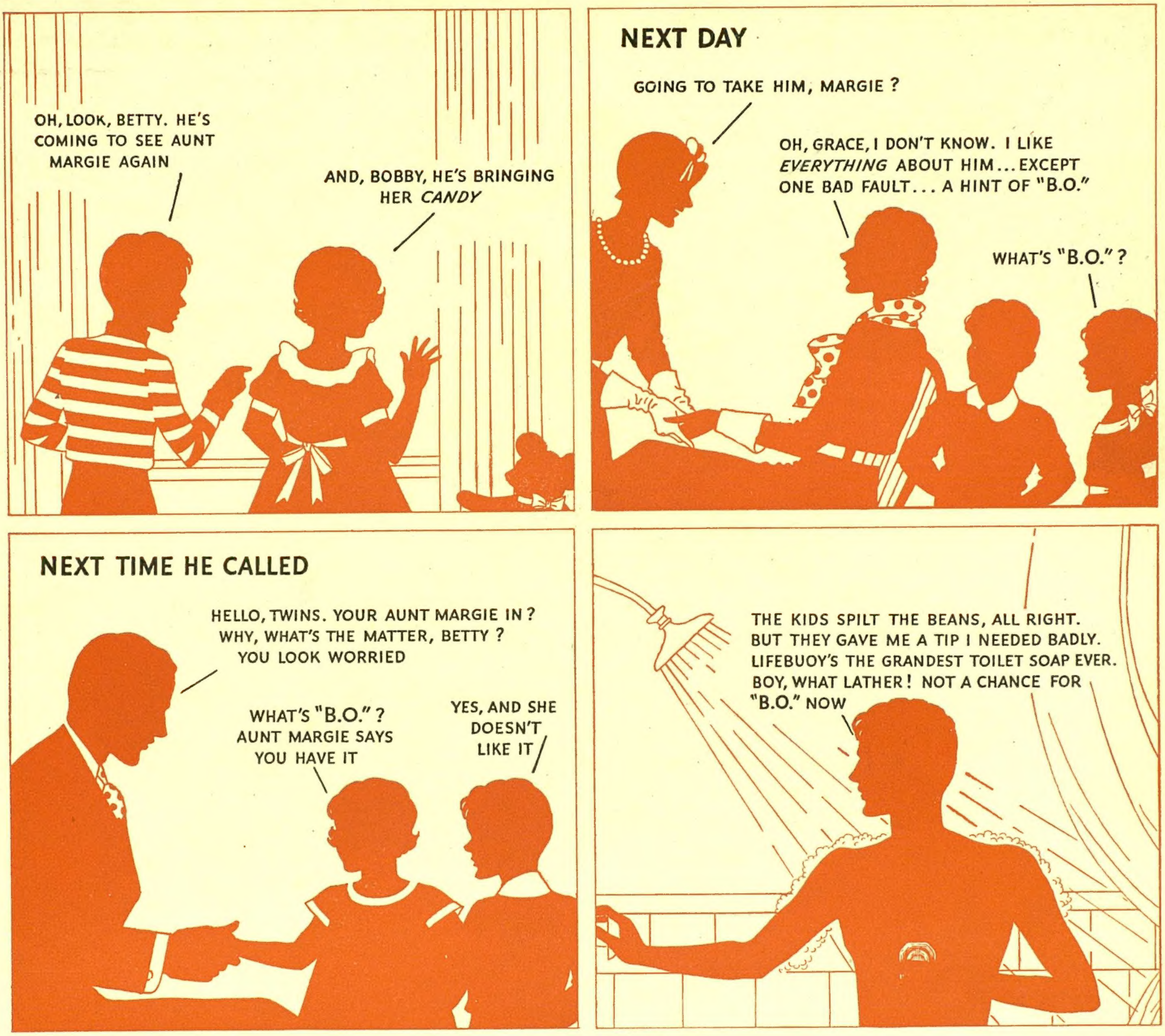
FIFTY $2 PRIZES

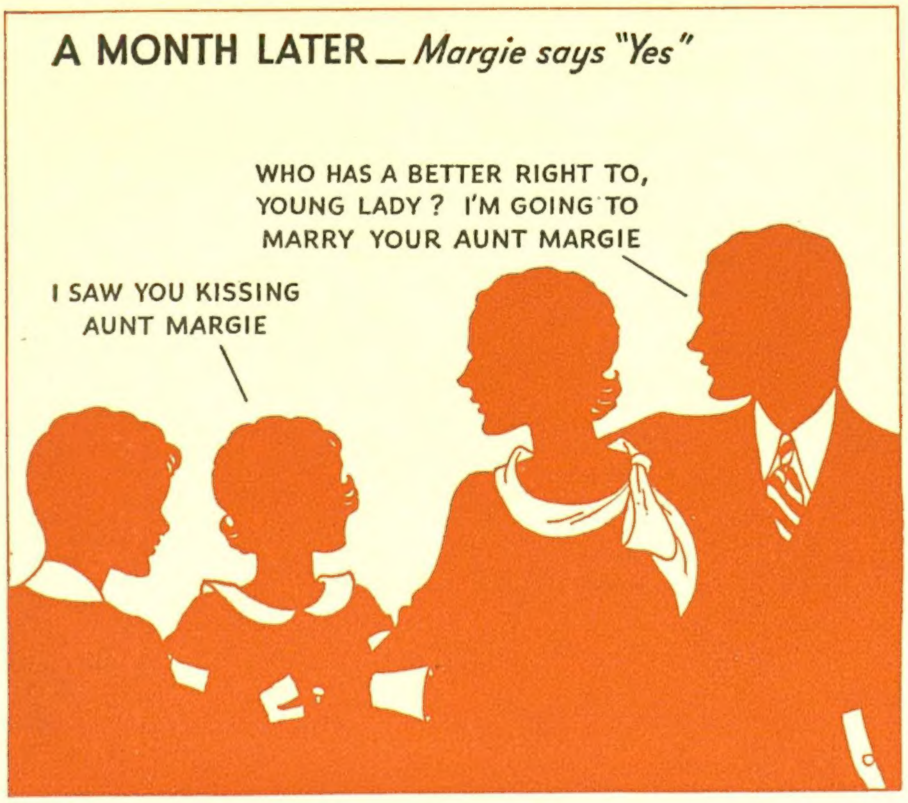
Mrs. M. W. Allen, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. E. C. Barrington, Princeton, Ind.; Ethel Anderson, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Frank Barnhill, Marion, Ohio; Katherine Bradey, Pittsburg, Kan.; George J. Brenn, Maplewood, N. J.; Perry E. David, Davenport, Iowa; H. M. Davis, Rochester, N. Y.; Ella K. Douglass, Anderson, Ind.; E. L. Evans, Indianapolis, Ind.; Cris. J. Flanagan, New York, N. Y.; Emily Ford, Bellows Falls, Vt.; Mrs. N. A. Frahm, Bloomfield, N. J.; Joseph C. Fritz, St. Louis, Mo.; Ernest E. Gove, Los Angeles, Calif.; Gwendolyn Greenwood, Los Angeles, Calif.

Bill Gromsky, Kamloops, B. C.; Edward V. Gleason, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Woodie J. Hamby, Port Arthur, Tex.; Theodore W. Hawes, Summit, Calif.; Mrs. V. L. Huntsberger, Greensburg, Pa.; G. W. Hyde, Denver, Colo.; S. F. Keegan, Scranton, Pa.; Muggins Lawhorn, Rockwall, Tex.; W. M. Lee, Midland, Tex.; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Raymond S. Lloyd, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. John M. Martin, Jackson, Ohio; Mrs. Mary McMichael, New Orleans, La.; Mrs. J. A. McPartland, Modesto, Calif.; Mrs. Sara A. Morgan, Clarks Summit, Pa.; J. C. O'Connor, Franklin, Pa.

Vatta C. Poole, Enid, Okla.; E. J. Raisch, Shreveport, La.; H. Ramsbottom, Calgary, Alta.; W. H. Redfield, Sr., Philadelphia, Pa.; Sam Riely, Wyandotte, Ind.; E. L. Roosa, Rochester, N. Y.; Frances Anna Smale, Waukegan, Ill.; Julia R. Steffy, Palms, Calif.; Herbert Seligson, New York, N. Y.; T. Sheehy, St. John's, Que.; W. H. Sheridan, Astoria, N. Y.; Mrs. Bessie L. Tankersley, Catonsville, Md.; Arthur R. Ulrich, Rolling Prairie, Ind.; Mrs. MacDonald Verner, Galesburg, Ill.; Doris Wilder, Denver, Colo.; W. T. Wilson, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. H. E. Wolkow, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. E. C. Zook, Fairbury, Ill.

THE TWINS BLURT IT OUT . . . by J. C. Ellis—


OH, LOOK, BETTY. HE'S COMING TO SEE AUNT MARGIE AGAIN
AND, BOBBY, HE'S BRINGING HER *CANDY*
NEXT DAY
GOING TO TAKE HIM, MARGIE ?
OH, GRACE, I DON'T KNOW. I LIKE *EVERYTHING* ABOUT HIM... EXCEPT ONE BAD FAULT... A HINT OF "B.O."
WHAT'S "B.O." ?
NEXT TIME HE CALLED
HELLO, TWINS. YOUR AUNT MARGIE IN ? WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, BETTY ? YOU LOOK WORRIED
WHAT'S "B.O." ? AUNT MARGIE SAYS YOU HAVE IT
YES, AND SHE DOESN'T LIKE IT
THE KIDS SPILT THE BEANS, ALL RIGHT. BUT THEY GAVE ME A TIP I NEEDED BADLY. LIFEBUOY'S THE GRANDEST TOILET SOAP EVER. BOY, WHAT LATHER ! NOT A CHANCE FOR "B.O." NOW


A MONTH LATER — *Margie says "Yes"*
WHO HAS A BETTER RIGHT TO, YOUNG LADY ? I'M GOING TO MARRY YOUR AUNT MARGIE
I SAW YOU KISSING AUNT MARGIE

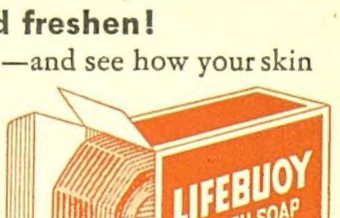
Don't fool yourself about "B.O."

(body odor)

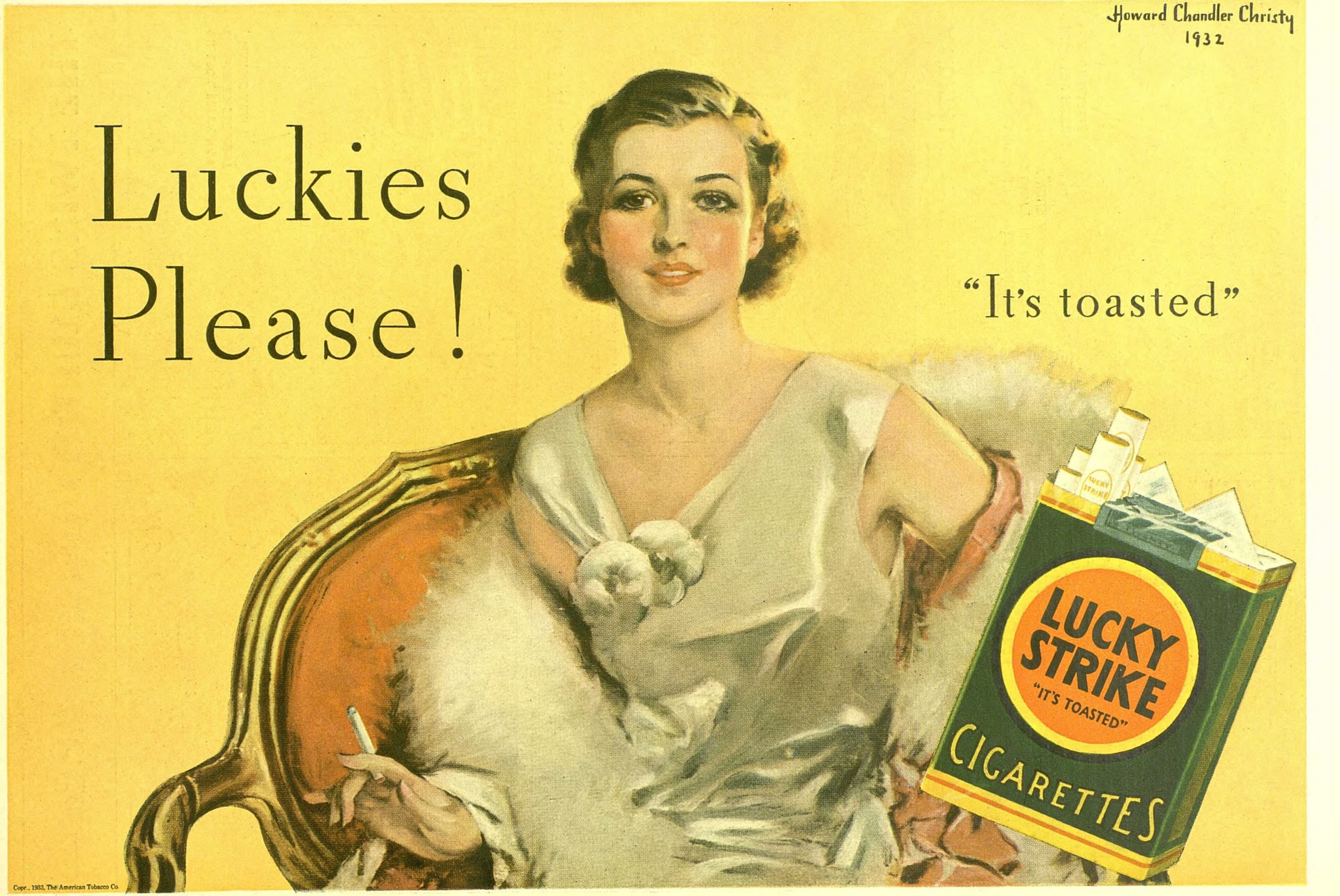
A HINT of "B.O." (*body odor*) is enough to ruin your chances. Yet even on cool days, pores give off a *quart* of odor-causing waste. Overheated rooms make it easy to offend. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you, "Here is no ordinary toilet soap!" Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. Its creamy, searching lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

Watch skin clear and freshen!

Make Lifebuoy your complexion soap—and see how your skin responds! Soon glows with new radiant clearness, freshness, *youth*. That's because Lifebuoy's bland, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores—eases out the impurities that cause the skin to lose its natural beauty. Adopt Lifebuoy today.


LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.


Howard Chandler Christy
1932
Luckies Please!
"It's toasted"
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

Copr., 1933, The American Tobacco Co.